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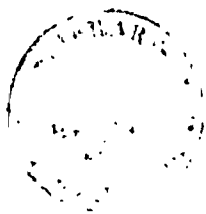
Plate 10



چو کاؤس کی پہلوان را بدید بر خویش نزدیک جائش گزید

When Ky Kaoos the Champion Roostum saw
Him he invited near the throne to draw

Canto VI *vers* 3198

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY OF THE

ROOSTUM ZABOOLEE

AND

SOOHRAB,

FROM

THE HISTORY OF PERSIA;

ENTITLED

Shah Namuh; or, Book of Kings,

BY

FIRDOUSEE.

18349

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH THE ORIGINAL TEXT ANNEXED:

NOTES, PLATES, & AN APPENDIX,

BY

WILLIAM TULLOH ROBERTSON, ESQ.

Of the Bengal Civil Establishment.

همي گفت کاي کشته بردست من دلير و ستوده بهر انجمن

" SLAIN BY MY HANDS, MY SON! MY SON! YOU FALL,
" MY BEAUTIFUL, MY BRAVE, THE PRIDE OF ALL!"

Cant. VI. v. 3736.

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TO

SIR CHARLES FORBES, BART., M. P.

AS A SLIGHT BUT SINCERE TOKEN OF GRATITUDE
AND OF REGARD, THIS PRODUCTION
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ROMANCE OF ROOSTUM ZABOOLEE AND SOOHRAB,(1) which is now for the first time in a complete form, and with a strict translation, submitted to the European Public, has occupied the attention of many of the most enlightened and distinguished Characters in the Annals of Oriental Literature.(2)

"Amongst the manuscript papers of Sir Wm. Jones, written in Ben-"gal, I find," says the Right Honorable Lord Teignmouth: "the delineation "of the plan of a Tragedy, on the story of SOOHRAB, a Persian hero, who acts

(1) A version of the whole of this Historical Legend was published by the Translator a short period ago, in a Literary Gazette, at Calcutta. And the Story, with our annotations, having excited considerable interest from its curiosity, in the minds of several talented individuals whose opinions we value, and whose judgments we esteem, we have been induced to prepare, after due revision and correction, the present improved Edition, printed with the Persian Text, Notes, an Appendix and with Plates. It has been suggested to us, that the Plates are too indifferent to deserve a place in this work: but though we admit, that they are execrably delineated as regards perspective in the Persian volume, still they are executed by a Native Artist of Bengal, with fidelity to the originals, which are inserted in an illuminated MS. copy of the Shah Namuh, and appear to be well-calculated to illustrate several passages in Firdousee's Book of Kings. Furthermore, our translation being finished with close adherence to the text of the Bard of Toos, the Indian and Persian performances are given in juxta-position as specimens of Asiatic Arts and Sciences. The picture at page 43, is taken from Chardin.

(2) In testimony of the great importance attached to this Tale, we extract in this place the following passage from Remarks on the Chronology of Persian History previous to the conquest of Persia by Alexander. Captain Kennedy, the Writer of the Remarks, says that, for the reasons which he states, he is "inclined to suspect that "no Greek author ever derived his information from any native of Persia Pro-"per, that is, of the country to the east of the Euphrates. Had this been the case, "it can scarcely be supposed that some trace should not be found in their writings "of the popular tales of the Persians, which are of the very kind that would be "most universally known. The frequent wars between Iran and Turan; THE AF-"FECTING STORIES OF SIAVUSH AND SOOHRAB; the glory of Kaikhosrou; THE MATCH-"LESS DEEDS OF ROOSTUM: the equally celebrated exploits of Infandiar; and the "fame of the other heroes of Persian story, fabulous as they may be, still are the "very themes on which poetry and tradition would love to dwell. They are also the "very circumstances which would be the most probable subject of a verbal commu-"nication. It is in vain to object that they are not deserving of notice in any histo-

" a short, but conspicuous part in the heroic poem of Firdousee, the Homer " of Persia. The story in the original, is in substance as follows :(3)

" Roostum, the hero of Oriental Romance, was married to Tahmina, the " daughter of the king of Summungan, a city on the confine of Tartary. He " left her in a state of pregnancy, giving her a bracelet, which in the event " of the birth of a child, she was to bind on its arm. She was delivered of " a son. *Tahmina, apprehensive that Roostum would deprive her of him, " informed him, that she had a daughter, and Roostum entertained no suspi- " cion of the deceit.*(4) Soohrab inherited the heroic spirit of his father, " whom when he grew up he was most anxious to see, and when he had at- " tained the age of puberty, he formed a plan for attacking Kaoos, the " king of Persia, in the declared intention of depriving him of his crown, " and placing it on the head of Roostum.

" Afrasiab, the sovereign of Tartary, who was apprised of the parentage " of Soohrab, eagerly seconded the views of the youth, as a long hereditary " enmity had subsisted between the two monarchs of Persia and Tartary. He " accordingly offered to furnish Soohrab with an army, sending with it, at " the same time, two generals, on whom he relied, with secret instructions " to prevent the discovery of Roostum by Soohrab, and to endeavour to " bring them to a single combat, hoping that the youthful vigour of Sooh- " rab would overcome Roostum, and pave the way to the conquest of Per- " sia. After the death of Roostum, he proposed to destroy Soohrab by treachery. " This insidious scheme succeeded in part. Soohrab, with the Tartarian army " invaded Persia, and was opposed by the Persian troops, whom he defeated " in several engagements. The anxious endeavours of Soohrab, to discover " his father, were frustrated by the falsehood and treachery of the generals " of Afrasiab, and the two heroes met in battle without knowing each other, " although Soohrab suspected his antagonist to be Roostum, and even men- " tioned his suspicion to him which Roostum denied. The two warriors engag- " ed in single combat three times ; on the second day, Soohrab had the advan- " tage, and Roostum saved his life by artifice ; on the third, the strength and " skill of Roostum prevailed, and he seized the opportunity by plunging his " dagger in the breast of his son, who before he expired, discovered himself to " his father, and was recognized by him. The distress of Soohrab, the af- " fliction of Roostum, increased to agony by the sight of the bracelet, which " he had presented to Tahmina, on the arm of Soohrab, and afterwards ex- " asperated to madness by the refusal of Kaoos, to supply him with a re- " medy which he possessed of infallible efficacy, and the inconsolable anguish " of Tahmina on learning the death of her son, are described by Firdousee, " with great beauty and pathos ; and the whole story forms one of the most " affecting and poetical incidents in the Shahnameh.

" rical work ; for, were the writings of the Greeks examined by the critical rules of " the present day, what portion of Herodotus, Xenophan, or Ctesias, would deserve " the name of history ? And it is surely not contending for too much, in asserting " that there is not, in any of the questionable passages of these writers, a single des- " cription which can in the slightest degree equal, either in beauty or interest, " many an Episode in the *Shah Namuh* of Firdousee, even when divested of the " charms of poetry."

TRANSACTIONS OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY AT BOMBAY, 2 VOL. 138.

(3) See Notes, p. 4, for an extract from Sir Wm. Jones' Traite sur la Poesie Orientale, relative to this Legend.

(4) This statement of the Noble Author, or of Sir Wm. Jones, is in our opinion misconceived ; and must be ascribed to Shumsheer Khan, whose Epitome of the Shah Namuh formed the basis of the above cited Abstract. See Asiatic Journal, IX vol. 233, and Ross's Notice, *in seq.*

" I wish it were in my power to gratify the reader with a translation of " it, but I want both time and abilities for the task.(5). I shall, however, " venture to present him with the version of a few lines, which Firdousee " puts into the mouth of Soohrab, immediately after he had received the " fatal wound, describing the mode in which the two heroes discovered " each other; the passage, (in the original at least), is neither deficient in " merit nor interest: (6)

" To find a father only known by name,
" Wretch that I am, I sought the field of fame.
" Vain hope! thy hand has seal'd a mother's woes;
" On the cold sod, my head must now repose.
" Yet, hero! deem not unrevenged I bleed,
" Paternal vengeance, marks thy ruthless deed.
" No! couldst thou quit this earth, and viewless trace,
" On airy pinions borne, the realms of space,
" Or like a fish, the ocean's depths pervade,
" Or like the night, involve thy form in shade,
" My sire, pursuing, shall revenge my death.
" What sire?" the victor cries; with fault'ring breath,
" Roostum!" (the youth rejoins) " Tahmina fair,
" My spotless mother, nam'd me Roostum's heir."

" The plan of the proposed Tragedy, appears to have been frequently " revised and corrected; the business of each act is detailed, but after all, " it is too imperfect for publication. From the introduction of a chorus of " Persian Sages of Magi, it may be inferred, that Sir William Jones pro- " posed writing it, after the model of the Greek tragedy, and he certainly " intended to observe a strict adherence to the custom of the age and coun- " try in which the events of his Tragedy were supposed to have occurred.

" The following Epode, is the only part of the composition sufficiently " complete for the reader's perusal.

EPODE.

" What pow'r, beyond all pow'rs elate,
" Sustains this universal frame?
" 'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
" 'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
" Etherial space, or subtile flame;
" No; 'tis one vast eternal mind,
" Too sacred for an earthly name.
" He forms, pervades, directs the whole;
" Not like the macrocosm's imag'd soul,
" But provident of endless good,
" By ways nor seen, nor understood,
" Which e'en his angels vainly might explore.
" High their highest thoughts above
" Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,
" Wrought in his heav'nly essence, blaze and soar.
" Mortals, who his glory seek,
" Rapt in contemplation meek,
" Him fear, him trust, him venerate, him adore.—

MEMOIRS OF SIR WM. JONES, p. 527.

(5) After such an ingenuous admission by the Illustrious Biographer of Sir Wm. Jones, it may appear exceedingly presumptuous in us, to undertake a task which so talented a Nobleman, as Lord Teignmouth, had acknowledged his incompetency to perform: but, as we commenced our lucubrations with diffidence, so we submit the result of our labours with deference.

(6) See Canto VI, v. 3666.

Edward Scott Waring, Esq. late of the Bengal Civil Establishment, next furnishes an Analytical Notice of the Romance of Roostum Zaboolee and Soohrab:(7)

"Roostum after this, visits the Prince of Sumuncan, whose daughter falls in love with the hero, and whom he marries. He returns, after a short stay into Zabool; and his wife is delivered of Soohrab, who proves himself worthy of so distinguished a parent. When he arrives at manhood, he attacks Hujeer, a servant of the Persian government, and seizes upon his person. Goord Afreed, a female Amazon, endeavours to rescue him, engages Soohrab, who, after a sharp conflict, makes her his prisoner, and discovers that she is a woman. Like a second Tancred, he falls in love with this new Clorinda, and releases her.

"Ky Kaoos sends for Roostum (who was ignorant of his having a son)(8) who makes some delay in obeying the king's order; which so incenses Ky Kaoos, that upon his arrival he commands him to be seized and confined. Roostum enraged at the king's folly and ingratitude, returns to Cabool; and Ky Kaoos is now obliged to descend to entreaties and prayers to soften his anger. The army at length marches, and Roostum advances to reconnoitre the enemy.

"Soohrab dreading lest he should engage his father, endeavours to discover from his prisoner, Hujeer, the marks which would denote Roostum. A description of the Persian army is now artfully introduced; and Hujeer, to deceive Soohrab, calls Roostum a chief, who had accompanied Ky Kaoos from China. An engagement ensues between the two armies, and Soohrab is opposed to Roostum. They fight without gaining any advantage, until they are both exhausted, and mutually agree to defer their combat till the next morning. Soohrab endeavours to discover whether he is engaging Roostum, but is deceived even by Roostum himself.

"Soohrab engages Roostum the following morning, and hurls him to the ground. As he was preparing to make away with his antagonist, Roostum informs him that it was unusual for a chieftain in Persia to take advantage of the first fall.(9) Soohrab, with undaunted valour, gives Roostum his life, who retires, bruised and defeated, from the field. They part; and Soohrab breaks in upon the Persian line, where he is encountered by Roostum.(9) Their combat is related with much spirit.(10)

"'Soohrab rushes on like a furious elephant, wielding his bright scymitar; or, as a wild boar, or a roaring lion, destroying whole ranks with his fatal noose. When Roostum beheld him, he trembled at the remembrance of his former prowess. When Soohrab beheld him returned to the field, his

(9) "Roostum thus addressed the young warrior: "Reflect well, O Champion! the destroyer of lions! versed in throwing the net, in the use of the mace and the sword: Our customs differ: our religion teaches us, that those who wrestle, and hurl their enemy to the ground, should not take advantage of the first fall, although they are inflamed with mutual hatred.

(7) See the mention of this Tale, by Waring in p. 55, of his Tour to Sheeraz, and Note IX, p. 8, *in seq.*

(8) Waring, like Lord Teignmouth, or Sir Wm. Jones, has made this gratuitous assertion on the authority of Shumsheer Khan's Epitome of the Shah Namuh. See Asiatic Journal, IX. vol. 224, and *in seq.*

(9) This statement appears to be erroneous. It was after the *first* engagement that they met, but they did not encounter before the Persian line, at that time. See v. 3051.

(10) The part of Firdousee, quoted and translated in this place, contains a description of the fatal engagement on the *third* day of attack.

heart beat with the high blood of youth. He cried out, "Just escaped from the paws of the lion! do you oppose him again? why did not you seek another quarter?" They alighted from their horses; the fatal period approached. They began to wrestle, and seized each other by the waist; but wax, or the hard stone, yields equally in the hand of fate. They contended from morning till mid-night; fortune seemed to have deserted Soohrab; Roostum raging with vexation, seized him by the two shoulders, and bent him to the ground. Fortune now lowered, and strength deserted Soohrab. Roostum, like a lion, struck him to the ground, but did not expect to secure him; he instantly drew out his poignard, and buried it in the breast of the lion-hearted warrior.'

"The unfortunate Roostum discovers too late, that he has slain his own son; he bitterly laments his involuntary crime; but appears to derive some satisfaction that it was his own offspring who contended with him with so much hardihood. A peace is immediately concluded between the two states, and Roostum departs for Zabool. He is met by Zal, and the nobles of the country, who feelingly regret the fate of his gallant son.

"Firdousee does not present the character of his hero in the most amiable light. He first denies his name; and, when he was defeated, takes advantage of his son's unsuspicious valour. The hero was vanquished, and begged his life, and then seized an occasion to destroy an enemy, who was at least entitled to the indulgence he had shewn.

"There is no apparent reason why Roostum should deny his name;(b) upon every other occasion he is forward in divulging it.(11) The full grown hero might be indignant at his prowess being foiled by a boy, and unwilling to flatter his rival with the merit of resisting the Champion of Persia. The custom of refraining from taking an advantage of a first victory, might be conformable to the manners of Persia;(12) but it was by no means incumbent upon Soohrab to admit an observance which exposed his life to a second hazard. If accident decided victory upon one occasion, it might do so upon another; and it seems absurd to forego an advantage which either conduct or fortune had placed in our hands. But Roostum never observed the same clemency towards a vanquished enemy; he only inculcated it when he fell beneath superior prowess. Firdousee exalts the character of Soohrab, but depreciates that of Roostum: the one appears to have been brave and generous, the other wily and subtle."

(b) "He answered, I am not Roostum, neither am I related to him; for he is a Warrior, and I am unknown. I have neither a crown, a throne, nor riches."

WARING'S TOUR TO SHEERAZ, p. 182.

(11) This assertion is equally incorrect. Roostum in his combat with Burzoo, the Son of Soohrab, likewise denied his name which his own son Furamoorz feigned: and he had also previously denied it when implicated in a duel with another Hero of Tooran.

(12) Potter says, in his Archæologia Græca, 1 vol. 443, relative to the Art of Wrestling, that "the victory was adjudged to him that gave his Antagonist *three* Falls; "whence Τριαξαι and Αποτριαχθαι signify to conquer:"—and he then cites the instance of Milo, the Wrestler, who Αυσταο, &c.

"Arose and standing in the midst thus cried:
"'*One single fall* cannot the Prize decide.'"

Epig. XI Ανθολογ. Lib. 11, Cap. I.

But the Author of the Little World of Knowledge informs us, p. 149, that among the Ancients, "the Wrestlers were matched by lot, and *the prize was adjudged to him, who had twice thrown his adversary to the ground.*" Eurybatus was the first who thus received the Wrestler's crown as a prize. The knowledge of these facts diminishes the stigma which has been attached to Roostum, on this occasion.

Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, next furnishes us with an Abstract of the Episode of Roostum Zaboolee and Soohrab:

"Kai Kaoos, we are told," says Sir John, "was vain and proud(c); he appears to have been in continual distress from the unfortunate result of schemes which his ambition led him to form, but which he wanted ability to execute. However, he is obviously thrown into those situations by the poet, that he may introduce his heroes to relieve him. His life is consequently connected with a thousand fables, which, though unsuited to this place, form excellent materials for Firdousee; and he has given, in his history of this period, *the extraordinary and affecting tale of the combat between Roostum and his unknown son, Soohrab*,(d); in which the Persian hero is described as having gained a victory that embittered all his future life."

(c) "Firdousee.

(d) "The poet commences this Episode with a beautiful line, which truly characterizes the story he relates. It is, he says, *Ekee dastan pur ahe cheshum*,"—"A tale full of the waters of the eye."—The young Soohrab was the fruit of one of Roostum's early amours. He had left his mother, and sought fame under the banners of Afrasiab, whose armies he commanded, and soon obtained a renown beyond all contemporary heroes but his father. He had carried death and dismay into the ranks of the Persians, and he had terrified their boldest warriors, before Roostum encountered him, which at last he resolved to do, under a feigned name. They met three times. The first time they parted by mutual consent, though Soohrab had the advantage. The second the youth obtained a victory, but granted life to his unknown father. The third was fatal to Soohrab; writhing in the pangs of death, he warned his conqueror to shun the vengeance that is inspired by parental woes, and bade him dread the rage of the mighty Roostum, who must soon learn that he had slain his son Soohrab. These words were as death to the aged hero; when he recovered from a trance, he called in despair for proofs of what Soohrab had said. The afflicted and dying youth tore open his mail, and showed his father a seal which his mother had placed on his arm, when she discovered to him the secret of his birth, and bade him seek his father. The sight of his own signet rendered Roostum frantic: he cursed himself, attempted to put an end to his existence, and was only prevented by the efforts of his expiring son. After Soohrab's death, he burnt his tents and all his goods, and carried the corpse to Seistan, where it was interred.(13) The army of Turan, agreeably to the last request of

(13) Sir John has been misled by the text of Firdousee, in stating, that Soohrab was interred in Seestan: For, although we were apt to believe from the contents of Canto VII. v. 4207 and 4248, inclusive, that Roostum had conveyed the body through Iran and Sijistan to Zabool; still it appears, that Soohrab was buried at Saree in Mazindaran, (the ancient Zadra-carta, in the Hyrcania of the Classics). In his description of Saree, Sir William Ouseley with that spirit of research which renders his work so incalculably valuable, has put us in possession of some most interesting particulars on this subject. "Among the ancient monuments [at Saree], for which I enquired without success" says Sir William, 3 vol. 205, "was the 'TOMB OF SUHRAB;' this, according to Firdousee, might be sought in a very distant province, [Seestan or Zaboolistan]; but we learn from the MS. above quoted [Tárikhi Tabristan], that it was actually situate at Sàrì, for Rustam having at Belikesh بلیکش in the territory of Ruián رویان slain the young Hero Suhrab (or Surkhab), not knowing until too late that it was his own son, caused the body to be removed from the scene of fatal combat; "and took the coffin, that it might be conveyed to *Závelistan*, as far on the way as *Sárí*; there, at the spot called *Lámen-dúin*, on which stood the *Kusr-i-Tùs* or "Palace of Tùs," the son of NAUDAR, he deposited the body, intending when the weather should become less warm, to carry it away; but (an accident hindering the accomplishment of this design) he himself did not happen to return; and it is said, that the tumular heap of earth opposite *Tùs' Villa* or Palace, contains the grave of SOOHRAB."* Respecting this tumulus Sir Wm. had previously stated, 3 vol. 263, on the

* تا بوتش برگرفت که بازاول برد چون بهاري رسید انجاکه قصرطوس
نوذر است که لومن دوین میخواند فرونهاد تا حرارت هوا کمتر شود
برگیرد خود اتفاق نیفتاد مي گویند که گورش در برابر قصر طوس پشته
ایست قبر او انجاست

We are next favoured with a notice of the Episode by Sir Wm. Ouseley:

"Of the great Roostum, already mentioned," says Sir Wm. in his Persian Miscellanies; "the gallant actions and wonderful exploits constitute a very considerable part of the celebrated Heroic Poem by *Firdousee*, intitled the *Shah Nameh*, or Book of Kings: from a manuscript abridgement of that work in prose and verse, the specimen above given is extracted;(e) relating an amorous adventure of a very singular and romantic nature.

"It is there told, that, after a sumptuous feast, and magnificent entertainment, given in honour of Roostum, by the King of Sitemgàm (f) to which wine and music contributed all their charms, a couch or bed being careful-

Soohrab, was permitted to cross the Oxus unmolested. It was commanded by Haman; and Zoarrah attended, on the part of Roostum, to see that his engagement was respected by the Persians. To reconcile us to the improbability of this tale, we are informed that Roostum could have no idea that his son was in existence (14) The mother of Soohrab had written to him that her child was a daughter, fearing to lose her infant if she revealed the truth;(15) and Roostum, as before stated, fought under a feigned name, an usage not uncommon in the chivalric combats of those days.(16) In the account of this combat, Firdousee has excelled himself. Nothing can be more beautiful than the picture of the distraction of the mother of Soohrab, who set fire to her palace, meaning to perish in the flames, but was prevented by her attendants. They could not, however, console her. She became quite frantic: her wild joy was to clothe herself in the bloody garment in which he had been slain; to kiss the forehead of his favourite horse; to draw his bow; wield his lance, his sword, and his mace: and, at last, to use the words of the poet. "she died, and her soul fled to that of her heroic son." HIST. OF PERS. 1 VOL. 27.

(e) "*Nuzim. Ze perdeh ber aumed yeky Mah-a rooee,*"—"*Chu khorsheed tabaun por us rung ubuee.*"

"Part of the night thus passed away; a splendid couch was spread with cushions "for Roostum, on which he laid himself down to rest; after a short while, he beheld a "beauteous damsel, lovely as the moon, who advanced from behind the tapestry, "holding a lighted taper in her hand, and placed herself near him:"—POETRY. "From the hangings, advanced a moon-faced damsel, bright as the Sun, with glow-"ing complexion, and sweet perfumes."

(f) "This country, as another part of the work informs us, bordered on Turàn, or Turcomania, the Ancient Scythia."

authority of the Tarikhi Tabristan, that "Tus, the son of Naudar and general of the Persian armies, laid the foundation of *Sárí* in that place which even at this day is styled *Túsán*."* Having after some lines mentioned the *Kasr-i-Sheid* (قصر شيد), a villa or palace, and other edifices constructed by Tùs, the historian adds, "and the remains of these are yet visible in the tumular heaps called *Lúmen-dúin*."† This intelligence is extremely important and elucidates a point which has so long been misapprehended.

(14) In advancing this assertion Malcolm is evidently wrong, and we are very much disposed to infer, that Sir John has followed the Epitome of the Shah Namah by Shumsheer Khan, like Waring and Lord Teignmouth, or Sir Wm. Jones (for as Ross has observed, Asiat. Journ. ix. vol. 233, "it does not appear whether this abstract be the composition of Sir Wm. himself, or of his Noble Biographer.") We are not aware of any other source whence Sir John Malcolm could have been informed, that "Roostum could have no idea that his son was in existence," as this information is so opposite to the real facts of that case.

(15) This is likewise a mistake: it does not appear, that she ever wrote to Roostum on the subject, but deputed to him a messenger to announce the birth of a son.

(16) This is also an error: For, although, it is true that Roostum denied his name, still it is incorrect to state that he assumed and fought under a feigned name.

* ساري را طوس نوذر كه سپاه دار ايران بود طرح افكند بموضعي كه اين ساعت نيز طوسان ميگويند

(MS. *Tarikh i Tabristan.*)

† هنوز توده ان باقيست اومن دون ميگويند

ly prepared for the Persian hero, he retired to rest; and after a short time was astonished at the appearance of a lovely damsel, who advanced from behind the curtains or hangings (ε), Her face was beautifully serene and fair as the silver-moon; yet dazzling like the Sun from its exquisite beauty and glowing complexion: Nor has the poet forgotten those delightful odours that her presence shed around; perfume being an indispensable of complete Persian elegance.

"This fair Princess informs Roostum, that she had chosen that hour to come alone and unperceived; that she was daughter of the King of Sitemgan, had heard of Roostum's wonderful actions and excellent qualities, and that she had made a solemn vow, never to bestow her hand on any other man. The seclusion of females in the Eastern Countries, from the conversation of men, will, in some measure, account for the abrupt manner in which the fair one disclosed her passion, and for her seizing on such an opportunity, to obtain an interview with the object of her admiration. But the acknowledgement of her love was delivered in terms so simple and modest, so guarded, and her demeanour so correct, that Roostum was less affected by the splendour of her beauty, than filled with respect for her candour, her innocence, and virtue. (ϛ)

"Of this mysterious interview, and the subsequent union of our hero with the Princess, the result was a son, whom the King, her father, educated after Roostum's departure, and called by the name of *Soohrab*. The youth having learned from his mother the strange circumstances of his birth, and of Roostum's fame, resolved to set out in quest of adventures, and immediately commenced a series of brave and gallant actions. But being so unfortunate as to encounter his own father, each ignorant of his relation to the other, the issue of the combat proved fatal to *Soohrab*, who did not, however, expire, until it was discovered that he fell by a parent's hand. The circumstances attending this discovery, the dying words and filial affection of the ill-fated youth, and the father's vehement affliction and distress, afford the Poet *Firdousee*, a fine subject for many interesting and beautiful passages."—

(ε) "The use of hangings, pictured tapestry, and various coloured carpets, has been from the earliest ages prevalent in the East.—We read in the Book of Esther, Chap. I. &c. of the magnificence of the Persian Monarch, who made a feast unto his nobles of Persia and Media, and in his palace had hangings, "white, green, and red," fastened with purple cords to silver rings, with beds of gold and silver, &c. Plutarch, in Themistocles, speaks of the rich Persian carpets, with highly coloured figures; and in his life of Cato the Censor, he mentions some Babylonian tapestry, Ἐπιβλημάτων ποικίλων Βαβυλωνιῶν sent to Rome as a present. The manufacture passed in very early times from Asia into Greece; part of which, indeed, was itself Asiatic. Iris found Helen employed on figured tapestry; and the web of Penelope is sufficiently known. Iliad III.

(ϛ) "Near the ruined Palace of Persepolis, now called *Chehelminaur*, are shewn the gigantic figure of a Warrior, and that of a Female, who hold between them each with one hand, something of an annular form, but proportionably large enough to go round the neck: to these figures Tradition has bestowed the name of Roostum, and of his favourite Mistress, probably the fair Princess of Sitemgaùn. If we can judge from the drawings of M. Le Bruyn, (a painter by profession) the figure of the Warrior expresses manly strength, and that of the Princess is not inelegant, either in point of attitude or drapery.——Le Bruyn's Travels in Muscovy. Persia, &c.——and Kæmpfer, speaking of this sculpture says, "Hæc, venusta humanæ femina, fon te redimiculá, "occipite cincinis, collo monili, multis quafi unionibus bullato est," &c.—Amænit, Exoticæ. p. 363."

"A Cashmerian writer of dictinction, describing the desert between Herat and Balkh, speaks of the Travels of Roostum, as we do of Cyrus's, or of Cæsar's. "Roostum, the son of Zal," says he, "marched by this road from Iraùn to Turan."—See the Memoirs of Khojeh Abdulkerum, translated from the Persian, by Mr. Gladwin. p. 36. 1793."

James Ross, Esquire, of the Bengal Medical Establishment, has also supplied us with some valuable observations on the Episode of Roostum Zaboolee and Soohrab:([17])

" Of four Episodes I had selected for translation into English from the Shahnamuh," says Ross, " that برزو Rarzú, the son of Sohrab, and of course the grandson of Rostam, and with whom he also held many a tough battle, I would prefer, as offering great variety of character and inci-

([17]) The author of Sketches of Persia, has taken notice of this Story, in his xvi. Chapter containing several remarks on Persian Poetry. Referring to a conversation between the Author and Khan Sahib, a gentleman of Persia, the writer informs us, that the Persian noble recited to him from the Shah Namuh, the greater part of the Episode of the combats between Roostum and his unknown son, Seohrab. This Episode, in the first lines of which the poet tells the reader, " It is a tale full of the waters of the eye," is perhaps one of the greatest efforts of Firdousee's genius; and he rises even above himself in the relation of the death of Soohrab, and the insanity of his distracted mother. The effect produced on the unhappy princess by the account of her son's death is instantaneous. She set fire to her palace, desiring, when he who constituted her sole object in life was gone to perish amid that splendour which she valued on his account alone. Torn from the flames by her attendants, she commanded them to bring the body of her son, his horse, his arms, and his clothes. She kissed the horse's fore-head, she bathed its hoofs with her tears, she clothed herself in the blood-stained garments of her son, she drew his bow, she wielded his lance, his sword, and his mace; and these fond and frantic actions were continued until nature was overpowered, and the distracted mother departed to join her beloved Soohrab." D'Herbelot notices the Tale of Soohrab very briefly, telling us, that Soohrab is the name of the son of Roostum who was born of the daughter of the king of Samsegan, whom this Hero had married. Roostum his Father, " le mena avec luy à la guerre contre Afrasiyab, Roy du Turquestan, et le tua malheureusement sans y penser. *Voyez* le titre de Caicaus"—but under the title of Ky Kaoos not the slightest mention of Soohrab, or allusion to his birth can be found. In his Preface to a translation of the Goolistan, p. 56, Ross has again referred, thus, to several of the characters represented in this Episode. " Perhaps Firdousee is the only Persian author exempt from the charge of either copying others in his characters or of being the mannerist of himself: he has as many distinct warriors, for example, as Homer and Virgil have put together; yet his ZALZAR and ROSTAM, his SOHRAB and Isfundiyar, have their appropriate characteristics and epithets, and are distinguished from the warriors of all other poets and from each other: and so it is with his females; for no critic would think of confounding Rudabah; or, 5 vol. 451: Tuhimeenuh, the Gord-Afreed or Shirin with each other." And in this opinion Ross is partly supported by the testimony of Sir Wm. Jones, " Les caractères de Ferdusi ne sont pas si variés que ceux d' Homère, mais ils ne sont pas moins bien frappés et soutenus. RUSTEM est representè comme un prodige de force, de valeur, et de sagesse; TUS NUDAR, comme un général avisé et prudent; GUDARZ, comme un commandant vieux et experimenté; Pajan, comme un héros jeune et amoureux, rempli de valeur et d'intrépidité; trois rois de Perse, comme des monarques sages(*i*) et vertueux, et Afrasiab comme un hardi et criminel usurpateur. Il y a plusieurs autres caractères dans ce poéme pour divers personnages des deux sexes, dans lesquels on trouve toujours les hommes particuliérement remarquables par leur bravoure; et les femmes par leur beautè et leur tendresse, excepte TEMEINA et SUDABA; la premiére n'étant pas moins célébre par son courage et son amour infortune, que l'autre per ses mœurs dissolues et par sa haine pour un jeune prince, son beau-fils."

(i) Sir Wm. Jones appears to have erred in this assertion, since Firdousee represents every where, Ky Kaoos as تهی مغز or empty-brained, and any thing, but " un monarch sage." Sir Wm. has probably followed Æschylus, who says of Ky Kaoos, in his Tragedy of the Persians, that

" Αλλος δ'εκεινυ παις τοδ' εργον ηνυσε
" Φρενες γαρ αυτυ δυμον οιακοστροφυν."

The next, his (Ky Qoobad's) son, (Ky Kaoos), finished this work: For sagacity directed his mind.

dents, (18): or that of سیاوش Siyawosh, the son of the uxurious Kai Kaous; (19) and of his step mother, سودابہ *Sawdabah*, falling in love with him; and on his rejecting her suit, her accusing him of an attempt on her chastity and his undergoing the ordeal of fire to prove his innocence, a subject which the Greeks, like most of their other fables, stole without acknowledment from the Persians, and Euripides, Seneca, Racine, and Smith with ourselves, in his Dhædra and Hippolytus have made the subject of

(19) Mr. Ross appears to have forgotten that though the Episode of Burzoo is generally supposed to have been the production of Firdousee: it is considered on the best authority to be apocryphal, and is excluded from the body of many copies of the Shah Namuh: Ataee wrote the life of Burzoo in the Burzoo Namuh, which M. Anquetil du Perron has noticed, in his Zend Avesta, 1 vol. DXXXVII, as a Persian Poem containing upwards of 60,000 couplets, by Ataee, a celebrated Poet, but inferior to Firdousee, and less ancient than the Bard of Toos, and comprising the histories of Roostum, of Soohrab, of Burzoo, &c. Sir William Ouseley states, 1 vol. 99, that he had seen a copy of the Burzoo Namuh. "Although it seemed perfect at the beginning, yet many verses must have been omitted; for the first verses that appeared were these:

درفش ببردند با او بهم همی رفت پرخاشجوی دژم

"'They carried his banner along with him,
"'And the battle-seeking hero proceeded, anxious in his mind;'"

A passage evidently referring to transactions with which the reader is supposed already in some degree acquainted. Burzoo was the son of Soorab, who fell by the hand of his own Father Roostum, neither being conscious of their consanguinity to the other. The lines here quoted, and many subsequent verses are borrowed from the Shah Namuh, and describe the advance of Roostum towards that combat which proved fatal to his son, and which has been celebrated by Firdousee. It appears from the Burzoo Namuh, that equally ignorant of their mutual relationship, Roostum and his grandson fought against each other. But the catastrophe was different; for a timely disclosure of circumstances proving Burzoo the son of Soohrab, induced his venerable antagonist to spare his life. The youth, however, was not overpowered before he had wielded a tree as a mace, with such effect, as to intimidate Roostum, who (but we must not too readily believe the Burzoo Namuh) adopted against his unsuspecting foe, the base intention of destroying him by means of food, sent during a truce, from his own kitchen, and previously touched with poison which the great chief of Persian warriors always carried concealed in his ring. Burzoo's mother was Shuhroo (شہرو), and the place of his birth Suknan (سکنان)." We may observe, that Sir William has fallen into a mistake in stating, that the couplet quoted, "describes the advance of Roostum towards that combat which proved fatal to his son." It refers to his advance on the *first* day of attack, and will be found translated at Canto Fifth, *v.* 4842.

(18) The following epitome of the story of Siyavoosh may prove interesting. It is extracted from the transactions of the Literary Society at Bombay, 2 vol. 123, and is given on the authority of the Tareekhi Tibree: "Kaikaus had a son named Siavush, who excelled every son on the face of the earth. He was delivered to Roostum in order to be brought up by him in Seistan, who, after instructing him in every accomplishment, restored him when he attained his twentieth year to his father, and Kaikaus was delighted in beholding the perfections of his son. Kaikaus had married a daughter of *Afrasiyab*, who, on beholding Siavush became enamoured with him(n); and having sent for him, she disclosed her passion. But he replied, that he would not be guilty of disloyalty to his father and quitted her. Sudadah, enraged, took every means of prejudicing his father against him; and Siavush, being apprehensive of the consequences requested Roostum to exert his influence that they might be jointly appointed to the command of an army, which Kaikaus was about to send against Afrasiyab, in consequence of his not having paid the stipulated dowry of his daughter. Kaikaus complied, and appointed Siavush the commander of his army, informing him at the same time, that if Afrasiyab performed his engagements, it was well; if not to commence

(n) This statement is attributable to misconception: For Ky Kaoos had married the daughter of Zoolzoghar, king of Hamawur, and the name of that daughter was Soodawuh, as we have noticed in the sequel. D'Herbelot accordingly says, "Kai Kaus faisant la querre dans l'Arabie qui est au delà du Golphe Persique, à Zulzogar Roy de l'Imen, apprit que ce Prince avoit une fille d'une rare beaute; cequi le porta a offrir la paix a son ennemi, a condition qu'il la lui donneroit en marriage.

Tragedies in their respective languages; or that of Zal and Rawdabah, the father and mother of Rostam, and in the description of whose persons I mean to offer an example of Firdosi's appropriate and forcible language as a mannerist: but I PREFER THAT OF ROOSTUM AND SOOHRAB, as having been referred to by:

1. Our Father of rational Persian Studies, Sir Wm. Jones, who from an abstract at the end of Lord Teignmouth's Life of him, had intended it for the subject of a tragedy; but it does not appear whether this abstract be the composition of Sir W. himself, or of his noble biographer; for though there stated as being a story in the original, it is in fact taken from Shamshir-khan's prose and verse epitome of the Shahnamuh, and differs from Firdósí in that most essential point of making Tahiminah تهمینه impose upon Rostam, by informing him, that *she had been delivered, not of a son, but of a daughter*. Why the author of the منتخب شاهنامه *Montakhab Shahnamah* chose to differ from his original, is another point, but, as Scot Waring has given this turn also to the story, it behoves me to quote Firdósí himself, who says:

فرستاده‌مش زر و گوهر بسي بر مادر او بدست کسی
چنین پاسخ آورد کان ارجمند بسي برنیاید که گردد بلند
هنوز آن نیاز دل و جان من نه مرد مصافست و لشکرشکن

Géó, another Persian chief had been deputed by the King to invite Rostam to come and oppose Sohráb, who had invaded Persia with a Turkish army,

war against him. When the two armies drew near each other, Afrasiyab's chief general, named Peeran, interposed, and effected a treaty with Siavush, who wrote to his father, and informed him that he had concluded a peace. But Kaikaus not approving of the peace, directed him to break it, and to commence war. Siavush disdained to be guilty of a breach of faith, but being afraid to return to his father requested the protection of Afrasiyab, who assented and kindly received him and gave him one of his daughters in marriage who was named Faringis. After the lapse of some years, Afrasiyab considering the bravery and accomplishments of Siavush became alarmed, and apprehensive lest he might attempt any thing against the kingdom; and therefore ordered him to be put to death. At this time Faringis was pregnant, and Afrasiyab was considering in what manner he might destroy the fruit of her womb; when Peeran arrived and reproached him for having first granted his protection to a prince, and then having put him to death; and observed that Kai Kaus and Roostum would certainly demand vengeance for his death; (o) that it was better therefore to entrust Faringis to his care, and in case she should bring forth a child, that it should be sent to Kai Kaus; in order to disarm his resentment. Afrasiyab consented on this condition, that if a daughter was born it should be sent to Kai Kaus; but if a son, that it should be put to death. Peeran accordingly conducted Faringis to his house, but when she was delivered of a boy it was so lovely that Peeran's heart would not allow him to kill it. He therefore preserved it, brought it up in secret, and named it Kai Khosrou. When Kai Khosrou arrived at the age of manhood, Guderz, one of the principal Persian nobles, having become acquainted with the circumstance,

(o) Captain Kennedy has made an error in this assertion, since Peeran said

مکش گفتمت پور کاؤس را که دشمن کنی رستم وطوس را

" I told you not to slay the son of KAOOS
" As you would render ROOSTUM and TOOS your foes."

But Kennedy's misconception is trivial, when placed in comparison with the mistakes committed by Malcolm, who, in refereuce to this couplet observes, 1 vol. 522: " The latter (TOOS) was the *brother* of Kaoos, and therefore, nearly allied to Siyavoosh," [Toos was not the brother, but the Uncle of Ky Kaoos, and grand Uncle of Siyavoosh:] " but Roostum could have no particular right to exact vengeance for the blood of this chief, *unless he was his relation*." [Roostum was the brother-in-law of Ky Kaoos and the Uncle of Siyavoosh]. But Sir John appears to have strenuously endeavoured to prove, that Siyavoosh was the son of Roostum rather than of Ky Kaoos, as the whole story of Siyavoosh, in his opinion, conveys such an impression.

" and was carrying every thing before him. Rostam says, I cannot figure " to myself where providence in his wisdom could have given origin to this " Turkish and fortunate warrior: I have one son, by a daughter of the " Prince of Samangán, a Turkish chieftain, yet he is but a boy;" (20) and he afterward specifies his age to be only fourteen. He now adds " I sent by a " messenger to his mother, money and jewels for him in abundance, and he " brought back for answer, that the wonderful boy was forward for his age, " but that the joy of my heart and life was not yet equal to the duties of " field service and the fatigues of war," (21) and he afterward enlarges upon the wonders, they are to expect from him, when he shall arrive at manhood. But this is not the sole proof of Sir W. having never read this episode in the original; for in his treatise on oriental poetry, appended to his life of Nadir Shah, he gives a still more romantic and discreditable turn to it. " What was better, in his *Comment. Asiat.*, he says, sed de hoc poemate " (i. e. *Shahnamah*) separatim acque alio volumine si tempus acque otium " supetit, copiose disseram; ae fortasse etiam totum opus in locem profe- rum;" and if any such translation as that of the whole Shahnamah was left among his papers, it might have done more credit to his voluminous works, and stood a better chance of enduring, that half of what occupies them; for though we can detect in his translations occasional mistakes, they are chiefly done with much and superior elegance and fidelity,

2. The next English translator of the *Shahnamah* is Joseph Champion, whom I recollect in 1785-6, civil chief of Gowindgunge, a small district afterwards appending to Dinagepore, where I resided myself for eleven years. This gentleman's chief amusement, and almost occupation then was, to listen to a خنیا گر *khoniyá-gar*, or itinerant minstrel; the dreg of a class of literati, much encouraged under the native government, but now also extinct; who could recite from memory the works of Firdosi and Nizámí, and particularly any part of the *Shahnamah* his audience desired of him; and that together with the رقص کنان *Raks-konán*, or public singers and dancers, many of whom had the correct action of a Siddons or Kean, with the skilfull execution of a Catalani and Braham, used to afford a fascinating and rational treat to such as in those days could understand and enjoy a *ghazal* of Hafiz or Sadi, in its genuine text and accent. Mr. C. made, I fancy, his translations from those recitations, for he seldom looked into a book: and though occasionally more spirited than some contemporary bald attempts in prose, they are chiefly too diffuse and irrelevant to be trusted. A quarto volume of his translation, published at Calcutta in 1785, now lies before me, beginning with گیومرث Gayúmars, the first King of Persia, and continued down to Manúchahr; which it was then his intention to complete, but which a mental derangement afterwards put a stop to: and it does not include the Episode of Rostam and Sohráb.

3. Scot Waring, in his tour to Shiraz, undertaken in 1802, and published in 1807, gives a rapid, and, to the many, an interesting sketch of the whole *Shahnamah;* and having been first a student, and latterly an assistant professor at the Calcutta college, and having as an assistant accompanied General Malcolm in his embassy to the king of Persia, he had the best op-

sent his son Geeve, previously, into Turan, who having discovered Kai Khosrou and his Mother, conducted them to Kai Kaus, to whose throne Kai Khosroo soon after succeeded and immediately commenced war against Afrasiyab, in order to avenge the death of his Father Siavush. The war continued for a long time; until at last, Afrasiyab was taken prisoner, and slain, and his country completely subdued."

(20) See Canto third v. 1516.

(21) See Canto third v. 1524.

portunities of qualifying himself for this task; but, as also a good Greek and Latin scholar, having lent too willing an ear to the prejudices of the sheer English scholar, he is uncertain in his decisions, and far from satisfactory. As far as it bears him out, he is satisfied with quoting Champion's loose translation; and when that fails him, he gives his own prose version, which is neither happy nor correct; and concludes with a sweeping critique of his author being "tedious, uninteresting and ridiculously minute;" and supports this opinion by a single example, in which he takes a Persian numeral in its literal, instead of its idiomatic sense; (22) like most of our late travellers in Persia, who translate the چهل منار *Chil-minár* the palace of the definite number of forty pillars, instead of an indefinite number, or numerous pillars, being that colossean monument of the antient kings of Persia, which Alexander, to gratify the jealousy of his master Aristotle, attempted to destroy, but which, in its frowning sublimity and superior solidity, is as a ruin likely to out-last all those elegant temples to their gods those Greeks had the taste of building in imitation of it, and which we continue absurdly and servilely in our shivering climate to copy. Mr. Waring, in his notice of the Episode of *Rostam and Shorâb*, gives a prose translation of one of their three rencontres, which I shall take an opportunity of quoting, when I give my own; and as both are in prose, they may thus offer a fair occasion for comparison. (23) He concludes with finding fault with Firdósi's general management of his story; but as he curiously enough draws his knowledge of that Episode, not from the original, but from Shamshir-khan's abridgment of it, *for he likewise specifies that Rostam is ignorant of having a son;* and, as he is likely to have referred to the same document for his knowledge of the other parts, we can give him no credit, when he comes to decide so magisterially on the whole poem. (24)

(22) Ross may probably allude to the following remarks extracted from Waring's Tour to Sheeraz, p. 199, in reference to Firdousee: "He is often too minute; and by "making his description particular, renders it ridiculous. An example of this may "be given in his description of the son of Ukhwan Deo; which instead of expressing "his immense size by some bold figure gives us his exact measure:

چو هفتاد رش بود بالاي او ده و هشت رش بود پهناي او

"He was one hundred yards high* and twenty broad. Notwithstanding this enor-"mous height, Roostum contrives (we do not learn how) to cut off his head with a "stroke of his scimitar." But Waring appears to have forgotten that Homer is equally precise, in his description of the giants Ephialtes and Otus and instead of such exactness being deemed ridiculous, Longinus has even cited the very passage as a specimen of the Sublime. Homer says:

"The wond'rous youths had scarce nine winters told,
"When high in air, tremendous to behold,
"*Nine ells* aloft they reared their tow'ring head,
"And full *nine cubits* broad their shoulders spread."

Pope's Odyssey, xi. l. 381.

It is surprising that Ross should have omitted to state this circumstance in defence of the Persian Poet, and also that the Greek writers have recorded with as much minuteness the height to which Hercules had, at a certain period in early life, attained, as Firdousee has specified with exact accuracy of measurement, the stature of Roostum, in his infancy.

(23) See page VI. of the Advertisement.

(24) It is much to be regretted that Mr. Waring did not consult the original. We possessed a personal acquaintance with this Gentleman, and know that he was one of the most eminent Persian Scholars in Bengal.

* "*Ursh* (qu. *Rush*, a cubit?) is the length of the two arms extended from the body: probably "five feet. This circumstantial exactness is admirably ridiculed in the history of Martinus "Scribblerus:

"His eye-balls burn, he wounds the smoking plain,
"And knots of scarlet ribband deck his mane."

4. James Atkinson, in his poem of Sohráb, published at Calcutta, 1814, professes it to be a free translation, and, what is really valuable to the Persian scholar, gives a pretty correct copy of the original; but whatever this gentleman's opinion of him may be, so far from being flowery and prolix, Firdósí is really so hard, pithy, and nervous a writer, not in his narratives, where he is necessarily diffuse, but where he comes to any point, that it would be scarcely possible to compress his full sense in double the number of such couplets as this versifier has used, concise, vigorous and comprehensive as he may fancy his English to be; and as the original consists of upwards of 1,650 couplets, or 3,300 lines, and his translation of 716, or 1,432 lines, we may readily conceive, how often he must fall short of his text, if indeed he in any instance can be said to reach it; for even on his happiest occasions, he is so diffuse in transfusing Firdosí's imagery and idiom, that it is difficult to trace him to his original. Occasionally, when I can fix him to his text, I am sorry to remark how widely he mistakes it: numerous instances of which I shall have occasion to note, as we procced together, which this author fortunately enables me to do throughout the whole poem; but I shall be for the present content with quoting two contiguous examples: when Sohráb has overthrown Rostam, and is going to cut off his head, the latter tells him, as an experienced warrior, that it is not customary on the first overthrow to exact this penalty; and Sohráb, with the generous spirit of youth, instantly jumps up and releases him; and

دلیر و جوان سر بگفتار پیر بداد و نبود آن سخن جای گیر
یکی از دلیری دوم از زمان سیوم از جوان مردیش بیگمان
رها کرد از دست و بر بد شت بدشتی که پیش وی آهو گزشت
همی کرد نخجیر و با دش نبود ازان کس که با وی نبرد ازمود
همی دیر شد تا که هومان چوگرد بیامد به پرسید ازو از نبرد

"Young and brave as he was, Sohráb gave ear to his senior's advice, without recollecting those three maxims, of becoming, as a youth, distrustful of, 1. prowess, 2. fortune, and 3. generosity; he removed his hold of Rostam, and bounded across the plain, taking such a range as to let the antelope escape him: thus did he sport with fortune, careless of the good counsel of that person (Hóman) who had taught him the art of war: he was returning slowly, when Hóman followed and overtook him like the dust, and came up and asked him after the result of his combat.([25])

In the beginning of this rencontre, Sohráb assaults Rostam with the strength of an elephant and the roar of a lion. It continues:—

بکرد ار شیر که بر گور نر زند دست و گور انرر آید بسر

"With the prowess of a lion grasping with a male *onager* or elk, he stretched forth his arms, and brought his game under him:"!—([26]) here the game is called a گور *gour* or *onager*, and in the former lines it is called as آهو *áhù* or *antelope*, but in both instances means Rostam; and where the antelope is introduced, it is after the hard but simple manner in which Firdósí uses his similies and metaphors, so unlike the stiff manner of Homer and Virgil, and which all our Europe poets have copied since them, who first

([25]) See Canto VI, v. 3510—3527. We consider Zinduh Ruzm to have been Sohrab's preceptor, as this duty used to devolve, among the Toorks, on maternal uncles.
([26]) See Canto VI, v 3486.

minutely describe their hero's feat, and with a *thus* very formerly repeat it in a simile. But let us see what Mr. Atkinson says:—

——— "Sohráb bestrides his prey
"Grim as a lion, prowling through the wood,
"Springs on his fallow deer, and pants for blood!
"His lifted sword had lopt the gory head,
"But Rostam, quick with crafty ardor said:
"'One moment hold! what, are our laws unknown?
"'A chief may fight till he is twice o'erthrown:
"'The second fall his recreant blood is spilt,
"'These are our laws, avoid the menac'd guilt.'
"Proud of his strength, and easily deceiv'd,
"The wondering youth, the artful tale believ'd.
"He left the place, and wild as wind and wave
"(Forgetting all the prudence of the brave),
"Plung'd in the dark embowering forest near,
"And chas'd till evening dim the mountain-deer,
"Homan, confounded at the stripling's stay.
"There wandering heard the fortune of the day."

But from whom did he hear it? From Sohráb himself, after taking a frolicksome bound across the plain; and Homan seeing him thus playful, now dare to advance towards the field of combat; and having slackened his pace in returning, is able, like the dust of Sohráb's heels, to overtake him; for though not out of sight from either army, it would be at the peril of his life for any man to approach,(27) till one of the two heroes had secured the victory, either by slaying his antagonist, or going aside as Sohráb did, allowing him to sneak off. Skilfully, however, as this is managed by Firdósí, Mr. A. gives it the translation I have quoted above, and finishes a note on the two last lines, by railing "at the want of taste and judgment in the Persian poet!" But both his notes here, as well as his text, are nothing but a tissue of misconceptions and errors. However numerous the episodes of the Shahnamah are, and however much each episode may run into detail, there is a unity and connection flows through the whole, and every portion of the whole; and the signification of one part is often to be explained only by a reference to another; but this must be done, not as some of these gentlemen have attempted, by consulting Shamshir-khan's epitome, but by studying the original. The story proceeds in telling us:

چو رستم زجنگ وي آزاد کشت بسان یکی تیغ پولاد کشت
خرامان بشد سوي آب روان چنان کم شده باز بیند روان
بخورد آب وا نگه سر و تن بشست به پیش جهان افرین شد نخست
بزمزمه بنهاد بر پي نیاز نیایش همي کرد بر چاره ساز
همیخواست پیروزي و دستگاه نبد آگه از بخشش هور و ماه

"When Rostam found himself delivered from the clutches of Sohráb, he brightened up like a polished sabre; he walked cheerfully along towards a stream of water, and felt like a man, when his spirit revisits him, after falling into a trance. He drank the water and then bathed his head and body, and the first thing he did was to stand up before his Maker. He

(27) See Canto VI, v. 3262.

repeated the zamzam, or prayer of blessing, with earnest supplication, and set forth his wants in the presence of Providence; he petitioned for victory and succour, and craved the intercession of the Sun and Moon."(28)

How simple is this mode of worship, and how simliar is the ceremonial of it to that I have often, while sailing up the Ganges, observed of a Brahmin of the present day, who at sun-rise, stands ready in the stream of that sacred river, which he sips and uses for ablution, and then puts forth his prayer to the Deity; and indeed from what Firdósí says—not of a *Guabre*, for the Persians were not properly *Moghs* or *Guabres*, till after Zartasht's reformation of their religion—but of a نغا شاکث *Nagoshák:*

پرستنده باشم باتشکده نسازم خورش جز زشیر و بده

"I must become a devotee at the fire temple, and eat no other food but rice and milk."(29) In fact, the religious observances and ceremonials of the ancient Parsées and Brahmans were much alike, if not identically one. The word زمزم *zamzam*, used in the text, signifies the blessing before and after eating, bathing, prayer or other ceremonial, and is peculiar to that sect and never omitted by a Parsi or ancient Persian. Now let us see what Mr. Atkinson makes of it:

"Rostam withdrew, in wild despairing mood,
"He sought the coolness of the murmur-flood:
"There bathed his limbs, and trembling wept and prayed,
"And called on heaven to yield its strengthening aid.
"His pious prayer indulgent heaven approved, &c."

And he adds, in a note on this last line: "Firdósí, like a good Musulman, takes the liberty of making Rostam a pure theist, when he was doubtless a fire worshipper in common with all the Persians of those days!" His translation of what in two beautiful similes offered to a young poet such opportunities of amplification and embellishment is deficient and bald as the dullest prose; and his note is out of place, and proves, if any thing that he did not understand his text. Indeed it appears to me, that in many places he, like many other translators from the Persian classics, translates, only such lines as he finds easy; and, with the ready plea, of using a latitude in expressing the idiom and imagery of the original, skips over whatever he finds difficult, and that often, as in this example, its chief ornament, beauty and spirit. Of his own merits as an English versifier, your readers, Mr. Editor, are many of them better judges than I am. His verses seem to me to be smooth and spirited; his notes are occasionally curious and valuable; and his analogous passages prove his taste and erudition in European, as well as oriental poetry. Moreover, he has the credit of seemingly being the first English translator that has made his versions entirely from the original.—*Asiatic Journal, IX. vol.* 232.

The Romance of Roostum Zaboolee and Soohrab, as originally related, may be said to involve a dramatic composition, and it being customary, in works of this description, to give an enumeration of the Characters to be represented, a list of the Actors and Interlocutors, as well as of Individuals mentioned in the following Episode of Firdousee's Royal Epic Poem, the Shah Namuh, is in this place subjoined:

(28) See Canto VI, v. 3551.

(29) This sentence, owing to some omission, is imperfect.

CHARACTERS.

IRANIANS.

طمهورث — Tumhourus, King of Iran, or Persia.(30)

جمشید — Jumsheed, King of Persia,(31)

نودر — Noudur, King of Persia.(32)

طوس — Toos, Prince of Persia.(33)

گستهم — Goostuhum, Prince of Persia.(34)

زیاو — Zev, King of Persia.(35)

گرشاسپ — Gurshasp, King of Persia.(36)

(30) Tumhourus (v. 3319) was the son of Hooshung, who was the son of Siyamook, سیامک and the grandson of Gyoomoorut گیومرت called also Gilshah, گلشاہ or the King of Clay, who B. C. 890, founded the Pishdadian Dynasty in Persia. He flourished B. C. 835, and died about B. C. 800.

(31) Jumsheed, (v. 1936) was the nephew of Tumhourus. By a daughter of the Wulee ولي, or Governor of Sijistan, Jumsheed became the father of Atrud, or Atrut اترد or اترط. He flourished B. C. 800, and, in 780, he was placed between two boards, and sawn asunder with the bone of a fish by command of Zoohak.*(j)*

(32) Noudur (v. 2330) was the son of Meenoochuhur مینوچهر son of Eeruj, ایرج son of Fureedoon, فریدون son of Abteen, ابتین He flourished B. C. 695, and was killed by Afrasiyab about 683.

(33) Toos was the son of Noudur. He flourished B. C. 695, and was killed by Ky Khoosroo, کی خسرو or Cyrus about 568, "en l'attaquant dans la ville d'Ardebil," according to D'Herbelot.

(34) Goostuhum (v. 2792) was the second son of Noudur. He flourished B. C. 695, and, according to Malcolm, 1 vol. 41, perished in a tempest on a mountain in Gilan B. C. 530.

(35) Zev (v. 4047) was the son of Thamasp, son of Meenoochuhur. He flourished B. C. 639, and died about 633.

(36) Gurshasp (v. 4047) was the son of Zev; he flourished B. C. 633, and was the last Prince of the Pishdadian dynasty. He died about 610.

(j) This horrible mode of execution is mentioned in Hebrews, ch. xi. v. 37. Smith, in his Translation of Bagho Buhar, says that one of the ancient punishments in Hindoostan was that of sawing the body asunder, and filling the skin afterwards with chaff. See Canto Second 1159. Buhram, the grandson of Shahpoor, caused the skin of Manee مانی to be stripped, and hung over the gate of the city of Shahpoor. Shahpoor ordered the Roman Emperor, Valerian, to be sawn asunder and Perisates directed Roxana to be cut in two alive. See Shaw's Travels, p. 254, and Morier's p. 96. "Shukuh Kurdun" is the technical term for this punishment at Shiraz.

کی قباد — Ky Qoobad, King of Persia.(37)

کی کاؤس — Ky Kaoos, King of Persia.(38)

فریبرز — Fureeboorz, Prince Royal of Persia.(39)

گرشاسپ — Gurshasp, King of Sijistan, or Drangiana,(40)

کریمان — Kureeman, King of Sijistan.(41)

نریمان — Nureeman, King of Sijistan.(42)

سام — Sam, King of Sijistan and Cabool.(43)

زال — Zal, King of Sijistan.(44)

زواره — Zooara, a Military Commander.(45)

رستم — ROOSTUM, King of Zabool or Arachosia.(46)

فرامرز — Furamoorz, a Military Commander.(47)

(37) Ky Qoobad (v. 1727) was the son of Zev, and founder of the Kyanian dynasty in Persia. He flourished B. C. 610, and died about 600.

(38) Ky Kaoos (v. 563) was the son of Ky Qoobad. He flourished B. C. 600, and died about 568. See Note CVII.

(39) Fureeboorz (v. 2480) was the son of Ky Kaoos. He flourished B. C. 600, and perished in the snow on a mountain in Gilan about 530.

(40) Gurshasp (v. 1443) was the son of Atrud, and grandson of Jumsheed. He was both a Military and a Naval Commander. He flourished 780 B. C., and died about 720.

(41) Kureeman (v. 421) was the son of Gurshasp. He flourished 770 B. C. and died about 710. See Note LXXXI.

(42) Nureeman (v. 462) Neerum or Nureem was the son of Kureeman. He flourished B. C. 750, and was killed about 695 before the Fort of Sugawund. See Note LXXXIX.

(43) Sam (v. 419) was the son of Nureeman. He flourished B. C. 750, and died about 695. See Note LXXX.

(44) Zal (v. 511) was the son of Sam. He flourished B. C. 720, and was slain by Buhmun, بهمن the Artaxerxes of the Greeks about 464. See Note OI.

(45) Zoo1ra (v. 1643) was the son of Zal. He flourished B. C. 720, and was killed by his own brother Shighad near Cabool, about 464.

(46) Roostum (v. 4) was the son of Zal. He flourished B. C. 720, and met his death by falling into a pit in Caboolistan, through the treachery of his own brother Shighad, شغاد at the instigation of Buhmun, about 464.(*k*)

(47) Furamoorz (v. 312) was the son of Roostum, but D'Herbelot has erroneously stated in his account of Ky Kaoos, that "ce Prince eut deux enfans, nommez Siavesch et Faramorz." He flourished B. C. 610 and was killed by Buhmun, about 464.

(*k*) Buhmun was the grandson and successor of Gushtasp. Buhmun which signifies in Sanscrit, "possessor of arms," was the Diraz-dust دراز دست of the Persians, the Artaxerxes Longimanus of the Greeks, both names meaning "Long-arms" and the Ardisheer or more properly Urddha-Siras, "Lofty-Head," of the Indians. Roostum had slain Isfundiyar, son of Gushtasp, the Darius Hystaspes of the Greeks, and, at the instigation of Bulmun, Isfundyar's son, Shighad became the instrument of the fate of Roostum, whose whole family were sacrificed to avenge the blood of Isfundiyar, whom many believe to be the Xerxes of the Ancients.

گشواد Gishwad, a Noble of Istukhr or Persepolis.(48)

گودرز Goodurz, Governor of Koom, or Choana.(49)

گیو Gev,(50)

هجیر Hujeer,(51)

بهرام Buhram,(52) } Nobles, Sons of Goodurz.

رهام Ruham,(53)

شدوش Shidosh,(54)

فرهاد ازر برزین Firhad. } Son of Auzurburzeen,(55)

فرهادزاد Firhadzad, } or Burzeen, a Prince Royal.

(48) Gishwad (v. 1369) was the son of Gawuh, گاوه and the father-in-law of Ky Kaoos. He was surnamed Zureen Kuluh, زرین کلاه or Golden Cap, on account of being privileged to wear a crown. He flourished B. C. 780: but it is not known when he terminated his career. He possessed a magnificent palace at Istukhr or Persepolis, according to Firdousee:

یکی کاخ گشواد بد در اصطخر

(49) Goodurz (v. 565) was the son of Gishwad. He flourished B. C. 610. See Note, CVIII.

(50) Gev (v. 1381) was the son of Goodurz, and the son-in-law of Roostum, having married his daughter Banoo Gushusb بانوگشسب He flourished B. C. 600, and perished in the snow in Gilan, about 530.

(51) Hujeer (v. 801) was the son of Goodurz: but the Boorhani Qatiu says, that he was the son of Qarun قارن the son of Gawuh. He flourished B. C. 600.

(52) Buhram (v. 1311) was a son of Goodurz. He flourished B. C. 600, and was killed after the battle of Ladun, about 568, having nobly returned to the scene of action to recover his whip, which had his name engraven on its handle, when he was overpowered and fell.

(53) Ruham (v. 1312) was a son of Goodurz. He flourished B. C. 600. See Malcolm, 1 vol. 42, and Asiat. Journ. 6 vol. 578.

(54) Shidosh (v 2698) was a son of Goodurz. He flourished B. C. 695, and first rendered himself conspicuous in the reign of Noudur by pursuing Kurookhan, son of Weesuh, and preventing the capture of Toos and Goostuhum, near to White Fort.

(55) Firhad or Firhadzad (v 1313) was the son of Burzeen, the son of Fureeboorz. Among the eight hundred and sixty one generals registered by Ky Khoosroo, Firhad held a conspicuous rank and station, Firdousee says:

گزین اصطخر ست فرهاد نام

Firhad above-named was the chosen hero of Persepolis, who led seventy principal men of Istukhr, and who was in battle like a ponderous iron hammer. Firhad bore on his banner the head of a wild bull or buffaloe, and also the figure of a fawn or antilope

یکی پیکر آهو و رخش از برش See Note XI, p. 17.

گزدهم Guzduhoom, a Prince of Persia.(56)

گستهم Goostuhum, his Son.(57)

ملاد Milad, a Noble.(58)

گرگین Goorgeen, his Son, Sovereign of Lar.(59)

زنگهٔ شاوران Zunguh, Son of Shawuran, a Noble.(60)

گرازه Goorazuh, a Noble,(61)

گرازگیوگان Gooraz, Son of Gevgan.

رودابه Roodabuh, Princess of Cabool, the Mother of Roostum.(62)

(56) Guzduhoom (v 885) was a Prince who in the reign of Noudur, B. C. 695, held the situation of Governor of White Fort.

(57) Goostuhum (v 881) was the son of Guzduhoom. He flourished B. C. 610 and lost sixty-five sons at the battle of Ladun لادن or, as it was also called جنگ پشن where Gev was highly distinguished.

(58) Milad (v. 1314) was appointed to be Viceroy of Persia, when Ky Kaoos proceeded to Mazindaran. "Ky Kaoos," says Sir John Malcolm 1 vol. 25, "had wisdom enough to entreat Zal to govern the kingdom in his absence: but that chief would only consent to give his aid to a noble named Meelad, who was appointed to the great charge, and directed not to act, in any affair of importance, without the concurrence of the Prince of Seistan," and of Roostum.

(59) Goorgeen (v 1314) was the son of Milad, and father of Lar. He became conspicuous chiefly by his mission to Afrasiyab, to remonstrate against the murder of the Tyrant's brother Agreerit, and his son-in-law Siyavoosh. See Malcolm, 1 vol. 348, for some account of Goorgeen, who was Governor of Lar لار in the province of Shebangaruh شبانگاره on the frontier of Fars, Kirman, and the Persian Gulf. Ouseley, 2 vol. 472.

(60) Zunguh (v 2795) was the son of Shawuran. He flourished B. C. 600 and in the battle of the twelve Towers دوازده رخ, or more properly the eleven Champions of Persia, he killed Khwast خواست a Tooranian hero.

(61) Goorazuh (v 1312) was the son of Gevgan. He flourished, B. C. 610 and slew Siyamook in the battle of the Champions, which was fought on the skirts of Mount Junabud or Kunabud, which is situated in Khoorasan. The action occurred about the year B. C. 568, and Sir John Richardson indicates that from this encounter TURPIN'S TWELVE PEERS have derived their origin, the similarity of features being most striking. To the same source we may ascribe Charlemaigne's Twelve Paladins.

(62) Roodabuh (v. 3294) was the daughter of Mihrab مهراب, the King, and Seendookht سیندوخت the Queen of Cabool. Seendookht was, in all probability, the daughter of the King of China, which was called Cheen or Seen,(*l*) according

(*l*) It was common to call Princesses after their native country: thus we find in Oriental History, the names of Iran-dookht, or Persia's daughter, and Tooran-dookht, Scythia's daughter ایران دخت و توران دخت. Accordingly, Seen-Dookht signifies China's daughter.

گودرآفرید Goord-afreed, Daughter of Guzduhoom, a Noble Lady.(63)

PRIME MINISTER, SECRETARIES OF STATE, &c.

تورانیان TOORANIANS.

افراسیاب Afrasiyab, King of Tooran or Scythia.(64)

هومان Hooman,
بارمان Barman, } Princes, Sons of Weesuh.(65)

to Sir Wm. Jones, in his Seventh Discourse on the Chinese, 1 vol. 101: but Mihrab having been descended from Zoohak, who conquered Persia B. C. 695, Meenoochuhur opposed the union of Zal and Roodabuh. Mihrab also disapproved of their attachment, and, as Waring states, in his Tour, p. 179, broke out into a paroxysm of rage, and was with difficulty restrained from destroying his unfortunate daughter. We regret that circumstances will not admit of our furnishing in this Work, a brief analysis of the Episode describing the Loves of Zal and Roodabuh, who became the parents of Roostum Zaboolee.(*m*)

(63) Goord-afreed (v. 893) was the daughter of Guzduhoom. Her name signifies Hero-Born, and was given to her for a reason similar to the cause whence a Lady mentioned by Ariosto was called Victoria:

> " Victoria is she called, and well the name
> " Befits her, *born to triumph* and to fame;
> " With every trophy decked of laurelled pride
> " And *Victory* attendant at her side.—*Hoole*, 4 *vol.* 300.

(64) Afrasiyab was the son of Poshung, پوشنگ who was also the Father of Meenoochuhur by Puree Chuhur پری چهر daughter of Mah-Afreed ماه افرید and Eeruj son of Fureedoon, son of Abteen, by Furanik فرانک. He flourished B. C. 695, and fell by the hands of Roostum, about 568, in the reign of Ky Khoosroo. See Note CIII.

(65) Hooman (v. 706) was the son of Weesuh and brother of Peeran, who was the Prime Minister of Afrasiyab, and the Nestor of Tooran, as Goodurz was the Nestor of Iran. According to the Boorhani Qatiu, Hooman fell in the Battle of the Champions by the hand of Beezun بیژن the son of Gev.

Barman (v. 706) was the brother of Hooman, and fell likewise in the Battle of the Champions by the hand of Ruham, the son of Goodurz. It is observable, that both Hooman and Barman were the generals whom Afrasiyab selected to command ten thousand troops furnished to Burzoo, the son of Soohrab, to invade Iran in the reign of Ky Khoosroo.

(*m*) A Brother-Member of the Bengal Civil Service, has translated the whole of the Tale of Zal and Roodabuh into English verse, with considerable talent, taste, and happiness: and it is to be hoped, that he will favour the European Public, by publishing his elegant transposition of a Romance as interesting as it is poetical. To this Gentleman, whose name we do not divulge, since we are assured, that we consult his wishes by preserving it undisclosed, we acknowledge, with pleasure and pride, our obligations for friendly assistance rendered us during an indisposition, with which we were attacked. In addition to this aid, which is solitary, we must express our grateful thanks for the use of his Library at a rural station, where the value of access to such a literary resource can only be appreciated duly by "COUNTRY GENTLEMEN" in India.

چینیان CHINESE.

* * * * * *, King of Cheen or Chinese Tartary.(66)

AUXILIAR FORCES.

سمنگانیان SUMUNGANIANS.

* * * * * *, King of Sumungan a State in Bulkh, or Bactra(67).

زنده رزم Zinduh Ruzm, his Son.(68)

سهراب SOOHRAB, Son of Roostum and Tuhimeenuh.(69)

تهمینه Tuhimeenuh, Princess of Sumungan, the Mother of Soohrab.(70)

PRIEST, BARDS, MINSTRELS, SLAVES.

(66) The name of this King (v. 765) is unknown: but the learned Sir William Jones, in his Seventh Discourse, has mentioned that the Emperor of China was an Ally of Afrasiyab. See Advertisement, Note (50). This is confirmed by Sir John Malcolm, 1 vol. 35, who says of Toos: "He was forced to retreat to the Mountains of Hamavai: where his force was surrounded, and in great danger until relieved by Roostum, who, after a number of single combats, in all of which he was successful, obtained a great victory and made prisoner the Emperor of China, *one of Afrasiyab's chief allies.* The Chinese army on this dispersed, and Roostum immediately marched in pursuit of Afrasiyab, who fled to his capital."

(67) The name of this King (v. 171) is not mentioned by Firdousee: but he must have claimed an illustrious descent, by Roostum having married his daughter, Tuhimeenuh.

(68) Zinduh Ruzm (v. 2062) was the son of the King of Sumungan, the uncle and the preceptor of Soohrab. Sir Wm. Ouseley says 2 vol. 514, that Hercules with a single stroke of his fist killed at a banquet, Eunomus or Eurynomus: and Roostum being present at a banquet, with one blow of his fist dislodged the soul from the body of Zendehrasm زنده رزم as we read in the Shah Namuh.

تهمتن یکي مشت بر گردنش بزد ه رزمان رفت جان از تنش

See the passage in Canto Second, v. 2094.

(69) Soohrab (v. 465) was the son of Roostum and Tuhimeenuh. He flourished B. C. 600 and was killed by his Father in his fourteenth year, at Buleekush بلیکش in the territory of Rooyan روپان before White Fort See Advertisement, p vi. He was the Father of Burzoo, *(n)* Governor of Gour and Hirat, in Khoorasan.

(70) Tuhimeenuh (v, 253) was the daughter of the king and queen of Sumungan. See Note xxxiii. and for a description of her melancholy fate see the conclusion of the Poem.

(n) On the subject of Burzoo's escape from dying by the hand of Roostum, Sir John Malcolm says, 1 vol. 37: "We find Roostum next engaged in a series of conflicts with his unknown grandson Burzoo, a leader in the army of Afrasiab, the son of the unhappy Soohrab, who had fallen by the sword of his father. The fate of Burzoo might have been similar, had not an explanation taken place which revealed his birth, and led to the establishment of friendship between him and his renowned grand-father, Roostum."

شیطان	SPIRIT.
آہرمن	Ahirmun or The Principle of Evil.(71)
دیو	GIANT.
دیو سپید	Dev Soopeed, or The White Giant.(72)
مقامات	SCENES,
ایران	Iran or Persia.(73)
توران	Tooran or Scythia.(74)
سمنگان	Sumungan or Zariaspa.(75)

(71) Ahirmun, (v. 2833) according to Oriental Mythology, was the Demon of Discord. In a Note to the Odes of Hafiz, p. 82, Sir John Richardson says, that Ahirmun was the principle of evil in opposition to اورمزد or Ormuzd, the principle of good.

The old Persian Poems and Romances relate many wonderful fictions concerning the mountain of Ahirmun, where all the demons were supposed to assemble, that they might receive orders from their Prince, and then fly to the different corners of the world, scattering discord and calamity wherever they shaped their course. The whole of the combats between Ormuzd and Ahirmun with his infernal Darujs appears to be derived from a Chaldean origin and recalls to mind the machinery of Paradise Lost. See Bombay Transactions, 2 vol. 321 and Sha Namé, pp. 39 and 57.

(72) Dev Soopeed (v. 1738) was the chief of the Devs in Hyrcania, as Ahirmun was the chief of the Darujs. The Devs were malignant creatures and in the تاریخ ابو جعفر it is said, that they ruled over the world during 7000 years prior to the birth of Man, دامداک Dambak being the King of these Anteadamites. But the Devs of Firdousee were Barbarians, probably Brahmins or Heretics, who being valiant warriors were dreaded by the Persians as supernatural foes in possession of magical arts and devilish contrivances. Among these enemies of Iran, the first in bravery and in power proved to be Dev Soopeed, or The White-Giant, who was in all probability a Russian Cossack, of an enterprising temperament, and of a fair complexion, whence the derivation of his name. He usually resided, with a daughter of gigantic stature, in a cave called to this day خانهٔ دیو سپید the abode of the White-Giant, among some stupendous rocks, near Soorkhabad in Mazindaran. At this residence he heard of Roostum's approach to encounter him in battle, and he fled in terror, towards Amool on the Caspian Sea. Firdousee has described their combat with a truly inspired poetic fire:—"in words that burn:"—And his relation is so extremely similar to the account given of the contest between Hercules and Cacus, by Virgil, that this literary coincidence is one of the most extraordinary which we have found in the course of our occidental and oriental studies. It is surprising that the coincidence has never before been discovered: For Cacus and Dev Soopeed appear to be "another and the same," or as Aristotle says in his Metaphysics, l. x. c. 3, Ἡ Ἰσοτης Ἑτεροτης,—Subordinate to Dev Soopeed were Aulad Ghundee, Arzung Sunjuh, and Beed. Arzung was killed by Roostum in his Sixth Stage, as well as Sunjuh and Beed: but Aulad Ghundee having assisted Roostum in his Seventh Stage, his life was spared, and his services were rewarded with the sovereignty of Mazindaran, after THE CHAMPION had slain DEV SOOPEED with the dagger depicted in page 19 of our Annotations. See Note LXVII.

(73) See Note CV. p. 49. The Capital of Persia was Istukhr, or Persepolis.
(74) See Note XIII. p. 21. The Capital of Scythia was Gung Bihisht.
(75) See Note XIX. p. 28.

ہاماور Hamawur or Nineveh.(76)

مصر Misr or Ægypt.(77)

بربر Burbur or Barbary.(78)

سگسار Sugsar or Country of the Cynocephali.(79)

(76) Hamawur was the capital of Assyria, "The expedition against Hamawur, mentioned in the Shah Namuh," says Malcolm, 1 vol. 516, "seems to be the seige of Nineveh, recorded by Greek writers, who agree with Firdousee in stating, that the operations were interrupted by an invasion of the Scythians: and the marriage of Astyages to the daughter of the Prince of Lydia, corresponds with that of Ky Kaoos with the daughter of the King of Hamawur."

(77) Egypt (v. 1695) was the country which Roostum invaded and conquered after his triumphant success in Mazindaran. At his victory of Hamawur, or Nineveh, Roostum not only took the King of Egypt a prisoner: but compelled him to use his influence with his troops to lend their aid to the Champion to expel Afrasiyab. It is deserving of notice, that Greek Historians have recorded this invasion of Afrasiyab with his Tooranians.

(78) Barbary (See Note LXI) shared the same fate as Egypt, and, at the same time, its sovereign was also captured, at Nineveh, and reduced to the necessity of furnishing auxiliaries to co-operate with Roostum against Afrasiyab.

(79) Sugsar, (v. 1695), according to the Boorhani Qatiu is the name of a country, where the people have the head of a dog, and the body of a man: and it is also the name of the natives there. Atkinson in his Soohrab, p. 78, unaccountably calls it, "Sooksar;" and Sir Wm. Jones, with equal impropriety, 5 vol. 452, calls it, "Saksar." But Firdousee well explains its meaning: In Mazindaran was a province, the inhabitants of which were called after the region, Goorgasran, or Koorgsaran, گرگساران or کرگسارن wolf-heads, whom Sir Wm. Jones denominated "Loups de la battaille: but they were "loups garox." Firdousee says, Shahuamuh, p. 216.

سپاهي که سگسار خوانندشان پلنگان جنگي گمانند شان

which Sir Wm. has thus translated; "ils appellent leurs troupes Saksar, et ils avancent commedes tigres de guerre." Champion, in his Sha Name, p. 311, renders Sugsar, "Dog's-Town." And it is very remarkable, that to the present time there is a place in Mazindaran called راس الکلب or Dog's-head, which appears to be the Sugsar of the Text. From Herodotus, (1.140,) we collect that the Hyrcanians maintained *Dogs* publicly for the purpose of devouring the dead bodies of the Magi: hence probably the origin of the name of Sugsar. Pliny (7. c. 2,) writes most explicitly of the Cynocephali, a nation in India who have, he says, the head of a dog, according to some traditions. Every classical scholar remembers Anubis, the Ægyptian deity represented under the form of a man with the head of a dog, because, says Lemprierre, when Osiris went on his expedition against *India*, Anubis accompanied him, and clothed himself in a sheep's skin. But to return to the Sugsars. Sir John Richardson informs us, that the Sugsar is a species of imaginary monster with the head of a dog, the yellow face of a dragon, the hair of a goat, the ears of an elephant, and with blue eyes. But we are not apprised by any writer of the "local habitation" of these creatures, in very precise terms; still, it is worthy of remark, that when Gama, the spaniard, visited Asia, he saw a similar monster near Calicut:

"And here a *dog* his snarling tusks displayed:
"Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed shade
"Grinn'd horrible."—Camoens, Book, VII.

And from the same author we learn, Book X, that

"There, eastward, Arracan her line extends;
"And Pegu's mighty empire southward bends;
"Pegu, whose sons, so held old faith, confess'd
"A *dog* their sire; their deeds the tale attest."

According to Faria, they sprung from a Shipwrecked Chinese woman.

بیستون Besitoon or Column-less.(50)

روم Room or Rumelia.(51)

کوه البرز Koh Ulboorz or Mount Caucasus.(52)

Kakoo (کاکو) whom Sir Wm. Jones, 5 vol. 452, has called Kerkin, the grandson of Soolm, was the leader of the soldiers called Sugsars, in Goorgsaran, in the time of Sam, who, ultimately, slew him in battle, with 60,000 Sugsars, and made 12,000 of their principal officers, prisoners of war. The army consisted of 300,000 Sugsars, Sir W. Jones has translated into French the description of this action. See Shah Namuh 216-217, and Jones' Works 5 vol. 452. Hajee Shabeeny, in his Account of Tumouctoo, states some particulars, when describing the excavations of Atlas, relative to Hel el Killeb, اهل الکلب and Ben el Killeb, بن الکلب "the doglike race and the sons of dogs." They inhabit the province of "Benicheleb or District of Dogs." And Francisco Mauro, who flourished, A. D. 1459, furnishes these curious details: "I have repeatedly heard reports of the Dog-faced race, Hel el Killeb; of the Tailed race, Hel Khual, (*o*) and of the race having one eye (see Richardson's Dissertation LXXXVI.) who reside in the desert at an immense distance south east of Morocco." But we shall conclude in the words of Berni, in Orlando Innam. B. I. C. XXV.

Questi giardini, e libri, e corni, e CANI, &c.

These books, and horns, and DOGS, and gardens strange,
These savage men, these shapes of giant race,
And beasts and monsters with a human face,
Are feigned to please the vulgar ear: but you,
Whom fav'ring powers with better sense indue,
Can see the doctrine sage, that hidden lies
Beneath these mystic fables' deep disguise.

(50) Besitoon (v. 648) is an immense rocky mountain, situated near Kirmanshah. Connected with Besitoon, there are many Romances in the East, as it holds a conspicuous place in the Loves of Firhad and Sheereen. Firdousee does not allude to their Loves, though the tale was known in Persia, when he flourished, nine hundred years ago: but he refers to the fluted pillars which were executed by the Chisel of the unhappy Firhard, and remain extant to this day.

(51) "Room," (v. 1695) says Malcolm, 1 vol. 43, "is a term adopted since the establishment of the Eastern Empire of the Romans. It may always be considered as a general and indefinite name by which Persian authors describe the provinces west of the Euphrates, to the shores of the Euxine and Mediterranean." It may be rendered the Empire of the West.

(52) Koh Ulboorz (v. 1729) says Ouseley, 3 vol. 569, on the authority of Humdullah, "is an immense mountain adjacent to Bâb al Abuâb (or Derbend); and many mountains are connected with Ulboorz; so that from Turkestan to Hejaz it forms a range extending in length one thousand farsangs, more or less [about 4000 miles!] and on this account some regard it as the mountain of Kaf" or Caucasus. Ulboorz, the Olympus or Ida of the Persians, is situated near the city of Tuhran, the present capital of Persia. It is estimated, according to Sir R. Porter at 16,700 feet above the level of the sea. Heathen traditions and classical writers affirm, that Ulboorz was the huge rock of the Caucasus to which Prometheus was chained according to Æschylus: But this fable may have originated from the fiction of Tumhourus, entitled دیو بند or Demon-chainer, having on that mountain defeated and bound Demrush, the most fierce and frightful of the Devs, in a gloomy cavern-cell. There is still a tradition among the natives who reside in the valley of Ulboorz, that the bones of an enormous giant, exposed there by divine wrath, are yet to be seen on its smaller summit.

(*o*) Mauro appears to be wrong in calling them the tailed race, as they were most likely the Ahilj Doowal اهل دوال described by Castellus, as Indians with legs, like leather-straps, who pretend to be lame; importune travellers to carry them on their backs; and then strangle them. We are strongly of opinion that the Man of the Mountain in Sinbad the Sailor was a member of this race.

دز سپید Duz Soopeed or White-Fort.(83)

MISCELLANEOUS.

رخش Rukhsh (v. 83) which signifies Lightning, was the name of Roostum's Horse. See Note XII.

هومای Hooma,ee (v. 3977), the name of the Bird of Paradise. According to Oriental Superstition, he whose head is shadowed, if but for an instant, by the wings of this bird will become a King; and in the text of Firdousee, Soohrab is represented by Ky Kaoos to Goodurz, as being too important a personage, in his own conceit,

"To pass beneath the wings Homays expand."

Canto Seventh.

تدرو Tudurv (v. 2710) was a kind of fabulous bird, according to Wilkins, that was conjectured to be in love with the cypress-tree, as the nightingale is imagined to be enamoured of the rose.

(83) White-Fort (v. 800) according to Malcolm, 1 vol. 19, is situated "about seventy-six miles north-west of Shiraz"(*p*) on a high hill, that is almost perpendicular on every side; and Sir John proceeds to describe it, on the authority of Lieutenant McDonald, who in 1810 visited this castle, defended by a line of large stones ranged in regular order around the edges of the precipice for the purpose of rolling down and sweeping along an enemy.(*q*)—Atkinson says, p. 45, "on the southern range (of the mountainous chain of Caucasus), in Lieutenant Macartney's Map of the Punjab and countries westward of the Indus, there is a fortress marked Killa Beezuh قلعه بيضه which signifies White Fortress, close to the *Surab pass* laid down by Rennell. This, therefore, appears to be the defile through which Soohrab invaded Iran."—Father Angelo believed White-Fort to be the residence of the *White-Giant*, Gazophyl. Pers. 127: but this place was situated near Fuhalin, between Shiraz and Khoozistan, or Susiana; where Chardin erroneously supposed, 9 vol. 160, that Dev Soopeed imprisoned Roostum—"enferma le geant Rustam ou Hercule." Kæmpfer, Amænit. Exot. 365, conjectured White-Fort to be a monument of the White Giant "قلعه سپيد i. e. arcus albæa ديو سپيد illustri apud Persas cacodæmone extructæ, &c." But Malcolm, McDonald, and Atkinson were mistaken in affirming, that the White-Fort mentioned by Firdousee was situated in the position which they describe, the White-Fort near Shiraz being called قلعهٔ سپيدا ن Qilliu Soopeedan, instead of قلعهٔ سپيد Qilliu Soopeed: it was also called from the white stone, which composed it قلعهٔ بيضه Qilliu Beizuh,(*r*) as well as قلعهٔ سنگا ن Qilliu Sungan, or Rocky Fort. But the White-Fort of our Episode, was situated in a very different direction; and it is surprising, that so much misconception on this important subject should have prevailed. The Boorhani Qatiu says, that White-Fort is "the name of a castle, and citadel of *Tooran*, which Soohrab, the son of Roostum took:

نام قلعه وحصاري باشد ازتوران كه سهراب بن رستم گرفت

(*p*) Sir John afterwards says, 1 vol. 295, in describing the conquest of Timoor, the Toork: "He next attacked the famous Killuh Suffeed, a mountain-fort, which has been before described. It had been taken by Roostum; and the fame of its strength was not diminished by its falling before a chief, who has been justly deemed equally irresistible."

(*q*) In the expedition of Cyrus, Xenophon has described a similar place in the country of the Taochians, where after the beseiged had expended all their stones, and the citadel was in the act of being stormed, "the women first threw their children down the precipice and then themselves: the men did the same."

(*r*) More properly قلعهٔ بياض

اختر گاویان

The Star Gawuhiyan or Gawiyan, (v. 2369) was the famous banner-roll of the equally celebrated Gawuh, the blacksmith of Isfahan, who, in the year B. C. 780, erected his leathern apron as his standard, and rallied round it his countrymen to expel the usurper Zoohak. A volume might be written relative to this apron, which in process of time, became studded thickly with the most superb and priceless jewels from the time of Fureedoon, B. C. 780, who converted it into the ban of Persia,([81]) until the Moohummudan Conquest, A.D 626, when it was taken in battle by Saad-e-Wukas, and sent to the Caliph Omur. It was also called درفش گاوانی which D'Herbelot renders er-

It appears clearly from the Jihangeeree جهانگیری and Huft Uqleem هفت اقلیم that White-Fort was situated at Subzwar(*s*) سبزوار in Khoorasan خراسان and even the Boorhani Qatiu, in describing Hujeer, as the son of Goodurz above-mentioned, has stated, (though incorrectly with respect to the filiage of Hujeer), that HUJEER WAS THE NAME OF THE SON OF QARUN, SON OF GAWUH, WHOM SOOHRAB, WHEN MARCHING TO IRAN, AT THE FOOT OF WHITE-FORT IN SUBZWAR, TOOK ALIVE IN BATTLE:

ہجیر روزن فقیر پسر قارن بن گاوہ است کہ او را
سہراب وقتی کہ بایران میرفت در پای
قلعۂ سپید در سبزوار
در جنگ زندہ گرفت

([81]) The armourials borne on the standard of Persia, at the present period represent a Lion surmounted by a Sun over his back: hence the honorary institution entitled the Royal Persian Order of the Lion and Sun, (of which Sir Gore Ouseley, is a "Grand Cordon.") Sir John Malcolm says, 2 vol. 406, that "the causes which led to the sign of Sol and Leo becoming the arms of Persia, cannot be distinctly traced; but there is reason to believe, that the use of this symbol, is not of very great antiquity." And on the same subject, Sir Wm. Ouseley says, 3 vol. 564: "We learn from Abul Faraje, that Sultan Ghyath-a-din (in the thirteenth century of our era), intended to coin money bearing the image of his wife; when it was recommended, that he should rather adopt a lion with the sun above him as relating to her horoscope:

ان اراد تصویرها علی الدرهم فاشیر علیه ان یصور صورت اسد علیه
شمس لینسب الی الطالعه

ut imaginem ipsius (uxoris) monetæ imprimi vellet, datum est autem ei consilium, ut figuram Leonis, cui insisteret Sol, effingeret, ut ita horoscopum ipsius referret. See the Historia Dynastiarum, p. 487." In the absence of authentic information on this subject, we venture to offer an opinion, founded on an historical basis. The arms of KyKaoos represented a Sun surmounted by a Moon:—See p. 102 of our English Text,

(*s*) Subzwar is situated in Lat. 36° 6.′ N. Long. 65° 6.′

roneously "L'Etendart Royal." Sir Wm. Jones says, 5 vol. 589, that it was "brought into the field by the last King of the Sassanian race, when his army engaged the Arabs, [under Saad-e-Wukas abovementioned], at Cadessia in the year 626 of our æra: but it was taken by Saad, Omar's General, who distributed the jewels which adorned it among his officers." See Shahnamuh, p. 56. Champion's Sha Namè, 99, and D'Herbelot, p. 348, *voce* Fureedoon.

v. 2303:—Ky Kaoos married the daughter of Gishwad, and the sister of Goodurz:—See p. 80 of our Notes:—the arms of Goodurz, son of Gishwad, represented a Lion on a purple banner:—See p. 103 of our English Text, v. 2344:—the armourial bearings of the son, must have been the armourial bearings of the daughter—consequently the daughter of Gishwad had arms like the arms of his son Goodurz, namely, a Lion. This daughter having married Ky Kaoos, whose arms were a Sun and a Moon, we are firm in our opinion, that after their union they quartered their arms, the Sol being the symbol derived from Ky Kaoos, and the Leo being the sign received from his Queen; and as we have distinctly shewn in our Note xxxv. p. 40, that a Lady in Persia, is often compared to the Moon: so it is not improbable, that the figure of the Moon, which was one of Ky Kaoos' armourials, had been merged in the Lion at the period of his nuptials with the daughter of Gishwad, Prince of Persepolis. AND HENCE THE PERSIAN ARMS OF SOL AND LEO.

ERRATA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Page viii. for "*fon te,*" read "*fronte,*"

—— for "*dictinction,*" read "*distinction.*"

ix. for "*or, 5 vol.* 451: *Tuhimeenuh,*" read "*or Tuhimeenuh.*"

x. for "*Dhædra,*" read "*Phædra.*"

—— for "*v.* 4842," read "*v.* 2842."

xxiv. for "*Goorgasran,*" read "*Goorgsaran.*"

—— for "*Shahuamuh,*" read "*Shahnamuh.*"

—— for "*loups garox,*" read "*loups garoux.*"

ENGLISH TEXT.

Page 52, for "*to be dust,*" read "*to the dust*"

NOTES.

Page 13, for "*nor help nor aid,*" read "*or help or aid.*"

37, for "Ροδοδακτυλος," read "Ροδαχρυσ."

39, 40, for "*Southey,*" read "*Sotheby.*"

Roostum Zabooleé

AND

SOOHRAB.

Roostum Zaboolee[1]

AND

SOOHRAB:[2]

INTRODUCTION.

The Son, fair rising knew too short a date ;
But O ! how more severe the parent's fate !
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept and died.

MALLET'S WORKS.

" Ye who have listened to my other lays[3]
" Of fields of battle fought in former days,
" Attentive listen to the tale I tell
" Of Roostum and Soohrab in combat fell—

(1) *Roostum Zaboolee.* Roostum was the son of Zal, by Roodabuh, daughter of Mihrab and Seen-dookht, King and Queen of Cabool. He was born on Sigz, a lofty mountain in Zoboolistan, about the year 720 before Christ, and on that account he was surnamed Sigzee, not Saskee, as Moses of Chronene has erroneously entitled him : but he is better known by the surname of Zaboolee, which he received from his birth-place Zabool, the modern Ghizneen, in the province of Zoboolistan, which was also called Sigzeestan, Seestan Sigistan and Sijistan. He was likewise styled Tuhum-Tun, Able-bodied; Hum-Tun, Same-formed ; Shum-Tun, Brazen-framed; and Peel-Tun, Elephant-made, with the titles of Puhilwan Jihan, or Champion of the Universe, and Salar Nev, or Chief of Chiefs. He was also called Roostumzal, Roostumzalzur, Roostum dustan and Roostumzal dustan, with the additional surname of Koordee, because he derived his origin from a family of Koordistan. Roostum married Gouhur Naz, or Chuhur Naz, Sister of Ky Kaoos, by whom he became the father of a son named Furamoorz, and of a daughter named

" A tale pathetic and affecting hear,
" As well adapted to extract a tear,
" As suited to arouse indignant ire,
" In tender hearts, against a cruel sire,

Banoo Gushusb : and he afterwards wedded Tuhimeenuh, daughter of the king of Sumungan, by whom he became the Father of Soohrab. Siyavoosh, the reputed son of Ky Kaoos, was conjectured to have been the son of Roostum—but although the story of that unfortunate Prince would warrant such a supposition, still we possess no authentic information to confirm the impression conveyed, Roostum himself has been believed to be Artabanes ; the son of Achæmenes, and Hercules ; upon grounds which are purely speculative. Sir William Ouseley, in an admirable essay, entitled Roostum and Hercules, in the second volume of his Travels, has discussed this question, with considerable ingenuity, and learning—but he has not succeeded in identifying the two personages, notwithstanding his having sketched an outline to show how parallel were their respective histories, and adventures, in many instances of conformity. Roostum first distinguished himself in the reign of Minoochuhur, under whom he was born, by attacking and killing a White Elephant, single-handed, and his second exploit was to capture White Fort, by stratagem, though some authors have asserted that Duz Sufund, and not Duz Soofeed was the scene of this achievement. In the reign of Noudur and his successors, Roostum also distinguished himself—but he shone with pre-eminent splendour in the reigns of Ky Qoobad and Ky Kaoos, by whom he was appointed to be Prime Minister, as well as Captain General of the Forces. He carried his arms with success into Egypt, Room or the Western Empire, (including the provinces from the Euphrates to the shores of the Euxine, and Mediterranean), into Syria ; Arabia ; Mazinderan or Hyrcania, and Sugsar, a dependent principality of that dominion, as well as into Scythia, and Cheen, or Chinese Tartary, He ended his career in the vicinity of the city of Cabool, by falling into a pit, stuck with swords and spears at the bottom, through the treachery of his own brother Shighad, (a natural son of Zal, by a bondswoman)—who dug holes for the destruction of Roostum,—together with Rukhsh, his horse—and his brother Zooara. Their skeletons were disinhumed by Furamoorz, and conveyed to Seestan, where they were deposited in the sepulchre of their forefathers. Sir Thomas Herbert, (Travels p. 174) mistook a mausoleum, near Isphahan, for the tomb of Roostum, but another writer, Tuwukull Beg, states that the body was taken for sepulture to Zabool. At the time of his death, which occurred in the reign of Buhmun, he was hereditary possessor, or Shah, the sceptred King of Cabool, Zaboolistan, Neemroz, a part of the modern Seestan, and of Roostumdar, (a district containing at present about three hundred villages in Mazinderan, though Atkinson says

" Dishonoured Roostum—whom I cruel brand,
" Though justice he hath dealt with equal hand,
" And call dishonoured, shorn of honor's name,
" Though he hath borne an honourable fame.

" If Death be justice, if it may be just
" To shed man's blood and render dust to dust,

---

that Zabool was also called Roostumdar). These possessions he received in appanage from Ky Khoosro, or Cyrus, under whom he was a celebrated general. In accordance with the chronology of the Shah Namuh, Roostum must have lived between six and seven hundred years.

(2) *Soohrab.* Soohrab was the son of Roostum Zaboolee, and Tuhimeenuh, daughter of the King of Sumungan. According to D'Herbelot, Soohrab was descended from Mamoun, the son of Benjamin, the son of Jocob—but in oriental history, no conspicuously great person must be introduced, without tracing his pedigree back to Noah. Be this as it may, in his veins flowed the blood of the three Royal Houses of Jumsheed, King of Persia; of Zoohak, Prince of Syria, (the nephew of Jumsheed and a descendant from Shidad); and of the Sovereign of Sumungan. D'Herbelot is however, egregiously mistaken in affirming that Roostum took Soohrab along with him on an expedition against Afrasiyab, Emperor of Tooran, and slew him, without being aware of their relationship, in the course of the campaign. The true circumstances of that catastrophe will develope themselves in the sequel of this work, which will, it is hoped, tend to correct numerous fallacies relative to the interesting and affecting tale of Soohrab, and to the romantic intrigue of Roostum with Tuhimeenuh, whose amours resemble so much the loves of Ægeus, King of Athens, and Æthra, Princess of Træzene, that a comparative analysis of both stories, in juxtaposition, may not perhaps prove unacceptable—particularly as the histories of Theseus, and of Soohrab assimilate, in several points of view, very strikingly.

Ægeus, King of Athens being entertained at the house of Pittheus, King of Træzene, had an intrigue with Æthra his daughter, and when he departed left with her his sword charging her, if she should be brought to bed of a boy, to send him to Athens, with this token. Ægeus returned to Athens--but concealed his *liaison*. Æthra was delivered of Theseus, who being grown up took the sword, deposited with

Roostum, Prince of Zabool being entertained at the Palace of the King of Sumungan, had in intrigue with Tuhimeenuh his daughter, and when he departed left with her his seal, charging her, if delivered of a son, to bind it on his arm, as a token of recognition, or remembrance. He proceeded to Sijistan, —but concealed his adventure. Tuhimeenuh bore Soohrab, who, being arrived at fourteen years of

" What is injustice? And why thus bewail, 15
" Why thus lament, if justice so prevail?
" And say, vain mortal! does your soul foreknow
" The secret of your present state below?

---

his Mother, and went to his Father at Athens, which he found in disorder, owing to the machinations of Medea the divorced wife of Jason, who was living with Ægeus. Through the wiles of Medea, Ægeus was persuaded to destroy Theseus, at a banquet by poison: but fortunately, as the youth reached out his hand to receive the cup, Ægeus perceived his sword, and embracing him, acknowledged him as his own son—Theseus, it is well known slew the Minotaur besides many pirates and robbers, and Soohrab, it is recorded, put to death Munherus, a dev or barbarian, besides other savages, whence he received the title of Dev Bund, or Chainer of Magicians, one of the surnames applied to Tuhmourus.—We find it stated, that Theseus abducted Helen, the daughter of Leda, who became the Mother of a daughter, as Shuhroo gave birth to a son. age, took the seal and went to Persia to see Roostum, who ultimately slew him, with his own hand, not knowing that Soohrab was his offspring. In the one case, Theseus was preserved; in the other, Soohrab was killed; but it is very remarkable that Roostum at a subsequent period adopted the intention of destroying Burzoo the son of Soohrab by means of food, sent during a truce from his own kitchen, and previously touched with poison which the champion always carried in his ring. His base purpose was, however, counteracted by Burzoo's mother, Shuhroo, a female of Suknan, in Tooran, whom Soohrab met in one of his hunting excursions, and seduced or married. She saved Burzoo's life, afterwards, by revealing the parentage of her son, at the moment Roostum was going to slay him, in single combat.

The coincidences in these accounts are very remarkable. A detailed Life of Soohrab is said to be comprized in the Soohrab Namuh, but we have failed to procure a copy of that Memoir. We have also been unsuccessful in our endeavours to procure the Burzoo Namuh, by Ataee, a poem consisting of 60,000 couplets, and containing, according to M. Anquetil " L'Histoire de Roustoum, de Sohrab, de Barzon, &c. Heros " fameux sous la Dynastie des Keanides: unique en Europe." Sir Wm. Ouseley, (Travels, 2 vol. 508-9) observes that *the story of Roostum's wonderful adventures, of his exploits in war, of his romantic loves with the beautiful princess Tuhimeenuh, and of his son Soohrab's lamentable fate yields as much delight to the Asiatics of this day, as to those, who, twelve hundred years ago, preferred it to the fables invented, and related by Moohummud himself.*

(3) " *Ye who have listened to my other lays.*" Vide Notes.

" Or ken the future, qualified to flit
" Behind the sacred screens of holy writ?
" Say, votary of ambition! though we all
" Attain the threshold of our idol's hall,
" In our career—did e'er its portal ope
" To one aspirant who presumed to hope?
" In our advancement we perhaps may find
" A better station than our post assigned,
" When at our journey's end we shall repose
" In yonder resting-place, devoid of woes:
" But if a tempest o'er an orchard rush,
" May not the blast the imperfect citron crush,
" Dashed to the ground? If man a fire ignite
" Can his cremation our surprise excite?
" But let him burn, if his consumption suit,
" Like some young sapling sprung from some old root;
" For death breathes fiercely, like horrific flames
" And fears nor age nor youth, nor heeds their claims.
" And were no human creatures to expire—
" Were death to cease his victims to require—
" Nor young nor old, exempted thus from birth,
" Would be delivered to the charge of earth.

" Then why in pleasure's bowers, ye youthful trains!
" Delight in wine and in harmonious strains;
" Since death is not the cause of age in man,
" Nor age of death, within his destined span:
" But death, upmounted on his steed of fate,
" Departs from hence at expeditious rate:—

" And this is justice—therefore cease moan—
" And not injustice—therefore cease to groan—
" Since justice is afforded, cries forbear,
" And exclamations and petitions spare.

" If anxious your religion to uphold,
" Know death regards as one both young and old:
" If you have filled with light of faith your heart,
" Be mute, O servant! and do not impart:
" But make your worship to a God-head just,
" Your sole vocation humbled in the dust,
" And let your acts in this existence tend
" Tow'rds a posterior and a final end—
" Let every thought and deed be such in life,
" That when you leave this world, with trials rife,
" You may depart accompanied by means
" For your salvation in more blessed scenes.
" And in this dispensation of the Lord,
" You have no mystery hidden through his word,
" As you must know, unless you be possessed
" Of some demoniac spirit in your breast.

" But now my care another theme requires,
" The combat of Soohrab my mind inspires,
" And I proceed to tell the feats he wrought,
" When with his Father in the field he fought.
" Yes! I proceed to tell a tale of yore,
" Spun from the legends of remotest lore:
" As by a reverend priest, and minstrel sage,
" I heard and trace it thus on memory's page."

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB;

CANTO FIRST. THE PALACE.

O! for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.

SHAKESPEARE, HENRY 5TH.

Roostum, the Champion, with a heart forlorn,
Rose from his pillow at crepusculous morn,
And hopeful in the field a balm to find,
His hunting gear prepared, for sport inclined.
With loins engirdled—armed with dirk and sword—
With bow and arrows in his quiver stored—
With leopard-skin, mail, axe, spear, noose and mace,
He stood equipped for conflict or for chase.
Accoutred thus, he sprung on Rukhsh his steed,
And urged that elephant in form to speed,

Directing to Tooran his ardent way,
Like some keen lion prowling after prey.

On his arrival near Tooran's domain,
He saw wild-asses crowding on a plain.
His coronet-shaded cheeks and features bloomed
Bright as a rose-bud with a flush illumed,
And panting for pursuit his barb be spurred,
Charged with resistless power, the affrighted herd,
And scattered with his weapens death around
The game subverted on the coursing ground.

He gathered brambles, sticks, and boughs of trees,
He lit a fire, which blazing by degrees,
Ignited fiercely :—when the flame uprose,
The elephantine-bodied Champion chose
A tree as spit, and on it he impaled
A male wild-ass that he might be regaled :
For in his hand such an enormous beast
Was like a chicken's wing, or deemed at least!
The carcase roasted, he began to eat ;
He picked the marrow bones, devoured the meat,
And after his repast, his thirst to slake,
He stalked with port majestic to a lake,
Where, of the clear pure beverage having drank,
He sought repose and into slumber sank ;
Calmly he slept and as the bank he press'd,
Felt, after his fatigues, refreshed by rest :
While Rukhsh enjoyed the pasturage and browsed,
Along the brink, untethered and unhoused,

Eight Toorkish troopers hovering near the mead,
In quest of booty, viewed the roaming steed,
As by himself, unharnessed and unreined,
He ranged beside the water, unrestrained.
Him when they noticed rambling unconfined,
They hastened to prepare the means to bind;
But Rukhsh, when he observed the snare they laid,
Snorted aloud, and like a war-horse neighed.
The head of one he tore off with his teeth;
Two others with his hoofs he kicked to death;
Three of the roving horsemen thus were slain,
But Rukhsh contrived uncaptured to remain;
Until the cavaliers on all sides wound,
And threw a royal noose, and caught and bound.
In hopes of profit they conveyed the steed
To their own country to secure the breed;
And led him thro' their tribes, that from his strain,
They might advantage by his produce gain;
But I have heard that to reward their cares,
One foal was got by one of forty mares.

Roostum awaking from his downy sleep,
To his own business turned with musings deep;
His eyes he cast across the meadowy sward,
But nowhere was his charger seen or heard.
Vexed at his loss and mournful in his mind,
When he had failed his hunter, Rukhsh, to find,
A plan he formed within his breast, in pique,
To walk to Sumungan his barb to seek;

And thus soliloquised: "Alone, on foot—
"I now must traverse this bewildering route;
"With spirits broken and o'erwhelmed with care
"How shall my soul the journey's perils bear?
"Encumber'd with my arms thro' such wild tracks,
"How can I pass, or in them stand attacks?
"How will the Toorks exult and jeer and vaunt,
"And, when dejected they survey me, taunt:—
"What! is this he, the able-bodied thane,
"Thus left to sleep and perish on a plain!
"This the world's champion and of chiefs the chief,
"Who let his Rukhsh be plundered by some thief!—
"But now I must support the helpless throe,
"And reconcile myself to mental woe—
"Yes! it is fit my armour to secure,
"And gird my lions this labour to endure;
"The foot-marks following of the erratic horse,
"In hopes to trace him in his wandering course."

Saddle and bridle o'er his back he flung,
With sorrows troubled and by anguish stung;
And then the champion of illustrious fame
Was known in self-communion to exclaim:
"Such is the fashion of this ruthless world—
"The saddle sometimes on our backs is hurled—
"And sometimes we upon the saddle's back are
whirl'd!"
Thus having pondered, with a grievous load
Of heart-felt thought, he undertook his road,

And travelled in the track which Rukhsh had traced
With his broad hoofs, upon the path he paced.

When Roostum had approached to Sumungan,
To king and courtiers news before him ran,
That some grandee, on foot, with crown arrayed,
Was drawing near, his courser having strayed.
And since 'twas fixed that chieftains of renown,
Who were entitled to support a crown
Should meet distinction from both peer and prince,
Respect to show and honor to evince,
Each of the nobles would remark and say:
" This must be Roostum, or the orb of day,
" Surrounded with a glory of effulgent ray"!

The King, on foot, proceeded with his suite
Of civil bands and martial hosts to meet,
And on their interview was pleased to say:
" Your friends are knights experienced in affray—
" We in this province wish your fortunes well,
" And your commands are all disposed to hail,
" While our desires and persons own your sway,
" And my lords' heads and lives your will obey."

When Roostum pondered on the king's address,
His foul suspicions, his bad thoughts grew less,
And thus he answered: " Rukhsh, in this domain,
" Is gone astray sans tether and sans rein,
" His steps as far as Sumungan I have traced,
" But further than this realm lie wild and waste.

" If you, a prince, my missing barb restore,
" Thanks shall be your's and gratitude, and more:—
" But should you fail, should Rukhsh be not returned,
" For his shall many a head be cleft and spurned."

To him the monarch: " O distinguished man!
" None would your interests wrong in Sumungan;
" In this affair drive passion from your breast
" And in my banquet-palace, be my guest:
" Let us in wine indulge this night at least,
" And from our hearts cast sorrows, at the feast:
" For rage and anger benefit no cause,
" While mildness from his hole a serpent draws.
" And more—a barb so known on earth and famed,
" As Roostum's Rukhsh must shortly be reclaimed,
" If he throughout this world exist: we all shall trace
" And Rukhsh, discovering, we will soon replace;
" And let me add the experienced without guise
" Is both an honourable man and wise."

These words the able-bodied champion pleased,
Relieved his soul of doubts—his wrongs appeased—
Respectful he esteemed it to attend,
The Sovereign to his mansion, as a friend;
And deemed it proper to become his guest
To prove the pleasure regnant in his breast;
He thought that by pursuing such a train
He might by chance his charger, Rukhsh, regain,
While he conceived it would his pangs subdue,
To join the festive scene and pains eschew.

The royal host to him his seat resigned,
While in the hall he stood, on foot, behind.
From camp and city he invited chiefs,
Convened a party to assuage his griefs,
And bade his sutlers and his cooks to lay
Before each guest a viand-furnished tray.
The household as desired a feast prepared,
Which yielded pleasures and reflections spared.
The Toorks of China passed the goblets round
Brimfull of woe-removing wine, to sound
Of instrumental strains and songs by girls
With rosy cheeks, black eyes, and musky curls;
Who joining in a chorus with their airs,
Allayed the anguish of the champion's cares.
His hour of sleep had come and glided past,
And wine warmed potently his brain at last;
When Roostum, suddenly o'ercome, arose
And left his seat to slumber and repose.
A couch adapted to his rank was made,
With musk and oil of roses o'er it laid,
And on it he composed himself to rest,
By wine inflamed and travelling toils o'erpressed.

One watch of night had traversed, and the star
Which guides the caravan, had led his car
Up to the zenith of the circling spheres,
And hidden secrets had been told to ears—
And men in dormitories, deigned to scan
The royal feast arranged in Sumungan,

When—as he slumbered on his bed of state—
Roostum, the champion, dreamt with wine elate,
That Tuhimeenuh came in beauty's pride,
And stood with person graceful at his side:
He dreamt, that she, the sceptred-sovereign's child,
Fair as the sun and like him undefiled,
Came with a slave as beautiful as night,
Whose hands sustained an amber-scented light,
Whose feet her steps, with mien superior, led
Close to the pillow of his sopha-stead.
He dreamt that from behind advanced, with grace,
A female like the moon who seemed in face,
In brightness like the sun; who breathed perfume
Replete with fragrance and with odoured bloom;
Who boasted of a figure full of state,
Tall as a cypress, and in stature straight;
Who had two eyebrows curving like two bows;
Who had two curls like snares for friends and foes:
For bought in realms of paradise, these locks
Were like two twigs of amber-perfumed box,
Or black chained armoury, thou would'st have said
Knot bound on knot, and braid entwined in braid—
Who had two cheeks and temples like two roses,
Commingling with a bed of lily-posies—
Who had two rows of necklace thou might'st fancy
A casket full of occult necromancy;
For in the double strings, the holes were wrought
As punctured by the diamond-cut of thought—

Who had ten fingers, each a silvery pen,
An hundred fragrant lines traced o'er the ten!
Who from her lips dropp'd honey, from her tongue
Shed sugary sweets, and round her mouth had strung
Rows of transcendent pearls in rubies set,
Formed in proportion and in order met—
Who wore the tip and circle of each ear,
Refulgent as the sun as bright and clear,
And had appended from them many a gem
In clusters sparkling 'neath her diadem.
But midst this blaze of beauty and of stones
Nocturnal jewel-stars forsook their zones,
Excepting Venus who alone that night
Stayed as a friend administering her light
To her whose soul was intellect, whose frame
Embodied spirit chaste as seraphs claim,
And whose untainted nature from her worth,
Thou would'st have deemed too pure to hold of earth.

Roostum, the lion-hearted, in amaze
Beheld the spectre, which opposed his gaze—
He started at the vision and awoke,
And his creator hastened to invoke,
And dared with mental presence to enquire
What was her name—her purport—her desire,
That she should seek the shades of midnight gloom,
To come on angel-visit, to his room.
She answered: "Tuhimeenuh is my name;
"The King of Sumungan as sire I claim;

" One of his daughters I am who ensures
" To tigers and to lions virgin-cures.
" No mortal masculine alive has seen
" My modest countenance beyond my screen,
" Nor can the man possessed of life be found,
" Who ever heard before, my voice's sound;
" Yet I am split from misery as in two,
" By ceaseless troubles which I e'er must rue—
" None of the Potentates o'er sea and land
" Is deemed a match deserving of my hand;
" Since all the Sovereigns under Heaven appear
" In my regard too low:—But, cavalier!
" The world delights with readiness to tell
" In what superb achievements you excel—
" Admiring, I have listened to the story
" Of your surprising, gallant feats of glory:
" How you encounter free from fear in fight
" Both crocodile and lion, pard and sprite:
" How in dark nights throughout Tooran, alone,
" You range and slumber, dread to you unknown:
" How by yourself a male wild-ass you eat,
" After the pleasures of a hunting feat:
" How when aroused you brandish your side-arms
" The atmosphere pours rain-floods in alarms:
" How when you poise your darts or hurl your spears,
" The clouds from fright shed drops of blood in tears:
" How when your axe you wield or rapier draw,
" Grasped by your hand they view and quake, with awe,

" The brindled lion bursts his heart with pain,
" The spotted leopard rends his hide in twain:
" How when the eagle swoops in his career,
" He sees your naked catagan with fear—
" He checks his speed in darting on his prey,
" And leaves unharmed the quarry from dismay;
" And as a badge how Leo wears your fold
" Upon his neck and starry mane enrolled:
" Yes, tales like these I have of you received,
" And heard the history of your deeds achieved.
" Oft for your sake, by your exploits inspired,
" I gnawed the lip of ardour when retired,
" And oft implored, in prayer, that sun and moon
" In mercy would to you accord the boon
" Of fins and wings, your person to transport
" To Sumungan to tarry at our court;
" Me, sun nor moon hath seen in hall or bower,
" But I am your's, if me you wish, this hour;
" For firstly, I feel tow'rds you so attached,
" That passion hath my reason overmatched;
" And secondly, I hope that GOD will place
" A boy like you within my fond embrace,
" A boy who may, if sun and saturn join,
" Like you in strength, like you in prowess shine;
" And thirdly, I engage with haste to lead
" Back to your bidding, Rukhsh, your wandered steed,
" While I will guarantee all Sumungan
" By me induced, beneath your feet shall fawn."

The moon of Sumungan closed her address
Which pleased the champion and secured success;
He heard each word; admired the charmer's grace;
Surveyed, enamoured, her angelic face—
Esteemed her for her varied lore and sense—
Received her news of Rukhsh with joy intense—
And seeing no alternative remained
But his compliance with her wish, explained,
He called that cypress to him where he lay,
When her bondswoman to him led the way,
With stately steps, like morning brought by night to day!

Before the dawn had risen in the east,
The champion ordered an experienced priest,
To hasten to the sceptred lord, her sire,
And from him in alliance her require—
The learned sage proceeded to the king,
And told the message he was charged to bring
On part of martial Roostum. In his court,
The king of Sumungan heard this report
Became o'erjoyed in heart to be allied
To Roostum, by such ties as those implied,
And independent as a cypress felt from pride.
His daughter on the champion he bestowed,
As his religious faith and practice showed:
And in accordance with his own request,
His sentiments, and his desire express'd,
On terms magnanimous he formed a deed,
A marriage-contract—tallying with his creed.

The princess given to a prince so great,
Both young and old became in mind elate;
All were unanimous in their delight;
All begged a blessing on the illustrious knight:
" May this new moon upon you gracious shine,
" And may your foes beneath your feet decline!"

Now that the bride was to her bridegroom chained,
A little of nocturnal shade remained:
At night the rose-bud was refreshed with dew,
And full of pearls the ruby-casket grew:
And in the lid a drop of rain that fell
Changed to a gem in centre of the shell;
When Roostum knew that Tuhimeenuh's heart
His love returned, on their commutual part.

When in the lofty mansion of his sphere,
The sun was rising in refulgence clear,
And was preparing his bright robe to spread
Above the couple in their nuptial bed,
Roostum, the champion, hastened to reveal
Upon his arm his magic-working seal
Far famed throughout the world—and to his bride,
On his presenting it with ardour cried:
" This seal with care preserve, and if by Heaven
" To your caress a daughter may be given,
" Upon her hair, you must this charm entwine,
" As an auspicious star and happy sign.
" But if a son be born, his arm around
" Let this insignium of his sire be bound,

" That like Sam-Nureemen he may aspire,
" And him outrival in ambitious fire:
" That Kureeman in strength he may outshine,
" And him outvie in boldness of design:
" That from its eyry or its starry nest,
" Seemoorgh or Aquila the boy may wrest:
" That Phœbus looking on the dauntless feat,
" Upon his head will not pour rays of heat:
" That he may deem a lion in a fight
" As game and sport to play with for delight,
" And that he may not turn his face or back
" On bold wild elephants, in an attack."

In converse sweet on various themes he passed
With her, his moon-faced bride, that night, their last—
For on the morrow when the sun shone high
In his meridian in the spheral sky,
And decked the carpet of the earth with light,
That spread its rays o'er hollow and o'er height;
Roostum embraced her, strained her to his breast,
And kissed her eyes and face and much caressed—
Whilst she, angelic featured fair! withdrew
From him apart alone in tears, to rue
O'er the embittering prospect that the fates
To her had left but woe and wail as mates;
But ere the champion from his hall egressed
The courteous monarch came to ask his guest,
How he had slept at night and found his place of rest.
And after this day-congè, he conveyed
Glad-tidings of the charger that had strayed,

When Roostum, learning that his barb was found,
Felt glad at heart. With his tiara crowned,
He rushed abroad, Rukhsh fondled and embraced,
And on his back his gorgeous saddle placed—
Delighted with the conduct of the king—
Rejoiced that Rukhsh he had been pleased to bring—
Hence Roostum sped tow'rds Sijistan, like wind,
And this adventure oft recalled to mind:
Thence tow'rds Zaboolistan he turned his route,
But what he saw and heard to none would bruit.

O'er the king's daughter when nine months had run
The princess Tuhimeenuh bore a son,
Fair as the moon, whom thou in thought might'st take,
For elephant-framed Roostum in his make:
Or for Sam-Nureeman, that lion bold;
Or Neerum, son of Kureeman, in mould:
And as his face looked cheerful when he smiled
His mother named the laughter-loving child,

Soohrab.

She nursed the infant with such tender care,
That day nor night he wanted aught of fare,
And when one month had passed, the boy appeared
As though for twelve he had been fondly reared:
When three years old, he practised sports of fields:
At five, he exercised with swords and shields:
At ten, no man with him in warlike feat
Would dare throughout the empire to compete,

For he an elephantine form possessed
And showed like Roostum Zal an ample chest;
With florid visage of incardined hue;
And with two arms that columns seemed to view;
With grasp and waist, like champions', hard and slim;
In stature lofty—muscular in limb—
Whilst thou might'st say at wrestling and *chicane**
No man of fame would meet him in the plain.
In hunting fiercest lions he excelled,
And forming war-plans as his pastime held:
He ran in race with coursers fleet as gales,
And stayed their speed by seizing on their tails!

He came—at fourteen—bluntly to enquire
Of Tuhimeenuh who might be his sire:
" You must" he said " to me with candour tell—
" Now that my fellow-lions I excel,
" And raise my head in aspirations high
" Above the zenith of the lofty sky—
" Tell whence the origin, the line I claim,
" And whom the father as my sire to name
" If questioned of my birth: but if you dare
" No answers to my queries to prepare,
" Replies to my enquiries to withhold,
" You soon shall cease to live in worldly mould."

* *Chicane.* The game of چوگان Chougan in Persia, is like the goff in Scotland, and the *Chicane* in France. It is Tennis on Horseback, whence the Greeks call it τζυκανιζειν, or τζυκανισηειον, which is equivalent to εισ εππηλασιον εξιεναι. the barbarous word Tzucan-isterion signifying a Tennis-court, or any place where games are played with a ball.

When Tuhimeenuh heard the illustrious chief,
She felt at his demeanour awe and grief:
Still, as his mother, she her son addressed
But bade such menaces to be repressed:
" Hear and rejoice, Soohrab! you are the son
" Of elephant-formed Roostum, matched by none:
" For since the universe from chaos sprung,
" No cavalier like Roostum, old or young,
" Hath been by its creator made—In game
" A lion and an elephant in frame—
" He drags forth from the torrent of the Nile,
" Without affright; the monstrous crocodile.
" And you descend from Zal and Sam Dustan,
" And boast the ancestry of Nureeman:
" You are a scion from so famed a root,
" And o'er heaven's canopy your head must shoot
" Like your progenitors, who pierced the skies
" As none with front have punctured in emprize;
" For since the globe was fashioned, on this earth,
" None have been so distinguished by their worth,
" No potentate nor champion, chief nor knight,
" With them comparing in the lists of might."

Thus Tuhimeenuh to Soohrab, and brought
From Roostum, warfare-coveting, a note
With three bright rubies, and three bags of gold,
Him from Iran his sire had sent when told
That unto him a man-child had been born,
To shew his gladness, and his son adorn:

For with a message in his name he sent
To her a courier, when the tidings went.
These to his view she showed, and said: "Behold
"Accomplished son! the presents I unfold;
"Regard with care the gifts your sire has sent
"For you, Soohrab! and view with pleased content;
"But it behoves you in your mind to bear
"One point affecting you, in this affair;
"News of your prowess if your father hear
"In horsemanship like some skilled cavalier,
"And tidings learn that soaring o'er the crowd,
"You rank so high among our grand and proud;
"You he will summon near him to attend
"And from despair your mother's heart will rend.
"But more," she added "be it our concern
"Lest your memoir Afrasiyab should learn,
"Since he is far famed Roostum's fiercest foe,
"And fills the regions of Tooran with woe;
"And God forbid that his revenge to wreak,
"The tyrant of Tooran should dare to seek,
"From hatred to the father, to destroy
"The opening prospects of the stripling-boy."

She ended, but Soohrab replied with zeal:—
"None in the world need from it this conceal.
"For as he was, is not the son you bore,
"That you to me disclosed it not before?
"What reason or what law could you restrain
"Since I was born as rule and rite ordain?

" As chiefs of old they called, will not the sage
" Roostum surname, The captain of the age?
" Of warlike Toorks can I not raise a band,
" And levy hosts of hordes at my command?
" Can I not make, on vengeful projects bent,
" Upon Iran incursion and descent?
" Up to the moon can I not volumes whirl
" Of my vindictive spirit's dust, and hurl
" Down from his throne the emperor Ky Kaoos,
" And from Iran extirpate signs of Toos?
" For I will leave not Goodurz nor his train,
" Of great and good compeers in their domain;
" But Roostum seat on their Kyanian throne,
" Their crown confer and treasures make his own;
" While you I can Irania's queen create,
" In leonine exploits, decreed by fate.
" Transferring from Iran the seat of war,
" My standards in Tooran shall wave afar:
" I, in the field, Afrasiyab will meet,
" And face to face encounter and defeat,
" Seize on his throne, and from it cast him down,
" And on my head impose Toorania's crown.
" I will in my ambitious soul advance,
" Beyond the mansion of the sun, my lance!
" Roostum, the sire, and I, the son, none dare,
" As potentate on earth, a crown to wear:
" For when the sun by day, and moon by night
" Display their faces in their orbs of light,

" How can a star before their dazzling blaze
" Presume to glimmer with its twinkling rays?"

Soohrab, the hero, then himself addressed,
To Tuhimeenuh with a filial zest:
" Attend, O mother, to the wish I feel,
" And listen to the story I reveal.
" I burn in secret with a glowing fire
" To journey to Iran, to see my sire,
" And hence to bear me to the Iranian land,
" A barb with hoofs of break-rock steel demand;
" Who, rapid as an eagle in his flight;
" Strong as an elephant in power and might;
" Swift as a dolphin darting through the main;
" Fleet as a gazel bounding o'er the plain;
" Me will support and to the field convey;
" Clad in my mail and armed with sword, for fray;
" For 'twere unfit a foe, on foot, to meet
" With whom I sought in combat to compete."
When Tuhimeenuh, with maternal joy,
Heard the desire of her ambitious boy,
To raise his frontlet to the brilliant sun,
In his designs of conquest to be won—
She bade the master of her horse to show,
With speed of storm-clouds when the tempests blow,
Her stud of chargers, that Soohrab a steed
Might choose to bear him to the battle-mead.
From mountain and from plain, from hill and glade
Were gathered strings of war-barbs for parade.

Soohrab, the lion, in the town reviewed
The coursers brought him, and undaunted stood.
His noose he threw on necks of all he found
In strength excelling and in nature sound:
He pressed the backs of several with his hand,
But bent them till their girth-bands touched the sand.
Thus many a handsome horse beneath his weight
Was broken down and foundered in his gait:
But of the coursers shewn, he did not find
A steed of spirit suited to his mind;
For not one barb was worthy of his stamp,
And hence in heart the hero's hopes grew damp,
Until a chief from midst the concourse came
Before the youth of elephantine frame:
" A colt, by Rukhsh begotten, I possess,
" Whose match none e'er has seen the earth to press;
" For as an arrow swift, and fleet as wind,
" He is like Hor, in power and pace combined;
" His body is a mountain, large and full,
" Whose hard hoofs bruise the Tortoise and the Bull:
" A mountain-colt in valley of the sky,
" Whose stretch, like flash of lightning, darts on high;
" For like a raven he ascends a steep,
" And like a diver plunges in the deep;
" And scours across a plain like bird on wing,
" Or shaft of bow, that wends through air to sing,
" When he proceeds insurgents to subdue,
" Or mobs of evil-doers to pursue."

The hero smiled the chief's report to hail,
His cheeks with flushes greeting his detail;
The chief produced the beauteous dappled grey,
And proffered to Soohrab without delay.
The barb was strong, in shape and figure fit,
But power and force to trial to submit
The hero, hero-born, caressed the steed,
And placed his housings on his back with speed;
Into his saddle vaulting on his boon
With weight as ponderous as Mount Besitoon,
And wielding in his grasp a massive lance,
Huge as a column, ready to advance.
But ere he moved, his maker he addressed:
" Since I am of a steed like this possessed,
" And now am mounted in becoming state
" Soon I shall darken Ky Kaoos' fate."

Thus spoke Soohrab, in his aspiring strain,
And to his Palace turned his steps again.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO SECOND. THE GATHERING.

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO SECOND. THE GATHERING.

Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,
And chargers' shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.

SCOTT'S MARMION.

Soohrab against the Iranians bent on war,
Prepared his measures—when from near and far
Flocked volunteers who, longing after fame,
To fight beneath his ban, by thousands came
In quest of service, glory and renown,
In hope that spoils their fealty would crown:
For he was bounteous of his treasured hoard,
As well as skilled, and skilful at his sword.

When thus the king of Sumungan beheld
Soohrab by his resolve on war propelled,
Him he supplied, to aid the youth's desire,
With all the requisites he might require :—
A band and cap of state, a crown and throne—
Horses and camels, gems of precious stone—
And mail of Room, with such excess of arms,
That the young lion-boy was filled with charms:
For he had oped a generous, liberal hand
In presents and in gifts, throughout the land,
And self imposed the ceremonial state,
Which kings adopt in princely pride elate.

Afrasiyab was told Soohrab's design,
When he had launched his bark, upon the brine.

The monarch of Tooran with joy was told
The tidings that Soohrab had hosts enrolled,
And cared for no one living, in his pride,
So many troops had thronged from every side ;
While, like a cypress towering o'er a grove,
His head he raised and for distinction strove:
For though his mother's milk perfumed his lips,
He would at sword and arrow all eclipse ;
And by the point of his stiletto keen,
In gore would deluge each terrestrial scene,
With fixed resolve already in his mind
To war with Ky Kaoos and all his kind.
But on this theme 'twere idle talk to tell
That all of noble birth in worth excel ;

And on this subject vain the task to bruit,
That from the strong-famed champion's stock, no shoot,
No scion e'er had sprung of all his race,
To be suspected of an action base.

Afrasiyab had heard reports before
That Tuhimeenuh Roostum Zalzur bore
A son she called Soohrab: but when apprized
Of these proceedings which Soohrab devised,
The monarch smiled from pleasure and from joy
At such intentions of their youthful boy.
The daring captains of his host and all
Expert in arms, at wrestling or with ball,
Afrasiyab distinguished by acclaim—
Such as Hooman and as Barman, whose fame
Had been established in the battle-field,
Where both to lions ne'er would deign to yield.
The King twelve thousand brave men from his band
Selected and consigned to their command,
But he enjoined these leaders of his force
To keep his secret hidden in their course:
" You will abroad this mystery with you take,
" And it preserve in private for my sake;
" Lest of the son the sire accounts may learn,
" And both with mutual natural love may yearn.
" Joined by the anxiliar army that I send
" The hero tow'rds Iran his march will bend,
" And Roostum and Soohrab met, front to front,
" The able-bodied champion, as his wont,

" Him on some plea will challenge to the plain
" To cope in combat and renown to gain.
" In their attack by this man-lion's lance
" The crafty veteran may be killed perchance,
" And once deprived of Roostum let me lay,
" My hand upon Iran beneath my sway
" And I will bind this world for Ky Kaoos
" Within too narrow bounds for him to loose!
" Soohrab by poison I can then despatch
" To his eternal sleep in some night-watch,
" But by his sire if he, meanwhile, be slain,
" The deed would break the champion's heart in twain."

Their march both zealous warrior-chiefs began
To join bright-souled Soohrab in Sumungan,
Charged with imperial gifts—a torquoise-throne,
An ivory-stand inlaid with gem and stone;
A crownet of cornelians, pearl-embossed;
Ten camels and ten steeds of priceless cost,
With burdens laden and in trappings dressed,
Besides a note in flattering terms expressed,
By this barbarian prince, devoid of truth,
To win the heart of that ingenuous youth:

" Your territory and my realm between
" There is no distance found to intervene,
" Since Sumungan in its position joins
" Toorania and Irania's adjunct-lines;
" Irania's throne and crown if you can seize,
" You will the world of all contention ease:

" And I have sent such forces as you need,
" Your arms to succour in the war you lead,
" That on its throne you may a seat assume,
" And wear its crown your temples to illume.
" Throughout Tooran no warrior-chiefs excel
" In daring greatly and in acting well,
" Hooman the valiant and Barman the bold,
" Whom all in sooth as skilful generals hold.
" Them I despatch with troops beneath their sway,
" To do your bidding and commands obey;
" And for a time remain your honoured guests,
" Attentive ever to your high behests.
" Three hundred thousand chosen men, who are
" Selected from the heroes trained to war,
" And Toorkhs Chaghtaee with far-famed Chinese,
" Detached from China, march on by degrees:—"
For then Afrasiyab was an ally,
Of China's emperor, (reigning in Shen-Si):—
" And with their girdles bound, on vengeance bent,
" Will speed your purpose and my wrongs resent.
" All these" he added " hasten, clan by clan,
" To act in concert, guided by Barman."

Such was the epistle which the king addressed,
And sent with an imperial honour-vest,
And steeds and laden camels as a gift:
But when the tidings reached Soohrab, as swift
As wind in speed he robed, and with his suite
And his grandsire egressed, Hooman to meet.

Soohrab, arrived, viewed such heroic bands
With all the rapture which the heart expands:
Hooman surveyed Soohrab's stupendous size
His form and figure with supreme surprise.
When he presented the imperial note,
The gifts, the steeds, the laden camels brought,
Hooman, brave cavalier! Soohrab implored
To read the letter from Toorania's Lord,
And begged the lion-hero to declare,
His wishes and commands in its affair.

The young ambitious prince the note had traced,
When thence his martial host he marched in haste.
Chiefs world-subduing, war-experienced thanes
Sprung on their wind-fleet chargers of campaigns,
While to the sound of drum and horn they pranced
Along the route where arms and armours glanced;
Where all the world was filled with marshalled troops,
With din of men, with shouts and battle-whoops.
Nor crocodiles nor lions in affray,
Would have opposed Soohrab in his array,
As tow'rds Iran he led his warrior-horde
Destroying towns and fields with fire and sword.

The Iranians placed their refuge from their foes
Upon White-Fort that on their border rose.

Hujeer, its governor, in passions warm,
In judgment strong and skilled in every arm,
Told of the incursion of the Toorkish host,
Braced on his mail and hastened to his post.

Hujeer, undaunted lion! near the fort,
Beheld Soohrab approach with martial port,
When swift as dust and quick as lightning's flash,
He vaulted on his barb and made a dash
Forth from the castle with his wind-fleet steed,
And sought the invader on the battle-mead.
The chieftain—chieftain-born—exclaimed aloud,
Before the Toorks in their embattled crowd:
" Say, who of you are chiefs renowned afar
" As bold, experienced, leviers of war?
" Who of the valiant chiefs your ranks that range,
" Will meet me here to gratify revenge:
" For none to fight are fit, if unpossessed
" Of lofty stature, if with strength unblessed?"

When war-encompassing Soohrab surveyed
The boasting challenger in mail arrayed,
He burned to be revenged, and sword in hand
Sprung like a lion from amidst his band,
And him confronting with undaunted crest,
Thus war-experienced, brave Hujeer addressed: [cried
" Say who are you? whence sprung? how named?" he
" Who us to single contest have defied, [
" And from infatuated mental gloom
" With us to battle thus alone presume—
" And, by yourself, in such a braggart style
" Strut thus to combat with a crocodile:
" For soon the dame who you in child-birth bore
" Will rue your rashness and your doom deplore."

" I love not any Toork," replied Hujeer,
" But I am that bold hearted cavalier,
" And warrior-chief enthraller, that can deem
" A lion as a fox in my esteem;
" I am Hujeer, the general brave," he said,
" Who soon your trunk can shorten by the head—
" This to the sovereign of the world to send,
" And that to leave for birds of prey to rend."

Soohrab in this oration smiled to hear
The boastful vaunting of self-praised Hujeer—
Returned his challenge—met him face to face—
Urged like a moving mountain from his place;
His charger for rencounter, full of ire,
And forward galloped like a ball of fire.
The elephant-bodied hero's arrows flew
So fast each other they could scarcely view:
At his foe's side Hujeer had hurled his lance,
But missed his aim—it had been seen to glance—
Soohrab, the lion, parried it below,
And with dexterity returned the blow;
For soon the point, he planted of his spear
Full in the centre of dismayed Hujeer,
When closing with the swiftness of the wind,
Him from his seat he raised:—For in his mind
It was a facile feat:—with such a shock
He dashed him to the earth as when a rock,
Torn from a mountain, thunders to the plain,
And makes the valleys verberate again.

Hujeer, with life from spirit nearly rent,
Fell sorrowing on the ground, exhausted, spent.
Soohrab dismounting, sprung upon his chest,
Resolved to part his body from his crest—
Contorted, turning on his better hand,
Hujeer besought Soohrab to spare his brand.
Soohrab gave quarter to front-fallen Hujeer
Released him from his grasp and freed from fear:
And grateful for the boon Soohrab bestowed,
Hujeer gave counsel which abundant flowed.
The ambitious hero thus Hujeer secured,
And sent him to Hooman to be immured;
Hooman, amazed, Soohrab's exploit perceived
With such chivalric fire and ease achieved.

When to White-Fort the tidings were conveyed,
That in the fray Hujeer was captive made,
Then rose the voice of woe, the note of grief,
Of men and women wailing for their chief:
"No more, Oh, never more!" they wildly cried
"In this assembly can Hujeer preside!"

Before this period Goostuhum, though young
Ranked as a man of taste the great among,
And had a sister who above the crowd
Soared as a maid ambitious, brave and proud;
And as a warrior and equestrian held
Her front erect, as one who had excelled.
When to this daughter of Prince Guzduhoom
Were brought the tidings that in guarded room

Her patriot tribe had lost their castellain,
She felt distressed and wept aloud from pain;
Cold sighs in sorrow from her heart she drew,
And like the tulip's leaflet flushed in hue;
While pangs of anguish she acutely felt,
When on Hujeer's mischance in fight she dwelt.
She was a damsel like a cavalier,
Or warrior-chief, expert at sword and spear,
And so distinguished in the field, that fame
Hence styled her, fitly, Goord-afreed by name.
But as this case allowed not of delay,
She mailed in mounted armour for affray.
Beneath her casque her braided locks she braced,
And on her head a Roomian helmet placed;
And girding up her waistband, Goord-afreed
With ardour vaulted on her wind-fleet steed.
She sallied like a lioness in port,
Forth from the barrier-outlet of White-Fort,
And hastened with rapidity of flight,
Across the plain, as swiftly as a kite,
Poised in her hand a steel-dissolving lance,
And rushed impetuous on in her advance:
But when she came before the Toorkish host,
Furious as tempest dust, her lance she tossed,
And with a voice as though a thunder cloud
The sound emitted, thus exclaimed aloud:
"Where is your leader and your warriors where,
"Who will with me in single combat dare?

"Where is the friend, amidst your martial host,
"Who will with me his skill in battle boast—
"The friend devoted to a duel's charms,
"Who like a crocodile will meet my arms?
"Of all your army rank—your men of might—
"Will none come forward to contest in fight!"
Her, lion-conquering Soohrab surveyed,
And smiled in scorn, and bit his lips, and said:
"What! hath the game returned within the coils,
"And powerful influence of the swords-man's toils!"

He robed in his cuirass with whirlwind haste,
And on his head a Chinese helmet placed;
And fiercely came the hero-born before,
Who seemed a noose-ensnaring maid of war:
For she her bow had strung and bent retained,
And on Soohrab a shower of arrows rained;
And on the troopers to his right and left
She poured a deluge that their squadrons cleft.
With such unerring art she twanged her yew,
No birds before her shafts, in safety flew.
Soohrab viewed Goord-afreed surprised, abashed,
But forward to the conflict briskly dashed—
The brunt he faced—raised o'er his crest his shield—
And waded, bravely, through a gory field.
When Goord-afreed beheld her foe, from ire,
Approaching fiercely like a flaming fire,
Across her arm she flung her still-strung bow,
And, rising in her stirrups, aimed a blow

Full at Soohrab: she turned her palfrey's rein,
And hurled her spear against him on the plain.
Himself the object of her charge he found,
And gathering like a pard prepared to bound;
He gave the bridle to his foaming steed,
And darted on her with the lightning's speed.
Infuriate like a lion in career,
Soohrab soon grazed her body with his spear;
For from her wrist his life-desiring lance
Beyond her helmet's crest was seen to glance.
Full at her loins he aimed an awful blow,
And rent her coat of mail above, below,
And then like some strong club-experienced player,
Who whisks his ball with vigour in the air,
Her with his spear to unhorse attempts he made,
But Goord-afreed unsheathed a shining blade,
And, as she staggered in her saddle, drew
Its edge across, and cut the shaft in two.
She gained her saddle and resumed her seat,
But was no match with him in single feat;
And though her hope and fortune laughed awhile,
Still hope and fortune soon withdrew their smile:
For with a frown sufficient to dispel
Light from the world, and with a frightful yell,
He gave the bridle to his griffin-horse,
And came in contact with resistless force;
When lo! her helmet falling from her crest,
A maid in beauty stood to all confessed!

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Her tresses from her caul unbound fell down;
Their tops seemed gems and jewels of her crown;
And like the sun with glorious rays of light,
Her face, exposed, beamed beautifully bright.

Aware that his opponent was a maid,
Soohrab, amazed, soliloquised and said:
"Among the legions on Iranian ground,
"How many damsels may like this be found?
"If, like the Amazons, Iranian maids
"Of such exploits be capable in raids,
"How must their cavaliers, on battle days,
"Perform in fight and clouds of dust upraise?
"What must their warrior-chiefs achieve in arms,
"Beneath the power of such attractive charms!"

Soohrab his noose drew from his saddle-bow,
And swung it round the middle of his foe,
While thus he cried: "O moon-faced charmer! say
"Why war you court, and seek to join in fray?
"But your release from me do not demand,
"For you gain no deliverance at my hand—
"Nor stir create, for such rare game, as spoil,
"But seldom falls within my mesh's coil."
Thus captured, thus in custody detained,
To Goord-afreed one stratagem remained.
Before Soohrab she then unveiled her cheek,
Exposed her features and began to speak:
"Brave hero! who among the warriors brave
"Are as a lion deemed, one boon I crave:

" Both warring bands have witnessed our attacks,
" And seen our skill at sword and battle axe:
" My hair unfastened and my face revealed,
" Both hosts will talk of you, in either field,
" How you encountered with a maid in fight,
" And raised such clouds of dust to such a height;
" 'Tis therefore fit that you should not remain,
" Lest from this conflict you disgrace sustain,
" And lest by your delay, I might incur
" From either party obloquy and slur.
" Let us withdraw beyond the line of foes,
" And this affair between ourselves dispose;
" For prudence must be held the wiser part
" In such affairs of science and of art.
" Our fort and treasury are your's alone,—
" Our governor and troops your mandate own—
" And these preliminaries understood,
" What room remains for treaty or for feud?"
" Aught better than such pacts can you desire,
" Or ere you enter, better terms require?"
She ceased, and when to light her cheek she showed
It bloomed like fruit of jujube as it glowed;
It was a grove in Eden, where no flower
So fair is planted in elysian bower;
And her two eyes seemed mountain-bulls to view,
And her two eyebrows seemed a curving yew;
And thou might'st fancy that an arrowy shower
She darted from her bow at every hour;

But at the first glance of her eye, his heart
Became distracted by a secret smart;
And thou might'st say, when it began to glow,
His breast became a casket full of woe.
" You must not from this promise swerve," he cried
" For my success in combat you have tried,
" And on your rampires you must not rely,
" For they tower not above the lofty sky,
" And may be shaken to the lowest base
" Of their foundation by my ponderous mace;
" While none would dare at me his spear to throw
" With an intent to wound me by the blow."

The bridle of her palfrey Goord-afreed
Turned tow'rds White-Fort and urged her noble steed.
Soohrab himself proceeded to escort
A maid so beauteous to the porch and port
Of Guzduhoom, her sire, who oped the gate,
For Goord-afreed in her disastrous state:
She gained admittance, jaded, bruised and sore,
But on her entrance they secured the door.
All were distressed by two such overthrows,
Their eyes with tears replete, their hearts with woes;
For young and old were filled with pangs and griefs
At her misfortune, and Hujeer their chief's.
With Guzduhoom, the men of war and fame
To pay their homage to the damsel came.
When hoary Guzduhoom beheld his child,
His cheeks from rapture glistened as he smiled,

And with delight he cried to Goord-afreed:
" O lion-victor! pure in thought and deed!
" The hearts of this assembly for your sake
" Were full of sorrow and began to quake,
" Lest whilst you mingled war with jest and gibe,
" You might in disrepute involve your tribe;
" But praise to God is due, that in the strife
" You did not forfeit to the foe your life."

The Hero-born burst into laughter loud,
And mounting on a tower, with bearing proud,
Upon Soohrab looked down, and on his horse
Beheld him seated, suffering from remorse:
" Hero of China! hero of Tooran!
" Why vex yourself," she said " by such a plan?
" The road you came you may as well retramp
" And from our scene of action march to camp."
Soohrab replied with fury: " Faithless fair!
" By crown and throne, by sun and moon I swear
" I will your strong-hold level with the soil,
" And you, O tyrant! capture in my toil:
" You I shall cause to rue these terms of scorn,
" With life imperilled, helpless and forlorn;
" And more, perfidious maid! my vengeance dread,
" For where has now your solemn promise fled?"
When Goord-afreed had heard the speech expressed,
She smiled in banter and replied in jest:
" It is not likely that the Toorks will find
" Wives in Iran adapted to their mind;

" Such is your lot—with me it does not rest—
" And hence at this mishap be not distressed:
" Among the Toorks you thus may bear your fate—
" Among your clan may seem a chieftain great—
" Among your youths none may perhaps compare
" With you in figure, or your prowess dare—
" But when the King intelligence shall gain
" That from Tooran you lead a hostile train,
" The King of Kings, and Roostum will resort
" In haste from their positions to White-Fort:
" But you are not an equal to engage,
" The able-bodied captain of the age.
" None will remain alive of all your host—
" All your embattled army will be lost—
" And I know not what other ills and harms
" Will burst upon your head, as well as arms.—
" It grieves me that, with limbs so stout and hard,
" You should, in flight, retreat before a pard.
" 'Twere better had you issued your command,
" And your famed face turned tow'rds Toorania's land.
" None but a foolish bull its flanks would chafe:
" But, though so strong, you cannot long be safe."
Soohrab on listening to this taunting speech
Felt that he might, with ease, within his reach
The fortress have possessed—he blushed with pain—
But near its ramparts stretched a spacious plain,
Which in his vengeance he consigned to spoil
And laid in ruins, plundering all the soil.

"The day gets late," he cried, "and for the night
"Cease operations till return of light;
"But round the walls let lines of posts be drawn,
"And war's alarms kept up, within, till dawn;
"For though to-night a respite saves them all,
"Their heads to-morrow shall bestrew this wall."

He spoke, and gave his barb his rein to champ,
And turned, to converse with his chiefs, to camp.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

ROOSTUM ZABOOLEE

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO THIRD. THE ASSAULT.

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO THIRD. THE ASSAULT.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn;
And with to-morrow's earliest dawn,
Oe'r the disjointed mass shall vault
The foremost of the fierce assault.

BYRON'S SEIGE OF CORINTH.

Soohrab had to his tent retired from view,
When with his hench-man Guzduhoom withdrew
To draft a letter to their sovereign lord:—
First on the King a blessing he implored;
Details of past events and passing wrote;
And by a celerous courier sent this note:—
" A large Tooranian force, on foray bent,
" And fired with zeal, have made a fierce descent.

" Among their heroes, one superior rears,
" Who has not numbered more than twice seven years,
" Bright as the sun in his bicorporal sign ;
" Lofty in stature as the mountain pine ;
" With voice far louder than the thunder's roar,
" With arm more polished than his own claymore ;
" And with a lion-chest and manly mien,
" Whose match throughout Iran I have not seen ;
" Nor on the Iranian nor Tooranian list,
" Nor on the globe, does his compeer exist :
" For when he wields his Indian sword in hand,
" He puts to blush with shame both sea and land.
" Soohrab by name this Hero brave is hight,
" Who fears not lion, elephant, nor sprite :
" That this is Roostum thou might'st well opine,
" Or other champion sprung from Neerum's line :
" For when this would-be king, with warlike train,
" Appeared to seek revenge on our champaign,
" Hujeer, the valiant, bound his loins with speed,
" And vaulted boldly on his prancing steed.
" But, mounted, we had seen him scarce arrive,
" In single combat with Soohrab to strive,
" Ere him unhorsed we noticed—In a trice,
" Before he moved an eyelid, or the spice
" That scents the fields extending o'er the plain
" His nostril filled with smell to tinct his brain,
" Him from his seat Soohrab had downwards thrust,
" And, on his bosom, pinned him to be dust.

" And hence it is a true and real fact,
" That from the example of the invader's tact,
" We are, in soul, replete with dread and awe,
" And fearful lest our skins should feel the saw.
" Though I with numerous Toorkish horse have warred,
" Still I have ne'er of such a horseman heard ;
" Within the world there may not be like him
" A chief so formed in size and strength of limb,
" Unless our neck-exalting cavalier,
" An elephant in frame! should prove his peer:
" For none on earth, take him for all in all,
" His par, save Roostum Zalzur, I can call.
" Forfend that he provoke one man of ours
" To single combat 'twixt the hostile powers;
" For were our warrior as a mountain hard
" I should his contact on a plain discard!
" But when upmounted on his charger's back
" Resolved on day of vengeance to attack
" Some mountain that may check him in his path,
" May earth have mercy and avert his wrath!
" Yet if the king his anger could restrain,
" He need not lead an army on campaign,
" Nor in an ambush sit, in this affair,
" Against the intruder who employs our care:
" Still he would think Iran of glory shorn
" And by his sword the world would deem forlorn.
" A horseman such as he, none e'er has viewed—
" That he is Sam Suwar thou might'st conclude—

" For he disarms us by his strength innate,
" And all fear, hand to hand, with him to mate:
" We are not, in this war, of power possessed
" With his fierce grasp and weapons to contest:
" The fortune of our chiefs unprosperous sleeps,
" Whilst his along the sky ascendant sweeps.
" We in this citadel are housed to-night,
" But to the country are prepared for flight;
" For were we our departure to retard
" We lack the means of self-defence and guard,
" And I may further add he will not halt,
" Before these walls posterior to assault,
" His movements being, in his march, so fast
" That Leo views them, wondering and aghast."

When Guzduhoom his note had sealed, he sped
His messenger by night and anxious said:
" Use such despatch that at the dawn of light
" You may not fall within their outpost's sight."
He sent the letter by a road direct,
And, it transmitted, hastened to inspect
A subterraneous way beneath White-Fort,
Of which he knew alone the sally port;
Into this shameful passage he withdrew,
And stooped his head and disappeared from view;
And by this outlet from the fort at night
With Guzduhoom the garrison took flight.

Soon as the sun rose o'er the mountain's peak
The cohorts of Tooran, revenge to wreak,

Were ready to assault—and, spear in hand,
Soohrab, their leader, proud of his command,
Rode on his prancing barb, resolved in mind
To capture all the chieftains he could find
Within the walls, and in a donjon-keep,
Retain them prisoners, like a flock of sheep—
White-Fort he challenged; no reply returned,
Soohrab like an infuriate lion burned.
They burst the portal with a crashing sound,
But in the fort no man of note they found:
For in the night, with Guzduhoom, the ward,
The cavaliers, and captain of the guard
Had sought escape in flight, and hence no trace,
Of Guzduhoom was seen within the place.
When with his legions after their attack,
Soohrab arrived the citadel to sack,
All that remained within, on their assault,
Were several felons who, whate'er their fault,
In this were blameless, and by him were saved
When in his presence for their lives they craved.

His heart with love of Goord-afreed impressed,
Soohrab sought for her, but in vain his quest:
" Alas!" he said " that this resplendent moon,
" Beneath a cloud should have retired so soon;
" Alas that me, bewitched by evil eyes,
" My fortune should bereave of such a prize;
" And that a stranger-fawn, whom I detained,
" Itself from durance freed and me enchained.

" Angelic form! how sudden she appeared,
" Robbed my affections and my sorrows seared;
" And heart-purloiner! how abrupt she stole
" And me her victim left, a prey to dole.
" Alas! that her veiled eye, replete with charm,
" My blood should shed without a sword to harm.
" Ah me! without her cheek my cup of life
" Is full of bitters and with poison rife,
" For my corporeal frame was captive made
" By all the sugary answers she conveyed:
" Yet I know not how me the enchantress spelled
" That she, at once, my powers of speech withheld.
" With such a mode of war, and talk and mien,
" Like her no soul-seducer I have seen;
" But when to mind her speeches I reclaim,
" My pangs are heightened and my fires inflame.
" Though 'tis my interest from my friend to part,
" Still boundless troubles must aggrieve my heart,
" And I must weep and wail, beyond controul,
" Till I may know this fair who holds my soul."

Thus in soliloquy Soohrab communed,
And thus his heart excessive grief consumed;
But he desired that none the cause should learn
Whence sprung the secret of his deep concern.
Still love is not to be concealed in mind,
Since tears will tell the secret to mankind:
For were a lover master of each art,
Sighs for his mistress would his love impart.

Thus, from affection for the accomplished maid,
The colour on his cheeks began to fade.

Hooman was unaware that in this case
Blood in the liver of Soohrab found place,
But from his shrewdness figured in his breast
That some calamity Soohrab distressed.
" His foot has been entangled in a snare
" And captured by an idol's noose of hair.
" He is concealing an internal pain
" In his ensanguined bosom, but in vain:
" For though his appetite pursues its way
" His foot still sticks, encumbered in the clay."
Hooman an opportune occasion sought
And on Soohrab by private counsel wrought:
" O lion hearted hero, high in mind!
" The great of yore by rule of faith opined
" That no grandees could like themselves excel
" In thinking nobly and in doing well;
" Idly they did not heart and hand dispense,
" Nor quaff the wine of love, till lost to sense.
" Hundreds of musky gazels they secured,
" But kept their hearts unshackled and unlured;
" And he who is a hero will not yield
" To charms by young and fairy forms revealed.
" But purchasing the favors of the skies,
" Will to the grades of chief and sovereign rise.
" Then lion hearted, demon-chainer! say,
" How you, a prince, could fall to love a prey?

" Say, is it meet or proper, that a soul
" Which pants for sovereign sway from pole to pole,
" That you, Afrasiyab's reputed son,
" Through whose assistance your domain is won;
" That you who now, are lord of land and deep,
" Should for a moon-faced maid from passion weep?
" We from Tooran have marched on this campaign,
" And in our progress swam a gory main;
" We have blocked up the Iranian bound with ease,
" And deemed it facile on this fort to seize:
" But though success has favored our affairs,
" What arduous toils remain and weighty cares!
" The King of Kings, the Emperor Ky Kaoos,
" With lion-bantering Roostum and with Toos,
" Commander Goodurz and his son, Buhram,
" Gev, Furamoorz, and leonine Ruham,
" Goorazah elephantine, Firhadzad,
" Goorgeen, together with his sire, Milad,
" Is coming up—and since such lions male
" With steely arms are ready to assail,
" Determined on revenge, renown to gain,
" Who knows what consequence we may sustain?
" Yet why should you, field-marshall of our horse!
" In love with fairy forms find your resource?
" Ah! let your bosom freeze with feelings cold
" In its connection with the lewd and bold,
" Lest on the morrow your repute you mar,
" When you encounter with the brave in war—

" You, my young friend, who from your self-regard
" Have entered on a project, new and hard—
" But whether at one stroke this you achieve,
" Or after efforts, of a truth believe,
" That he who will, in labor, persevere,
" Shall crown his toil at last in his career.
" The task you hold is to surpass in war,
" And why let pastime this pursuit debar?
" Your's be the study to controul mankind
" By deeds of arms and manliness of mind,
" And your's the object to secure such things
" As these tiaras and these thrones of kings.
" One empire only when you may subdue,
" The fair will flock, around, your smiles to sue;
" But he who lacketh power of flesh and gold
" Will find the love of his heart-robber cold,
" Whilst he who in this world may be a lord,
" Shall be by mighty and by mean adored."

Hooman concluded, and the hero deemed
His reasoning cogent, his advice esteemed;
And wakened from his dream by terms so kind,
Soohrab prepared for feats of war his mind:
Responding thus: " O chief of famed Chinese!
" A thousand thanks receive for words like these;
" For they the solace of my life have proved,
" Revived my spirits and my cares removed.
" Now from this moment with you I renew
" My solemn compact; and I will subdue,

" Beneath Afrasiyab's supreme command,
" The universe by sea as well as land."
He spoke, and banished from his heart the maid,
His throne ascended and his state displayed;
And to Afrasiyab despatched a note
Detailing all the operations wrought,
The conquest of the fortress—the delay—
And progress he had made from day to day—
The sovereign of Tooran with joy received
Soohrab's report of his exploits achieved,
And gratified the hero with acclaim,
By his approval of his feats of fame.

But when the bulletin of Guzduhoom
The Khoosroo reached, his breast was filled with gloom.
The King from its contents was plunged in griefs,
And summoned to his court his army-chiefs,
As Toos and Goodurz, with Gishwad and Gev,
Goorgeen, Buhram, and Firhadzad the brave,
Who took their seats around Iranía's Ky,
As each by station ranked or low or high:
When Ky Kaoos before the generals laid
The facts which Guzduhoom's report conveyed,
And read the veteran's letter to the state,
The warrior's conduct scanning in debate.
His council of seven warrior-chiefs convened,
The King addressed, dejected and chagrined:
" The present posture of affairs" he cried,
" Becomes to us of import, deep and wide;

" And from the news in Guzduhoom's report
" Our minds to other themes should not resort:
" But at this crisis what can we perform,
" To cure the evil and avert the storm?
" And where within the confines of Iran,
" The Champion who is fit to match this man?"
The whole assembly, sitting in conclave,
Determined to depute to Zabool, Gev:
" Let Gev be delegated for reliefs,"
The warriors said, " to Roostum, chief of chiefs,
" And to the Champion with despatch make known,
" That danger threatens our imperial throne;
" While Gev the Thane might summon to the field,
" Since of Iranians, Roostum is the shield."

The diplomatic minister of state
With his colleague, a secretary, sate,
And in obedience to the king's behest,
Composed a letter and in it expressed,
To Roostum, the renowned, the nice affair
Which proved, devoid of hope, their source of care.
First to the Champion compliments they wrote
And thus the politicians framed their note:
" Bright be your soul, and circumspect your mind!
" And be it known that you among mankind,
" You only can redress the wrongs we bear,
" And you alone our injuries can repair.
" Yes! be it known that, as with Toorks the mode,
" A chief of tact has made a late inroad,

" With an invading force, and with his host
" Has halted at White-Fort, our barrier-post,
" Whose garrison, imbued by him with dread,
" The walls abandoned and for safety fled.
" He is a hero and a warrior bold,
" Of lion heart and elephantine mould;
" But no Iranian can oppose his might
" Excepting you, who may obscure his light;
" For e'er to you Iranians look and turn
" In every ill that may Iran concern—
" To you a champion from a champion sprung,
" Whose blade the life-blood of your foes has wrung—
" Who, lion hearted, are of mind elate,
" Of lofty fame and of exalted state;
" Who, as the first of soldiers are renowned;
" And chief of chiefs by your compeers were crowned:
" Who have been famed on ocean and on coast;
" Our military pride, our civil boast;
" Our Champion, styled the elephant in frame,
" And our Commander of illustrious name:
" To you who are, when enemies attack,
" Of warriors of Iran the heart and back;
" Who have subdued Mazindaran's domains,
" And freed us in Hamawuran from chains;
" You at whose battle-axe the Sun will weep,
" And at whose rapier Venus blushes deep;
" You at whose lances mountains are appalled,
" And in whose nooses lions are enthralled;

" You, than whose Rukhsh, the Nile is not more fleet,
" Its course less swift than dust-clouds from his feet;
" You, in whose grasp, the lion's strength is bound
" And, as whose match, no elephant is found:
" Who as a mark of providence from heaven,
" Are deemed the blessing which the fates have given,
" Gurshasp, Nureem, and Sam Suwar, that left
" Such a descendant, such a son as cleft
" The monsters of the wilds, by bank and brine,
" And conquered worlds—who claims their own pure
" Illustrious champion chief! of you a sight [line!
" Would to your King engender fortune bright,
" A grateful fragrance to our nostrils give,
" And bid us in eternal health to live.
" A fresh disaster has befallen our realm,
" The thoughts of which our heart with grief o'erwhelm:
" Our warrior-chiefs, assembled at our court,
" Have conned in council Guzduhoom's report,
" And all our counsellors concur that Gev
" Should be deputed, your support to crave.
" To you this envoy will present this note,
" Whence you can judge on measures to be wrought:
" But its contents perused, by night or day,
" Do not repeat the story they convey.
" If you should hold a bouquet at that hour
" Do not inhale the fragrance of a flower,
" But by your rapid course o'er hill and dale
" Refresh your senses and your brain regale.

" If you be sunk in sleep, spring on your feet,
" And, if on foot, delay not, but be fleet.
" From Zabool haste with your best cavaliers,'
" And raise the shout of marching, joined to cheers;
" For from the terms of Guzduhoom's despatch
" You can alone this fierce invader match.
" Hence, when you read this note, without delay,
" Prepare to lead your squadrons to the fray."

A black seal to his letter he affixed,
And ambergris and sandal-wood commixed,
And, his credentials closed, as fleet as wind,
To gallant Gev the King his scroll consigned:
" Speed with despatch o'er mountain and o'er plain
" And give your charger free and ample rein.
" To Roostum hie: but Zabool when you reach,
" In it do not twice slumber, I beseech.
" At night if you arrive, depart next morn;
" But how we are embarrassed Roostum warn,
" And say if forced to flee, none can conceive
" How much, my gallant friend! the thought will grieve.
" Speed like a raging storm by night and day
" And banish fears of diet by the way."

From Ky Kaoos when Gev received the note
He quickly scoured, but food nor slumber sought;
And near Zaboolistan when he approached
News of his coming was to Roostum broached:
" A cavalier, upon a foaming steed,
" Comes as an envoy from Iran, with speed."

The able-bodied thane, with crown on head,
To meet the envoy with an escort sped.
When Gev with all the mounted cavalcade
Of this high minded chief, in due parade,
Drew nigh the castle, he and warrior-train
Of every rank, descended on the plain.
The champion famed, dismounted and enquired
About Iran and King—they then retired—
And turning with their escorts from the road,
Roostum conducted Gev to his abode,
Where, from fatigue, they rested for a while,
And felt refreshed, in that ancestral pile.

Gev told his message, and the note conveyed;
Spoke of Soohrab and of his border-raid.

When Roostum pondered on the tale he heard,
He seemed at that affair amazed and stirred;
But when he scanned their false and faithless scroll,
And saw the signet-seal that decked the roll,
He laughed at such rogue-secretaries from his soul!*
"Strange, that among the mundane cavaliers,
"A horseman so like Sam, the brave, appears:
"Such might, if found among us, claim belief;
"But with the Toorks I credit no such chief.

* Byron says, in Childe Harold, 1 Canto, XXIV:

"Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!
"Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
"With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a Fiend,
"A little Fiend that scoffs incessantly,
"There sits in parchment-robe arrayed, and by
"His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
"Where blazoned glare names known to chivalry,
"And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
"Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul."

" I know not by this act what God way work,
" Nor who may be this prosperous Hero-Toork.
" Yet it is true that I a son possess
" By Tuhimeenuh, pure and fair princess!
" The daughter of the King of Sumungan;
" But he is still a boy, too young to scan
" The changes of campaigns :—too young to know,
" The turns of war which fluctuate quick and slow.
" I sent him, through his mother, chaste and bland,
" Much gold and jewels by a person's hand,
" Who brought an answer that the youth I prize
" Had not his full growth yet attained in size;
" And that the darling of my heart, my life,
" Was yet unequal to engage in strife;
" Or take the field: or bear the toils on service rife.
" But he shall many a chief compel to yield,
" When his arms, lion-like, he once can wield:
" For though of milk redolent, he loves wine
" And doubtless soon will pant in war to shine.
" He boasts descent from an heroic race,
" And from us, haply, can his lineage trace.
" But now the duties of the field expect,
" To see me in my instruments bedecked;
" Yet hospitality, with all its rights,
" Claims our attention and within invites;
" Then come and enter now my banquet-hall,
" And revel in the courts of Dustan-Zal;
" Where we the sapiency of this affair
" Can both discuss with diplomatic care;

"And strive some traces of the birth and kind
"Of this auspicious Hero-Toork to find."

Roostum descended, with chivalric fire,
Into the palace of his glorious sire,
And there with Gev, the valiant champion sate
In Neerum's chamber, careless and elate.
"There is no cause," he added, "for alarms,
"As this affair will terminate in arms;
"But whence this hero comes none can explain,
"Nor whence he springs can I yet ascertain.
"The messenger with this reply returned:
"That in my boy no slowness was discerned—
"That mace in hand—and noose on saddle-thong,
"That powerful in his arm, in body strong—
"That in his stature, like a cypress high,
"He can assail the planets in the sky:—
"And that he rises, though but twice seven years,
"In manliness above the circling spheres;
"Still, that he is not fit a host to guide
"Or at a banquet, or a feast preside.
"But of this Toork what you, my friend, have said
"When he arrived Irania to invade,
"And brave Hujeer unhorsing on the sward,
"Him captive made and bound in court of guard,
"Nought signifies—for though he did succeed,
"In overthrowing on the battle-mead
"A gallant chief, by his superior tact,
"Still from his lion-grasp flowed not the act:—

"Though through his agency the feat was wrought,
"We ne'er to apprehend or dread him ought,
"Since Providence, in sooth, ordains the blow
"That works the sure destruction of a foe."

The elephant-framed champion turned to Gev,
And thus resumed: "O first of warriors brave,
"And vanquisher of bands! let us to-day
"Repose in pleasure, unalloyed and gay:
"Forgetful of the Khoosroo and his court,
"Let us devote this day, to mirth and sport;
"For one day at our ease, let us recline,
"And moisten our parched lips with luscious wine.
"We can, hereafter, to our Sovereign bend
"And show Iranian chiefs the path to wend.
"Bright fortune yet may be alert perchance,
"And if it be, our purpose will advance:
"For if o'erwhelmed by billows of the main,
"Fire cannot rise to flame, on any plain:
"And when, afar, my standard he shall view
"His heart will e'en amidst carousals rue.
"So long as Roostum Zal, shall be the lord
"Both of a battle-axe and of a sword,
"He must be brave, sagacious, and austere,
"And thirst for blood like Sam, the Cavalier;
"And with this spirit bold and temper stern,
"Must not regard as arduous this concern."

Roostum and Gev, their wine together quaffed—
Tales told of Ky Kaoos—and smiled and laughed.

Next day, though suffering from debauch, at morn,
Arose the strong-framed champion to adorn
Another feast—and bade his menials lay
Before them both, at intervals, a tray :—
Their trays removed, the chiefs assembled round,
And saw the dances, heard the music's sound,
And, quaffing wine, the day in raptures spent,
Without a thought how this, the second, went.
The third day came, and this day like the last,
In dissipation, and debauchery passed :
For with their Houree sunny cheeks in bloom,
The chiefs assembled in the banquet-room,
And taking wine, became in spirits high,
Without reflections on Kaoos and Ky.
But on the fourth day, Gev arose, distressed,
And thus the noble chief of chiefs addressed :
" Kaoos is violent, unwise and weak,
" And will, with harshness, view in heart this freak.
" Deprived of appetite, and sleep, and rest,
" His mind is irritated—vexed—depressed—
" And in Zaboolistan, if we delay,
" Kaoos' pangs we heighten by our stay.
" The monarch of Iran, in passions warm,
" With us will be enraged, and rave, and storm ;
" And in revenge vindictive, void of sense,
" Will wreak his vengeance where he meets offence.
" None to contend with him possess the power,
" But to him you, a Champion, may not cower :

" Still, more than once, he urged my quick return,
" As for the Iranian troops he felt concern."

To Gev thus Roostum: " Dissipate your gloom;
" For none with me to trifle will presume."

END OF CANTO THIRD.

Roostum Zaboolee'

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO FOURTH. THE FRACAS.

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO FOURTH. THE FRACAS.

What dire offence,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

POPE'S WORKS.

Roostum and Gev at dawn arose, relieved
Of past impressions that their minds received;
When Roostum bade them sound the brazen horn,
And saddle Rukhsh, at earliest break of morn,
His Rukhsh, in full caparison, was braced
With silver rein, and golden stirrups graced.
The Champion mounted—at the trumpet's sound,
The Zabool cavaliers, with helmets crowned,
And clad in coats of mail, a host immense!
Their quarters quitted for Iran's defence.
Zooara, Roostum's brother, o'er the band
Was the brave warrior-chief who held command.

When Roostum near the Iranian King had drawn,
A train for one day's journey went and ran
On foot, before his horse—o'erjoyed and glad—
As Toos and Goodurz with his sire Gishwad.
Roostum, dismounting, like the cavalcade,
To him the princes adoration paid,
And with good wishes, and expanded heart,
For their King's presence hastened to depart.

Roostum and Gev proceeded, in array,
Their veneration to the King to pay;
But Ky Kaoos with indignation burned,
No congè offered—no salute returned—
And first he spoke in reprimand to Gev,
And scowling fiercely, thus began to rave:
"Say, why did Roostum my commands subvert,
"And his allegiance faithlessly desert?
"Had I a naked falchion at my side,
"I would his body from his head divide,
"As I would cleave an orange—Roostum take,
"Bind, and alive impale him on the stake;
"And see if intercession aught avail:
"Then importune not, but impale! impale!"

These words pained Gev in heart, that thus his hand
He should be told to lay on Roostum's band.
But Ky Kaoos sat frowning in a rage,
Like some fell tyger bristling in a cage:
And storming furiously, in anger railed,
And Gev and Roostum bade to be impaled:

For, Ky Kaoos provoked to sudden ire
Would, like a flint on steel, at once strike fire,
Which sometimes burst before him, as a charm
That kept a vigil o'er his passions warm.
The Court his wrath and conduct when they saw,
Beheld the monarch with amaze and awe.
" Go thou" to Toos, he cried " Go thou and take,
" Bind, and alive impale both, on the stake."
Roostum struck one such blow on Toos' arm
As though an elephant had dealt the harm:
Toos at his feet fell prostrate by the blow,
And o'er him Roostum strode with furious glow.

The able bodied Thane to warmth was moved
At Ky Kaoos, and thus the King reproved:
" Let not your fire inflame to this extreme,
" For worse and worse each act of your's we deem.
" Without one ray your empire to illume,
" With you, our sovereignty is merged in gloom;
" And on a dragon's tail how better far,
" Than on your worthless skull place our tiar!—
" I am that Roostum Zal, renowned by fame,
" Whose head no King like you shall bring to shame.
" In Egypt; Room; and China; in Sugsar;
" Hamawuran; Mazindaran—in war—
" My liver-rending sword and spear all felt,
" And all before my steed in homage knelt.
" Then why against me have you vengeance hurled,
" You who through me exist within the world?—

" Soohrab impale alive, and then disgrace,
" Your evil wishing, your refractory race—
" Who is Kaoos the King, when I may rage?
" And why should Toos his hand on me engage?
" Why from Kaoos' wrath should I take fright?
" Who is Kaoos? Who is he in my sight?
" What is a handful of the dust of earth?
" To GOD, do I not owe my strength and worth?
" From Him alone my power and glory spring,
" And not from Soldier, Citizen or King.
" I am the servant of Almighty GOD,
" And not a slave, to bear a chastening rod.
" Earth is my vassal; and my crown, this helm;
" This steed, my throne; this mace, my seal of realm;
" I deem this lance and axe as my allies;
" These arms as key-stones of dominion, prize:
" I, with my sword, enlighten sable night,
" And I bestrew with heads the field of fight.
" Me to be King the gallant warriors prayed,
" And crown as well as throne before me laid.
" But I did not to sovereign-sway aspire;
" Respecting rules, and forms, and modes entire.
" If I had wished the crown and throne as mine,
" This pomp and fortune had not now been thine.
" Your weal in all my acts was my concern,
" And, all that you have said, is my return!
" I, on this throne, placed Ky Qoobad, your sire,
" But what know I of Ky Kaoos' ire?

" When Ky Qoobad on mount Ulboorz remained
" Secluded with his tribe, perplexed and pained,
" Him to Iran, if I had not restored,
" That belt you would not wear, nor wield that sword;
" But such estate did not to you befall,
" That you should speak such words to Roostum Zal!
" If, to Mazindaran, I had not sped,
" When you a heavy load brought on your head,
" Who by his arm expected to succeed,
" And rend the heart and brain of Dev Soopeed?
" But when your chiefs you sat down to disgrace,
" Did you Mazindaran from mind efface?
" This thoughtless conduct ill becomes a King,
" And certain ruin, soon or late, must bring;
" Destroying crown, and throne, and seal of reign;
" Committing to the foe our whole demain.
" Forfend a bastard of the royal caste
" Should e'er the glory of the virtuous blast!"

More Roostum spoke in this imperious strain,
And to the chiefs in bonds he oped the chain;
Then to the Iranians thus: " Soohrab arrives!
" And it behoves you to defend your lives!
" For high nor lowly will the Hero spare;
" But let your wisdom be you cure and care:
" Since, in Irania, me no more expect
" To see, in arms, your country to protect."

In indignation, sallying from the court,
He mounted Rukhsh, and cried with furious port:

—" I am that Roostum Zal, who crowns bestow,
" And lions in the conflict can o'erthrow"—
He struck his steed and from among them went:
All felt as though their skin the blow had rent.

The noble chiefs deplored in heart the shock,
Since Roostum was the shepherd—they, the flock—
And said to Goodurz: " Your's be this affair;
" Whate'er is broken, your hand can repair;
" When Ky Kaoos your statement shall receive,
" He will, beyond a doubt, your word believe.
" Haste to the presence of that King insane,
" And use your eloquence with various vein:
" And plead in an oration sweet and long,
" And his strayed wits restore, to mend the wrong."

Then all the warrior-chiefs, renowned and brave,
Convened together, in profound conclave:
As Goodurz; Gev; and leonine Buhram;
Goorgeen, brave cavalier! and bold Ruham;
Who in debate promiscuous spoke and said
That no regard to men of note was paid.
" The champion of the world from pole to pole,
" Roostum, to Ky Kaoos has given new soul,
" And reinstated in his royal right,
" With pain and pleasure, danger and delight;
" For his redress through him alone was gained,
" And in Mazindaran when he was chained
—" Both Ky Kaoos, the King, and we,—by Devs,
" With weighty manacles, in mountain-caves,

" What trials dire did Roostum not endure
" On his account, his freedom to secure!
" And what great perils did not Roostum bear,
" The liver of the grievous Dev to tear!
" Him to the imperial throne, with joy, he raised,
" While all the nobles Roostum thanked and praised;
" More—in Hamawuran when he was bound,
" His feet enfettered on a castle-mound,
" What Kings did he not slaughter in attack,
" But showed not in Hamawuran his back!
" Him to his throne again he joyed to bring,
" And veneration paid, to him, as King.
" Since his reward to Roostum is the stake,
" We cannot but to flight ourselves betake:
" Yet, as the present is the time to act,
" When such misfortune has our country wracked,
" Ill would it us befit, our cause to mar
" By not preparing to appear in war.
" Still, what can we suggest, or what perform,
" Roostum to Zabool hurrying, like a storm?
" Can we without him in the field delight;
" For blasted wholly we should fall in fight?
" Him it is meet to follow, now, with speed,
" And yet, perhaps, the champion will recede."

Goodurz-Gishwad the business warmly shared
And to the presence of the King repaired.
" What dire offence," he asked, " has Roostum given,
" That from Iran, to-day, him you have driven?

" Have you forgotten what the Thane achieved
" When in Hamawuran you were deceived;
" Or what exploits performed against the Devs,
" When in Mazindaran they made us slaves,
" That you should cry: ' Bind Roostum by a gyve,
" ' And him, upon the stake, impale alive?'
" Harshness his recompence, through your tirade,
" How ill by you has Roostum been repaid!
" Ill it behoves a sovereign of the land,
" To be so stern in issuing his command:
" But none of all the monarchs that have swayed,
" Has ever such a dearth of sense betrayed;
" For he who can to Roostum give offence
" Must be a man possessed of little sense:—
" And yet good sense should to a prince pertain,
" Since nought from rage and rashness he can gain.
" Now he has gone, a Hero, wolf-like, leads
" A mighty host, to waste our mounts and meads,
" And whom do you retain, who is his par
" And will involve him in the dust of war?
" Old Guzduhoom, the cream of warriors, writes
—" Much he has heard, and witnessed many sights—
" ' Forbid it Heaven! that I should see the day
" ' When any chief may meet Soohrab in fray!'"

When Ky Kaoos had these expressions heard,
He knew that Goodurz forms and laws preferred:
But felt ashamed at his reproachful strains,
And seemed astonished at his own weak brains!

" Your words," to Goodurz he rejoined, " are sage,
" And counsel well becomes the lips of age.
" It now is fit that Roostum you pursue—
" His better fate exhibit to his view,
" Use many arguments and ply them well,
" My harshness from his cranium to dispel—
" Him to my presence bring, that light may break
" Through the dark shadows of my life opaque."

Goodurz arising turned his face and rein
With all the army-leaders, in his train,
Tow'rds Roostum's course; and swift pursued the road,
Which, in impetuous mood, the champion trod.
The elephant-formed warrior, on the way,
When they beheld, they all began to pray
For blessings on his head, with one acclaim,
And thus, unanimous, the chiefs of fame:
" Eternal be your life, illustrious Thane!
" Bright be your soul, without one shade to stain!
" May the whole world lie prostrate at your feet!
" May the throne's margin ever be your seat!
" You know that Ky Kaoos of brains is bare,
" And that with him harsh language is not rare:
" But that to say what he repents, though prone,
" He still is apt for rudeness to atone.
" Yet, strong-framed Prince! if you the King offend,
" Blame to the Iranians you must not append,
" That you, indignant, should desert Iran,
" Your face auspicious from the realm withdrawn.

" The King his indecorous terms has blamed,
" Regrets his violence, and feels ashamed."

" I," said the strong-framed Champion, in reply,
" I need no aidance from Kaoos or Ky.
" My throne, this saddle; and this mail, my vest;
" My crown, this casque; my heart to death addressed;
" Am I deserving of the unworthy strain,
" The King in anger uttered with disdain?
" I, who relieved him from duress abborred,
" And to his crown, as well as throne restored:—
" Now in Mazindaran the Devs I racked—
" Now in Hamawuran its Lord attacked:—
" For Ky Kaoos, in hostile hands enthralled,
" When I discovered, I sped, unappalled;
" I freed him from his hardships and turmoils,
" And I released him from his bonds and coils.
" But of no knowledge is his skull possessed,
" Save, folly, rage, and rashness unrepressed.
" My head is satisfied, my heart is cheered—
" And, fearing God, by me none else is feared."*

* This is a sublime sentiment, as dignified as true, which deserves to be distinguished by some notice, *en passant*. Shakespeare says:

" God's holy will submissive I revere,
" And, fearing him, disclaim all other fear."

Thus likewise Sir James Burges, in the Dragon Knight:

" He who fears heav'n, can know no other fear."

But this line appears to be borrowed from Shakespeare, or from Racine, who says, in his Athalie:

" Je crains Dieu, Cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte."

Saadee tells us, with less beauty and simplicity, that a Minister argued a point of importance firmly with Alexander the Great, when the King fiercely asked him, " Are you not afraid of me?" He replied: " Why should I be afraid? A man conscious of his rectitude need not " fear even God." Firdousee's words are these:

سرم گشت سیرو دلم گرد بس جز از پاک یزدان نترسم ز کس

The strong-framed champion, with this answer pleased,
Goodurz addressed him and his ire appeased:
" The King and valiant warrior-chiefs survey
" These in a different view; while others say,
" This Toork you dread, high minded chief of chiefs!
" But whisper, privately, their own beliefs:
" And add, that since old Guzduhoom foretold,
" We all must soon vacate the soil we hold,
" There is no place nor time for our delay,
" When Roostum fears to meet Soohrab in fray!
" Thus, from the fury of the monarch's port,
" And this invader's army at White-Fort,
" We may suppose the nature of the talk at Court:—
" ' He from Soohrab, the Hero, in dismay,
" ' At once departed and retraced his way':—
" But on Irania's King, place no such load,
" And your renown, proclaimed and spread abroad,
" Do not obscure by thus returning on your road.
" More—all our troops in operations press'd—
" Our capital in gloom do not invest:
" For to the pure in faith it is a pride
" That we Tooran's domain can ne'er abide."

Goodurz to Roostum, these reports detailed;
The strong-framed Champion heard the words unvailed;
But felt astonished, and pronounced them vain:
" Much I have marched," he said, " thro' this domain;
" And if," he added, " fear possessed my heart,
" I would my body from my soul dispart.

" You know if I would flee from fields of war:
" Yet, me the King's rebuff, might drive afar."
Hence, it appeared, that Roostum would resort,
Without delay, to Ky Kaoos' court.

His sense of honor nicely he suppressed,
And now to court returned, with joyous zest.

When Roostum from afar the Monarch viewed,
Kaoos arose, and as, on foot, he stood,
Made these apologies for his past language rude:
" An hastiness of temper is, I own,
" My innate nature, in my system sown,
" And what in us is planted by our GOD,
" Must grow, encrease, and flourish in our sod.
" From this late petulant and wayward vien
" My heart contracted, like the moon in wane.
" You are the bulwark of my host alone—
" The diadem of my imperial throne—
" You in day-bumpers I pledge in my hall,
" And you, with love, at morn and eve, recall.
" We from Jumsheed have both derived our birth,
" And I possess no tie but you, on earth.
" You in this world, I wish to be my friend;
" For in each case my rights you can defend.
" Your dignity and state my sway maintain,
" And in your glorious pomp, I live and reign.
" You, at this crisis, quickly I desired,
" And when you lingered, furiously I fired:

" But, elephant-framed Champion ! since you went
" In ire away, my conduct to resent,
" Dust in my mouth has fallen, and I my words repent."

Roostum replied : " The world admits your sway :
" We are your subjects, and your nod obey :
" You are a King, who rules o'er sea and land ;
" And I, a liege, attend for your command :
" Since I, a vassal of your crown and throne,
" Will march where'er you bid, your mandate known.
" Thus I, a suppliant, sitting in your port,
" Am to your serfs become a scoff and sport ;
" But if my life for ages should be spared,
" I, in your service, would be found prepared."
Kaoos replied : " O Champion ! in delight
" Long may you live, and may your soul be bright !
" It is befitting that we feast to-day,
" And on the morrow, seek the field of fray."

He bade that, on the borders of a lake,
A heart expanding banquet they should make.

The chiefs form at the royal feast, a ring
In his Kiosque, which seems the Grove of Spring.
And Ky Kaoos, while sitting in his bower,
Pearls o'er his noble's heads is pleased to shower.
From dulcet sounds of instruments and horns,
The rose their cheeks, before the King, adorns :
And quaffing wine till midnight hours advance,
They join in chorus with the song and dance :

They quaff till wreaths of mist the world surround,
And fumes of wine the strongest hearts confound;
When all, intoxicated with debauch,
Return to quarters, in the last night-watch.

The sun had rent the pitch-tinged sheet of night,
And from behind his screen emerged to light,
When Ky Kaoos bade Toos and Gev to tack
The war-drum on an elephant's broad back.
He oped his treasure-gate and largess told;
Prepared camp equipage, and troops enrolled;
And joined the army, mounted on his steed,
An hundred thousand cavaliers to lead.
A wing, equipped in mail and bucklers, marched
Along the borders of the desert parched:
The dust of barbs gloom o'er the country threw;
The earth was ebon and the sky was blue.
Their drum, the plains shook by the peals it sent,
As stage by stage the army onward bent;
And darkened, by their bright armourial gleams,
The visage of the sun with splendid beams:
For shining lances, sparkling tridents glanced,
With such effulgence, when the force advanced,
That, as they glittered through the dust, their sheen
Blazed like a fire behind an azure screen;
While from the banner-spears and golden shields,
And broidered sandals, streaming o'er the fields,
Thou wouldst have thought an ebony-hued cloud
Had rained sandaracha above the crowd!

Throughout the globe, no day from night was clear;
Yet, thou would'st say that they did not appear
To be the pleiades, nor their celestial sphere:
Still none could have distinguished rock from sand,
In their progressive march along the land,
Till, thus, before White-Fort arrived th' Iranian band:—
Where tents and screens arose, for miles around,
While barbs and elephants concealed the ground.

News of the coming of the hostile powers,
Soohrab received by shoutings from watch-towers.

He mounted, when he heard the loud alarms,
A bastion high, and viewed the host in arms.
He pointed with his finger, and displayed
The army to Hooman, who felt dismayed;
For when the foe's unbounded camp he saw,
Hooman breathed short, his mind replete with awe.
But him Soohrab told not in heart to dread,
And to his cheek recall the colour fled,
While thus the war-delighted Hero cried:
" Fears from your bosom you must cast aside!
" For if the sun and moon be well inclined,
" Amidst this countless mass, you will not find
" A single warrior, skilled at sword and spear,
" Who in the field before me shall appear.
" Though many troops and many men they shew
" Still one of note and rank, I do not know.
" But, now, the throne Afrasiyab has sent
" Must be erected in my royal tent,

" That on it seated I may make the plain
" To seem the offing of a mighty main."

Soohrab o'erjoyed descended from the tower,
And felt not in his soul inclined to cower;
But ordered wine, in bumpers, to be brought,
While for approaching war he took no thought.

A royal feast he bade to be prepared
And it with King-adoring, brave chiefs shared.
This entertainment o'er, he made them bring
The state-pavilion which he used as King,
And it erect, when they had thither drawn,
Before the citadel, upon a lawn; [plains
While troops and tents and screens, the hills and
Left not uncovered, with their lengthening trains.

When from this sphere, the sun had passed away,
And murky night had drawn the pall o'er day;
The strong-framed champion to the Monarch went,
Resolved on vengeance, and on warfare bent.
" My liege!" he cried, " my special rules require
" That without belt or crown, I thence retire;
" For who this conqueror of the world may be,
" The chiefs, and their commander, I must see."
Kaoos responded: " Your's be this affair—
" Bright be your soul—your heart devoid of care,
" Strong be your body—vigorous be your mind—
" God guard you ever, and your treaties bind."

The strong-framed Champion in a Toorkish vest,
His course, clandestine, to White-Fort addressed.

Proceeding on his way, he reached the port,
And heard the Toorks, in uproar and in sport:
But crossed, brave chief! the barrier, undeterred,
Like some male lion midst a gazel-herd;
And, one by one, the warrior-chiefs reviewed,
Their cheeks from pleasure like the rose imbued.

Soohrab, high on his banquet-throne of state,
When Roostum saw; Prince Zinduh Ruzm sate
On his left hand; and on his dexter side
Hooman, the gallant cavalier, was spied;
And by Hooman, Barman, whose deeds of fame
Urged for the lion-lord, a well-earned claim.

Supported thus—thus mounted on his throne
Soohrab in figure like a cypress shone;
And his two arms appeared like camels' thighs;
And his broad chest like elephants' in size;
And strong, like lions', seemed his frame to view;
And red as crimson, glowed his cheeks in hue;
And in his single person he combined
An hundred striplings' strength, and prowess joined,
While fifty slaves, with arms across their breast,
Attendant stood, in order drawn and dress'd,
In front of Fortune's Favourite who, around,
Dispensed delight, and listened to the sound
Of many a chorus chaunted for his weal,
His throne, his crown, and his imperial seal!

Roostum, from his secluded post, descried
The nobles of Tooran in courtly pride,

But from afar—and as he looked he saw
Prince Zinduh Ruzm from his place withdraw.
The Prince, in moving outwards thro' the throng,
Was close to Roostum walking swift along,
When he remarked a figure as elate
As any cypress of exalted state:
And knowing none so towering midst his host,
Him he presumed to jostle, and accost:
"Tell me, who art thou," he was heard to cry;
"Come to the light, and show thy face, thou spy!"
Whereon, the able-bodied Thane, incensed,
One blow so forceful on his neck dispensed,
That Zinduh Ruzm's soul his body left,
Of every vital power and sense bereft;
For lifeless there he fell, and soon his frame
A clod of clay, both cold and stiff, became;
His day of Festival as well as Fight,
For ever, and for ever closed in night—
As there in death he lay, no more, no more,
To grace the scenes he graced so well before!

What time Soohrab had fixed on levying war,
And found a want of leisure prove a bar;
His Mother, Zinduh Ruzm deigned to call
When she beheld him in the Banquet-Hall.
The Uncle of Soohrab, he was the heir
Of Sumungania's king, and to his care
Soohrab, his Nephew, Tuhimeenuh gave
As thus she spoke: "Enlightened Prince and brave!

"You I have summoned to attend my son,
"In this career, the youth deems fit to run,
"That when the illustrious warrior-boy may close
"In Battle-fields, among Iranian foes—
"May meet the Sovereign of a gallant host—
"And drive his vengeful soldiers from their post—
"You may be present, to Soohrab to show
"His Father, Roostum, whom he pants to know."

A period with Soohrab had passed away,
But Zinduh Ruzm still prolonged his stay,
Apart and absent—while Soohrab, amazed,
Around was looking and intensely gazed,
Surmising where, and why, he was detained,
So long his seat unoccupied remained.
Thus, whilst he pondered deeply in his heart,
A herald came the tidings to impart,
That Zinduh Ruzm had, alas! been found,
Stretch'd at his length, a corpse upon the ground.
This news some grandees hastened to unfold
Before Soohrab, who heard the tale they told
With poignant sorrow and affliction deep,
Which tended to embitter food and sleep.
But others went, and saw, of breath exempt,
The body thrown aside, with marked contempt;
And knew that he would feel no more in life,
Joys of the Feast and Raptures of the Strife.
O'erwhelmed with grief, they dolefully returned;
With hearts dissolved in misery, much they mourned;

And in their woe proceeded to relate
The Prince of Sumungan's lamented fate—
The melancholy fate, which sealed his race,
In Festive Spot and in Pugnacious Place.

On hearing these accounts, Soohrab arose
And left his throne, oppressed with mental throes:
And with the speed of smoke that drifts in air
To view the body hurried, in despair,
Attended by his slaves who torches bore,
His bards, and minstrels, to the outer door;
Where on arriving he beheld, dismayed,
His Uncle in inverted posture laid.

Shocked and aghast, indignant at the sight,
Soohrab deemed fit to call his men of might,
His bold and gallant chiefs, and thus addressed
His patriot-friends, in anguish of his breast.
"Tooranians!" he exclaimed: "we must to-night
"Abandon sleep, and make our armour bright,
"The hours devoting, for this act of spleen,
"To make our swords and demi-lances keen:—
"For finding dog and shepherd in their cote,
"A wolf this night among the flock hath got;
"And seeing that the fold remained unwatched,
"One sheep from midst the pen of heroes snatched;
"And left his prey at my pavilion door,
"With scorn and insult, weltering in his gore.
"But if the Maker of the World," he said,
"Befriend my efforts to avenge the dead,

" He will this globe terrestrial make as plain
" As my horse-shoe:—For to revenge the slain,
" Upon the Iranian nation I will loose,
" From off my charger's saddle-strap, my noose;
" And carry fire and sword throughout Iran,
" In vengeance for the Prince of Sumungan."

So vowed Soohrab—Then back his steps he traced,
And on his throne of state again when placed,
He bade his potent leaders to attend,
And thus addressed them, on his Uncle's end:
" Intelligent compeers of mind and might!
" Though I have lost," the Hero cried, " this night,
" The bulwark of my throne in Zind deceased,
" Let us continue to enjoy our feast—
" Though Zinduh Ruzm breathe no more on earth,
" Let us continue to partake of mirth!"

Thence Roostum was returning o'er the plain
—His victim killed—to join his King again,
When lo! midway, the Iranian guards he met,
By Gev commanded and became beset.
His sword the captain of the night-watch drew,
As near and nearer Roostum came in view:
But he, aware that Gev was on command
Of camp-patrol that night, held forth his hand,
And raising up his targe high o'er his head,
A noise, like screams of elephants, he made.
Gev, recognizing Roostum's voice, was glad,
And smiled and laughed—but suddenly grew sad—

And from his saddle springing on the ground,
Approached and asked, with reverence most profound:
" O vengeance-wreaking warrior! through the shade
" Where have you wandered in this guise arrayed?
" And why on foot, dismounted?" He replied:
" Had I as far as Saturn even hied,
" The deed I would have done, like any Chief
" With insult treated and disturbed by grief."

His noble kinsman answered with applause:
" May heaven protect you in your country's cause!
" And GOD forbid you e'er should stand in need
" Of coat of mail, caparison, and steed."

Thence Roostum hurried to his sovereign-king;
Spoke of the Toorks, and of their festive ring;
Described the chiefs assembled in White-Fort;
And dwelt upon their Chieftain's form and port;
Told of his shoulders broad; his ample chest;
His arms and legs; his make from soles to crest;
And mentioned that, in stature, he appeared
Like some tall cypress, with its head upreared.
Among the Toorks he ne'er had deemed, he owned,
To find a man like him he found enthroned,
Who was unequalled in Tooran, and more,
Within Iran, and every other shore—
Who seemed to be, in person and in worth,
Sam Nureeman re-generate come on earth.
He added, further, he had dealt a blow
On Zinduh Ruzm's neck, which laid him low,

And put a period to the Prince's doom
In Battle-Field as well as Banquet-Room.
These facts detailed they conned the theme in thought;
Commanded wine and music to be brought;
And spent the whole remainder of the night,
In preparation for the morrow's fight.

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO FIFTH. THE CAMP.

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO FIFTH. THE CAMP.

> Far beyond,
> That Malian champaign stretching wide below,
> Beyond the utmost measure of the sight
> From this aspiring cliff, the hostile camp
> Contains yet mightier numbers, who have drained
> The beds of copious rivers with their thirst,
> Who, with their arrows, hide the mid-day sun.
>
> GLOVER'S LEONIDAS.

The sun had raised his golden shield on high,
And morn displayed the dawn throughout the sky;
When, cap-a-pee, equipped in full array,
Soohrab appeared accoutred for the fray.
Upon his brow a regal crown he wore,
And by his side, an Indian blade he bore:
While on his holsters hung his noose enrolled
With death between each coil—fold over fold—
Then vaulting on his steed, a dapple-grey,
He chose a station where he could survey
The Iranians' camp throughout their spacious line,
Prepared for action or at ease supine.

But first, Hujeer was ordered to advance
And told that arrows should not err askance:
" Their aim," remarked Soohrab, " does not demand
" A swerving, curved direction from the hand:—
" For random shots their objects less may harm
" Than one directed by a perverse arm:—
" But if you wish not injury to sustain,
" You will in all your words and deeds be plain,
" Selecting truth, and choosing to be true,
" In every business that you shall pursue.
" And now, Hujeer, attend! Whate'er I ask
" You verily must answer, without mask;
" Renouncing deviation from the fact,
" And an evasion, as an artful act.
" Yes! by your heart's fond wish to be released,
" And honoured with respect at every feast;
" By all you value most, and most desire,
" Respond with truth to what I shall enquire;
" And as a token of my best regard,
" You may receive from me a due reward.
" Disdaining from the path of truth to swerve,
" Reply with candour and without reserve,
" To all I ask about the Iranian Lords,
" Entrenched in camp, with their marauding hordes:
" And I shall give you coffers, full of gold,
" And robes of state assign, and gifts untold:
" But after these injunctions, on my part,
" If you adopt a policy of art;

" If you deceive; you shall for your deceit,
" From me confinement in a dungeon meet."

Hujeer with craftiness responded: " Sire!
" I will inform you, as you shall require,
" Of all I know about the Iranian force;
" For why should I prefer, a perverse course?
" On this occasion, Sire!" resumed Hujeer,
" Me, you will find both honest and sincere,
" With no pretensions to such self-conceit,
" As once to deem the crooked course the meet:
" For in all worldly ways, the path direct,
" The road straight forward, is the course select:
" And none, in my opinion, can be worse
" Than any way that is a tortuous course."

Soohrab responded: " In my queries, I
" Shall question you of Peasant, Peer, and Ky;
" Of all the Iranian champion-chiefs of note,
" Who are esteemed for feats of valour wrought:
" Of Ky Kaoos; of Goostuhum; of Gev;
" Of Toos courageous and of Goodurz brave;
" Buhram, the famed; and Roostum, the renowned;
" And other Heroes in Irania found:
" But when I ask you of each chief in view,
" Sum up his dignities in numbers true:
" For if you be desirous to retain
" Your head unsevered, and your life unslain,
" To me exhibit the peculiar sign
" Of every individual in their line."

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Enclosed amidst a screen of various hues
Of rich brocade, a suit of tents he views,
With leopard spots adorned—within, he spies
A throne of sapphire of cærulean dyes;
And sees an hundred elephants displayed,
Without the interior front, for state-parade.
Emblazoned with a yellow SUN, he notes
A banner, as upon the breeze it floats,
And bearing violet colours for its field,
Surmounted with a golden MOON revealed.
" And say," enquired Soohrab, " who holds this place—
" Who occupies, in pomp, this central space—
" In middle of the camp—and tell the name
" By which the Iranian may be known to fame."

Hujeer replied; " It is the Iranian King,
" Who sits enthroned in centre of the ring;
" Where numerous elephants and lions wait,
" On picquet ranged, at his pavilion-gate!"

" And yonder on the right," Soohrab pursued;
" A countless mass of cavalry is viewed,
" With camp-appendage:—and a host is seen
" Of standing troops, within a black-striped screen.
" Without the area, many tents I spy
" On every side presented to the eye;
" And I see lions, in the front, appear,
" And elephants I notice, in the rear.
" Distinguished by an ELEPHANT'S contour,
" A standard waves aloft, the breeze to lure:

" And near the flag-staff I can mark a band
" Of horsemen, with embroidered sandals, stand—
" The name of this Iranian chief disclose.
" And situation where he tastes repose."

" He must be Toos," Hujeer responding said:
" The Son of Noudur, with a flag displayed—
" Emblazoned with an ELEPHANT:—a Prince
" From Kings descended:—never known to wince
" In times of danger or to shun a fight—
" In arms illustrious—keen in vengeful spite—
" And such a lion on the lists of power,
" That all are found before his force to cower:
" Him to withstand unable in a fray,
" While mighty men, from dread, their tribute pay."

Soohrab his queries of Hujeer resumed:
" A host of soldiers, like an army plumed,
" Prepared for conflict, and on contest bent,
" I can discern before a crimson tent.
" In front, an ensign flickers o'er the scene
" Emblazoned with a rampant LION's mien
" Upon a purple banner:—and the ground
" With precious jewels is embroidered round.
" Behind, a numerous retinue appears
" In mail encased, and armed with demi-spears—
" Of this Iranian chief declare the name;
" But do not, in a perverse mood, defame."

Hujeer rejoined in answer: " Of our host
" Of independent peers, this is our boast:

" Prince Goodurz—Son of Prince Gishwad—a man
" Who is the Cream of Nobles in Iran;
" A General of the Forces who, in Field
" Of Battle or Revenge, will never yield:
" Who as the Sire of eighty sons can boast,
" Like Elephants, like Lions, at their post:—
" But where is found the Lion of the plain,
" Or where the Tyger of the mountain-chain,
" Or where the Elephant of forest-track,
" That him will meet or venture to attack!"

Soohrab proceeded: " That pavilion green
" With Princes of Iran, before its screen
" On foot attending, mark! That standard view,
" In front, above its canopy of blue;
" And on its violet-coloured field, behold
" That DRAGON pictured of terrific mould.
" Within, the Star Gawuhiyan see! displayed
" Above a throne, with precious gems inlaid;
" Whereon is mounted, in majestic state,
" A Champion-Chief, in form and figure great,
" Exceeding by a head, or more, in height,
" By-standers at his feet, on left and right.
" And lo! a chain of elephants encased
" In suits of armour, in the foreground, placed
" And, in the front, a noble war-horse stands,
" With noose suspended to his hoofs in bands;
" Whose roar is louder than the ocean-spray
" When he is heard, at intervals, to neigh.

" But hark! the Champion shouts—his voice I hear
" In loud and louder thunders pierce mine ear!
" Throughout Iran no man is found so tall;
" Nor any steed so high in any stall;
" And see! his ensign of an azure dye,
" That bears a DRAGON, horrid to the eye,
" Surmounted by a golden LION's frame,
" Upon its staff:—The intrepid horseman name,
" Who sits, enthroned, in circumstance sublime,
" And like a lion roars, from time to time."

Hujeer, in self-communion, deeply mused—
And pondered in his breast, that if he used,
The Champion's name, or told the Champion's sign,
To this high-minded chief so leonine;
In elephantine Roostum might be lost
The keystone of Iranian knighthood's boast.
" And hence I think," the patriot-chief opined,
" 'Tis better both to keep concealed in mind,
" And from the roll of our chivalric race,
" His mark and title, for a while, efface."
Aside thus deemed Hujeer—then cried aloud:
" The personage you mean, with port so proud,
" Must be a Partisan or some Ally,
" From China's confines, who has joined the Ky."

Soohrab enquired his title, but Hujeer
Denied all knowledge of the cavalier.
Soohrab enquired again, and with concern
His Chinese style solicited to learn.

Hujeer rejoined: "O Prince of honoured fame!
"And lion-captor! when the stranger came
"To Ky Kaoos, to join his martial host,
"White-Fort was my assigned, important post.
"I did, of his arrival, news receive
"And that this Chinaman is he, believe:
"To me, at all events, his arms are new,
"As well as bearings, which appear in view."

Soohrab was grieved—no sign of Roostum found
Among the warriors on the tented ground!
His Mother, Tuhimeenuh, had, in sooth,
His Father's token given to the youth;
But though his Sire's insignium he applied,
It failed when, once, by test it had been tried.
In hopes, that eloquence, perhaps, might prove
Some consolation, and his moils remove,
He now was sifting, though with efforts vain,
Some information through Hujeer to gain.
But futile are attempts, if fate hath scroll'd
Another doom on front of young or old:
For what to all hath been, by fate, decreed
It cannot, will not, lessen nor exceed—
And when the destinies their pinions spread,
And from the spheres descend, on earth, to tread,
They strike the most sagacious of mankind
By their pre-ordinances, dumb and blind!

Soohrab continued: "Of the gallant train
"Of warriors whose pavilions stud the plain,

" Some boast of numerous troops of standing horse,
" And some of elephants in martial force,
" While sounds of horns, in intonations loud,
" Are heard, at morn and eve, among the crowd.
" Amidst these splendid scenes, there is revealed
" A chieftain's banner—and upon its field
" A WOLF's proportions pictured; and it rears
" Its staff-surmount of gold, above the spheres.
" In his pavilion, in the centre, stands
" A brilliant throne, and, in the front, his bands.
" Of your Iranian Heroes which is this?
" His name and lineage tell, without amiss."

Hujeer returned: " This warrior-chief is Gev,
" Who has been styled Gev-Nev or Gev, the Brave,
" By his compeers in arms—the Son and Heir
" Of valiant Goodurz—with whom few compare—
" Who is, throughout Iran, the first esteemed
" Of our Goodurzian line—and who is deemed
" Of double value, and of two fold stamp,
" By us Iranians, in Canton or Camp:
" And who, as Son-in-Law of Roostum, bears
" His head erect, and well his honours wears."

In hopes Hujeer might still reveal his Sire,
Soohrab continued further to enquire,
And questioned thus: " On yonder eastern side,
" Where brightly shines the sun in orient pride,
" When first he dawns, and thence ascends the skies,
" I can perceive a white pavilion rise,

" Brocade of Room its texture—And I note,
" In front, above a thousand horsemen brought,
" In troops drawn up. On foot, their leader stands;
" And hosts of spearmen, under his commands,
" Beyond all bounds extend—while on parade,
" Before a tapistry from that brocade,
" Suspended—ranged in rank and file, I view
" A body-guard of slaves, placed two and two.
" The warrior sits upon an ivory THRONE,
" On which an ebon CHAIR OF STATE is shown.
" Among your chieftains of illustrious fame,
" What appellation may this Hero claim?
" Among your generals of ancestral worth,
" Is this commander of distinguished birth?"

Hujeer responded: " Call this Prince of War,
" Fureeboorz; for he is Iran's tiar,
" The diadem of chiefs, and Son and Heir
" Of Ky Kaoos, whose sceptre he will bear."

Soohrab remarked: " A chieftain of renown
" Who is entitled to support a crown,
" And Son and Heir Apparent of a King,
" And yet that chiefs before him, in a ring—
" Without respect—should venture to approach—
" And, wearing crownets on their heads, encroach
" On him a Prince who, though his flag be furled,
" Is deemed the future Sovereign of the World! "

Soohrab still persevering asked Hujeer:
" I see a tent of deep gambouge appear,

" O'er which a splendid ensign hangs in sight,
" With ground encircled of a crimson bright,
" Of violet-colour and of yellow hue,
" And divers standards round it spread in view.
" Waving behind, a flag I can explore
" With ample field distinguished by a Boar,
" And I observe that as the banner flies
" A silver Moon surmounts its various dyes.
" Among your men of rank, your proud and great,
" Say this grandee how may you nominate?
" And tell me what you hold of other sign,
" To show this noble's dignities and line."

Hujeer returned for answer: " He is called,
" By name Gooraz—who never feels appalled,
" And never flinches in encounter's hour
" Whene'er a lion may contest his power.
" Know, that Gooraz is of the house of Gev;
" And is considered wise as well as brave;
" For he is so enduring with his foes,
" That he will bear, without complaint, their blows.

Soohrab felt disappointed with Hujeer;
But still remained inquisitive to hear
Some tidings, or some sign, through him, to find
Of his Sire, Roostum: Yet Hujeer designed
Nought to divulge, resolved to warp the truth
From this interrogating, anxious youth.
'Tis ever thus—What can weak man achieve
Against a world self-formed? He can but grieve!

Yes! e'en Soohrab himself, in this affair,
— A Sovereign of the World—was doomed to care.
True, fortune for a time him prospered well:
But it behoves us, while on earth we dwell,
To yield to chance-vicissitudes:—for All,
All must sustain the bitterness of gall;
The pang of grief; the poignancy of pain;
Who fix their hearts upon this frail domain!

Again—once more again—Soohrab enquired
About the Champion whom his soul desired,
With such intenseness to behold—once more,
He asked of that green tent described before;
And of that Champion; of that stately steed;
And of that noose, depending to the mead:
But still the chief, Hujeer, with guile replete,
Once more deceived. "It were in me unmeet,"
Again the captive artfully replied,
"A single circumstance from you to hide;
"And if I fail in naming this Chinese,
"Upon my ignorance must repose my pleas."

Soohrab exclaimed with animated look:
"What gross injustice, which I ill can brook,
"That you, unnoticed, should deem fit to leave
"The mighty Roostum, whom I must believe
"The Champion of the Universe: And ween
"Cannot, in camp, remain unknown, unseen!
"You have allowed, he is your Army's Chief
"And Guardian of each State and every Fief:

" You will admit, so long as din of arms
" Shall thunder o'er your country war's alarms,
" In any tract where Ky Kaoos may wheel
" With elephants, with troops, crown, throne and seal,
" He must require, in counsels to preside,
" THE CHAMPION OF THE UNIVERSE, as Guide."

To him Hujeer: " Perhaps it hath occurred
" That he, the lion-captor, hath deferred
" His junction with the forces of Iran
" And rests, at present, in Zaboolistan,
" —For 'tis the banquet-season—or reposes
" In Goolistan, to hold the Feast of Roses!"

" Preposterous thought!" exclaimed Soohrab: " Do [you
" Give this as your opinion and your true,
" That Ky Kaoos, himself, shall take the field,
" And Roostum stay away, to sloth to yield!
" Most impotent idea! which, if told,
" Would be, with scorn, received by young and old.
" Now mark me well! From this day I agree
" To form a compact between you and me.
" I am a man of few words, I premise;
" But if you will discover, without guise,
" THE CHAMPION OF THE UNIVERSE, Hujeer!
" You shall with honour at all feasts appear.
" I will expose my hidden hoards of gold—
" Make you the world at independence hold—
" And guarantee to give—but if, meanwhile,
" You shall conceal him or may me beguile

" By keeping private, what should be disclosed,
" Your head and trunk cannot be well disposed
" One to the other! Now, you may decide
" By what alternative you can abide.
" Have you not read, or did you never hear,
" What to the Monarch said the Holy Seer,
" When with consummate skill and much address
" He drew the secret from its deep recess;
" ' So long as speech shall be unspoken, speech
" ' Is like a diamond stone beyond the reach
" ' Which lies, untouched, beneath its native rock:—
" ' But, from its mine and prison once unlock,
" ' And precious it becomes, exposed to sight,
" ' And sparkling as the sun replete with light.' "

By questions relative to Roostum pressed,
Hujeer, with boasting, thus Soohrab addressed:
" When any Sovereign may deem fit to cease
" Political transactions pending peace—
" He will select a Champion from the world
" So well disposed to war—his flags unfurled—
" As shall be able, in the hour of strife,
" To charge an elephant and wrench his life.
" If Roostum you yourself beheld, possessed
" Of dignity so graceful; such a crest;
" Such features, and such form, you would conclude
" That fiercest demons of infernal brood;
" That savage lions with their shaggy hair;
" And dragons which infest the earth and air,

" Could not escape his fury. If he wax
" To passion, with his anvil-splitting axe,
" The Champion, at a single blow, can close
" The existence of two hundred warrior-foes!
" For in corporeal frame he can surpass
" An hundred champions' strength and power, in mass:
" And higher than the tree that bears the brunt
" Of blasts of heaven, he rears erect his front.
" The elephant withstands him not, by land—
" By water, Nile cannot o'ertake the sand
" His charger's hoofs upraise. When roused to wrath,
" What is an elephant across his path,
" A lion, or man-lion? What are they,
" Opposed to Roostum, on the battle-day?
" E'en if a rocky mountain were brought down
" To wage against this captain of renown,
" I should not wish, methinks, a sight to gain
" Of his concussion with it on a plain.
" And hence forbear your rash and mad desire
" To dare in combat to arouse his ire;
" For quickly in encounter you would yield,
" Were he his Indian scymitar to wield.
" His brains must whirl amidst the clouds in flight,
" Who ventures to assail this man of might;
" Since, in all climates, Princes of the land
" Admit the war-skill of his head and hand.
" And have you met not in your mundane race
" With many a chieftain, armed with ponderous mac

" Such as Afrasiyab, Cheen's Army-Lord,
" And warriors of Tooran? But with his sword,
" The sword of vengeance, Roostum would, in ire,
" On their united body, shower his fire.

Soohrab, with indignation roused, rejoined:
" In Goodurz and Gishwadigan combined,
" I should meet equally such skill in war,
" Such virtue, and such vigour, as they are
" Deep-minded, choice, and independent deemed,
" And you a Son of Goodurz are esteemed!
" But where have you seen champion-chiefs in arms,
" You who ne'er heard the roar of war's alarms,
" When cavalry assault, that in this place,
" So much of Roostum's prowess you should trace,
" And every hour, and instant, in his praise,
" Burst forth in raptures and excitement raise?
" Were Roostum and Soohrab in arms to clash,
" You would remember how the surges dash
" Against the ocean-rocks round cliff-capped shores
" When o'er the foam-crowned waves the tempest roars!
" As for the fire which he would shower, you seem
" In face, from fear, unlike a pond to cream;
" As though the puddle of a mantled pool
" Began to tremble, lest it should not cool:
" But fire, believe me, never waxeth wroth,
" When any greenish tank is stirred to froth!
" Nor does the head of Night in rest recline
" Upon its couch, when Moon and Planets shine;

" But seeks its pillow when the Sun is seen,
" To rise in heaven, to wield his sword of sheen!"

Soohrab concluded: but a pang of pain
Hujeer was suffering from his haughty vein;
And, counting every moment for release,
From such discomfort hostile to his peace;
He thus reflected, as he turned his eyes
Into his inmost soul: " I must disguise:—
" For of the lion-captor if I give
" One sign or single token, as I live,
" This powerful-wristed Toork, who is endowed
" With such imperial pomp and bearing proud,
" Will pluck the spirit from our martial band,
" And overthrow the bulwark of the land.
" This Hero's limbs such size and strength display,
" Our Champion, Roostum, may become his prey.
" Him, of our other chiefs our ranks that grace,
" In single combat, none beside can face;
" And if, among the Iranians in this war,
" None else be fit Soohrab's career to bar,
" This Hero of Tooran, to vengeance prone,
" Will certes seize on Ky Kaoos' throne.
" But hath the Priest this axiom not revealed:
" ' To die with honor in the hall or field,
" ' Is far superior than to breathe on earth,
" ' An adversary's scoff, a foeman's mirth.'
" But by his hands if I should chance to fall,
" Our family fate would not in such black pall

" Be shrouded; nor the channel of our blood
" So much be choked, but it may flow in flood:
" Since hoary, patriarchal Goodurz boasts
" Of eighty sons, like me, who at their posts
" Are bold as daring lions:—such as Gev,
" Who is himself a host for ever brave;
" Our army-conqueror, world-subduer famed;
" And by the agnomen of Gev Nev proclaimed:
" Such as Buhram: such as Ruham renowned:
" Such as Shidosh, in war and peace profound;
" And such as seventy sons and six beside,
" All honourable men, their parent's pride.
" Yes! e'en if I may perish, after death,
" They will not taint my memory with the breath
" Of their unkindness—but they will bestow,
" Life-wrenching vengeance on their brother's foe.
" But heaven forefend when, in Iran, I die,
" My frame be destined, unrevenged, to lie;
" Since I remember that the Holy Priest
" Predicted its disposal when deceased:
" ' When, like a cypress sprouting from its root,
" ' Your body from the earth its head shall shoot,
" ' May not the Tudurv, with its plaintiff wail,
" ' The fragrance of the rising shrub inhale!' "

Aside Hujeer opined—and then exclaimed:
" Why so indignant, wherefore so inflamed?
" How still persist of Roostum to enquire?
" And thus betray your temper, and your ire?

" And whence the cause that you from me expect,
" Results beyond my influence to effect?
" Because I cannot, what I know not, state
" You will, forsooth, my trunk decapitate!
" But from my corse if you dispart my head,
" Can you adduce good cause my blood to shed?
" Would any subterfuge the crime sustain?
" Would this occasion warrant such chicane?
" You cannot thus, at present, Roostum treat,
" Since it is probable you will not meet
" The Champion soon, or find him, on essay,
" To fall beneath your hands, an easy prey:
" But him when you encounter, by and bye,
" You must his skill, in single combat, try,
" And then take note, when placed in such a plight,
" How he will stir the dust, with you, in fight!"

Soohrab had listened to Hujeer's attack,
And like a Prince, high minded, turned his back:
He felt the satire with chagrin acute,
And face averting, stood in musing mute:
But strove, in vain, the mystery strange to solve,
Which seemed these words ambiguous to involve.
Then drawing up, with dignity, he turned,
And smote Hujeer, and with opprobrium spurned.

Soohrab withdrew to his pavilion-screen,
And at his failure felt intense chagrin;
While in his breast, he pondered, o'er and o'er,
The ways and means of carrying on the war;

His loins girt up for vengeance with a frown;
And laid upon his brow a golden crown:
But for a Roomian helmet he displaced,
With joy, his diadem of gold; and braced
His form in his cuirass and mail, for fight:
And, Demon-taming Hero! with delight,
Took up his bow and quiver, noose and mace,
And vaulted on his steed of peerless pace.
He rushed like some mad elephant in speed,
And urged the moving mountain on—his steed—
Without a thought forth sallying to the plain
And raising to the moon, his dusty train.
Full on the centre of the foe he dashed,
And almost with the King, in contact clashed:
But as the lion's claws wild-asses shun,
So from Soohrab the valorous generals run;
For on beholding his unchecked advance,
His stirrupped foot, his bridled hand, and lance,
None of the Iranian leaders, from amaze,
Were able even on his charge to gaze.
The gallant warriors who made their retreat
Thus ever after, when they chanced to meet,
Their flight excused: "He was, thou wouldst have said,
" In form, like Roostum, elephantine-made;
" And how could we hence venture in affray,
" The Hero to behold, without dismay;
" Or dare to check his progress, without fear,
" When he encounter sought in his career."

Soohrab, undaunted Hero! raised a shout
When he observed the nobles put to rout,
And close approaching Ky Kaoos, exclaimed:
" O Sovereign-Sire renowned! O Monarch famed!
" What business calls you to the seat of war?
" What title hold you to Iran's tiar?
" And why entitled Ky Kaoos by name,
" Who never fought a lion, with acclaim?
" I, if my demilance I whirl in hand,
" Shall sweep your army, wholly from the land:
" For on the night that Zindu Ruzm died,
" By some Assassin's hand, unknown, unspied,
" I at the banquet swore, I would impale
" You, Ky Kaoos, and make your lancers quail;
" Not leaving one, throughout Iran in life,
" To tell the history of my vengeful strife.
" But say what fierce Iranian you may boast,
" Who in the battle-field will me accost?
" Where is intrepid Goodurz; valiant Gev?
" Where Toos the gallant: Goostuhum the brave?
" Fureeboorz, son of Ky Kaoos, renowned?
" And where is far-famed Roostum to be found?
" And where is Zunguh, that illustrious knight
" Who is heroic in the day of fight?
" Let one, let all, to try their skill, appear
" For fury and revenge, with sword and spear."

Soohrab closed his oration and was mute:
But Ky Kaoos waived entering on dispute,

And all Iran was silent as the Ky,
Remaining taciturn without reply.
Straight from the spot he then removed in haste;
Approached the suite of tents before him placed;
And bending back, his pointed javelin flung,
When seventy pegs from their positions sprung!
A portion of the state-pavilion fell—
The trumpet sounded its alarum-knell—
And Ky Kaoos exclaimed in deep despair—
"Ye chiefs of birth! let one to Roostum bear
"Immediate tidings, that my warrior-trains
"Have been, by this Toork, emptied of their brains;
"And that since no Iranian will contest
"I am not of his match in war possessed!"

Toos was deputed by his Sovereign-Lord,
And told the royal message, word by word;
When Roostum noticed: "Hitherto when Kings
"Have summoned me on expedition's wings,
"I found them in the field or at the feast:
"But this King, Ky Kaoos has never ceased
"Himself to place in misery, and aggrieve;
"And me to plunge in troubles, I perceive."

To saddle Rukhsh he issued his command—
To knit their brows he bade his mounted band—
And from his tent looked forward to the plain—
When Gev he saw arrive, with celerous strain.
His sparkling saddle on his charger braced,
Goorgeen was heard exclaiming: "Haste! ho! haste!"

Ruhám, with care, adjusted Roostum's mace;
And Rukhsh's armour Toos began to brace;
All from the tents were shouting, "Speed! ho! speed!"
And Roostum, listening, ere he crossed his steed,
Bethought in mind, it was the judgment-day,
For more than one, or Ahirmun, in fray.
His hands he clapped—in leopard-skin encased—
And drew his princely girdle round his waist—
And mounting on his Rukhsh prepared to move
When brave Zooara ventured to reprove:—
He was the guardian of the camp and host,
And thus was heard, foreboding, to accost:—
"Depart not thither—forward do not wend,
"And more to me than to these chiefs attend."
But he proceeded, bent on battle's brunt,
His dragon-banner with him borne in front.

Lo! Roostum meets Soohrab! He views, with care,
His thews which with the warlike Sam's compare:
And as he marked his port and martial fire,
"From hence," he cried, "let us apart retire,
"And with the bound of antelopes in grace,
"Take up our post, at this pugnacious place."
Soohrab replied to Roostum: "Be it so—
"Aside let us remove from friend and foe;
"For when in our arena, you and I
"Need not Iranian nor Tooranian nigh.
"And though your post be not the battle-plain,
"Still long, too long hath been your despot-reign;

" But by one stroke from me you now shall fall,
" With those large legs, and arms, and stature tall."
Soohrab thus saying, with a Hero's heart,
As strong framed Roostum bade,—withdrew apart—
And rubbed his hands together, from delight,
Rushed from the lines and paced the field of fight.

Roostúm surveyed Soohrab, from front to feet,
His grasp, long stirrups, and commanding seat,
And thus exclaimed: " Hot-headed youth and bold!
" Know that the wind is warm, the earth is cold;
" That this is moist; and that is dry:—and know,
" That in my time I oft have met a foe;
" I oft have stricken warriors to the plain;
" And demons by my hands I oft have slain;
" While they who my exploits in war have viewed
" Conceived my entertainments are, in feud:
" But once yet I have ne'er beheld the field
" Where I was known by man or fiend to yield.
" And have not ocean-depths and mountain-heights,
" Seen me attack Tooranian hosts and sprites?
" My martial feats cannot the stars attest?
" My power has not the universe confessed?
" But view me well—my port and arms survey—
" And say can you oppose them in the fray?
" Yet me if you survive, you need not fear
" A crocodile of Nile, in your career!
" But still with pity tow'rds you turns my heart—
" I do not wish your soul and corse to part—

" I do not know throughout Iran your peer—
" But leave these Toorks, to tread a nobler sphere."

While thus from Roostum such expressions fell,
The bosom of Soohrab began to swell;
His heart beat high from his intense desire;
And thus he spoke: " One answer I require—
" Speak like a Prince the truth—rejoice my heart—
" At once with your fair speech your birth impart:
" For I suspect that ROOSTUM is your name
" And that from Neerum your descent you claim."

" I AM NOT ROOSTUM," was the Thane's reply,
" Nor of the house of Sam-Nureem am I!
" He was a champion of unmatched renown
" And I, inferior, cannot boast a crown
" Or throne or station, in the camp, canton, or town."

Despair was found Soohrab's best hopes to blast—
His dawn had lowered—his morn was overcast—
His candid day in sable night was palled,
And Tuhimeenuh's words to mind he called
At this denial disappointed, grieved and galled!

Soohrab meets Roostum! In their mail arrayed
For single combat, both the space parade
Of their confined arena, and advance
For their rencounter, armed with demi-lance,
Defiance on their brow and fury in their glance.
First, on their entering on the field of fight,
Their shafts they poise, and hurl with boisterous might;

But soon the points and vant-plates of their spears,
The ground bestrew or flicker on the spheres.
Each seizing with his sinister the rein,
Wheels round infuriate, thundering o'er the plain,
And with his Indian blade, to view revealed,
Dispenses sparks of fire around the field,
'Till from their wound-on-wound inflicting blows
Their sabres fall, in fragments—then, they close
With ponderous clubs and blow on blow dispense
One on the other, with a force intense:
Next, from their bows they pour an arrowy shower
Which man and horse, in shade, deprives of power,
Each chief o'erwhelming with its potent force
And suit of armour wrenching from each horse,
While from their chests the corselets of both knights
In pieces drop before their wondering sights,
In that tremendous conflict, which might cause
The day of doom—so much its terror awes!
Horseman and horse on it confess their pang,
As arms and armour o'er the arena clang,
Unable to receive, from hand or foot,
The least assistance, nature to recruit.
Their lips are parched—their tongues with thirst are rent—
Their frames shed liquid sweets—their strength is spent:
Each at a distance stands, fatigued, distressed,
The Sire, with pains; the Son, with cares, o'erpressed.

O, world inscrutable! thy ways are strange—
So full of wonder, so replete with change—

This by thy deeds is ruined and destroyed:
That by thy means is favoured, prospered, joyed:
But say, of these two warrior-chiefs in arms,
Hath natural love moved either by its charms,
Or hath instinctive feeling neither moved,
That love comes not to love, to be beloved?
O, world inscrutable! thy ways are strange—
Fowls of the air the realms of space that range;
Fish in the sea; and beasts that walk on earth;
All know the young, whom they bring forth in birth:—
But man alone, man only, cannot know,
By sense innate, his own child from his foe:
The pangs and passions of the human mind,
Preventing man from knowing his own kind!

But to return. Whilst paused each warrior-chief,
Thus Roostum pondered, stung with shame and grief:
" In my career in war I ne'er beheld
" A crocodile of Nile that thus propelled.
" Once I deemed grand my feat with Dev Soopeed:
" But I must deem it now a paltry deed;
" For with this valourous Toork with whom I cope,
" My soul to-day has been bereft of hope;
" My spirits damped; and banished every joy,
" By this raw, inexperienced warrior-boy,
" Who boasts, among the good and great, no claim
" To be enrolled upon the scroll of fame.
" And thus for me! to be by fortune brought
" To such a climax with dishonour fraught!

" To have the measure of my days thus told,
" And this disgrace two armies to behold!"

Such thoughts excited and his brain inflamed,
Till Roostum re-engaged. Their horses tamed
By war's fatigues—their powers by rest restored—
Both warriors meet, again to wield the sword;
The yew once more to twang; to hurl their spears;
The one a youth—the other old in years.
Soohrab a Hero seemed of towering size,
Tall as a cypress and supremely wise:
And Roostum seemed a Champion in old age,
But in his mind more crafty and less sage.
Soohrab, accountred in cuirass and mail,
No arms could injure and no arts prevail:
And Roostum in his leopard-skin arrayed,
Nor weapons could effect, nor skill pervade.
Each sharply showered his arrows from his bow,
Which flew like leaves from trees, above, below.
With mutual fury raging unappeased,
The leathern girdle either firmly seized:
But Roostum failed in efforts to unhorse
Soohrab whose belt he grasped and tugged with force:
For though he could with ease uptear a block,
On day of contest, of a sable rock,
And when in hour of battle he attacks,
Rend hills from hills, and marble crush like wax:
Still Roostum failed Soohrab's waistband to wrench,
And in despair relaxed his powerful clench.

Again they pause, like tygers gorged with gore;
And like two wounded lions, pant once more.

Soohrab recovering vigour, from his selle
His ponderous mace unloosed, and with a yell
Charged Roostum fiercely till, thigh pressed on thigh,
He struck his shoulders—when he could espy
The Champion writhing from excess of pain,
But all his tortures swallowing with disdain!
Soohrab burst into laughter loud, and cried:
" Say, cavalier! if you be satisfied,
" With all the wounds you suffer from the blows
" Inflicted by the arm, you dare oppose?
" And say! may you not call the barb you ride
" An ass beneath you, mounted on his hide?
" And dire disgrace! inexpiable curse!
" Than which of all things nothing can be worse,—
" For you, a cavalier, to have each hand,
" Unbridled and unarmed, by rein or brand.
" Oh! I commiserate you, from soul and heart,
" To see you, thus, enact so poor a part;
" For by the current oozing from your veins,
" The soil seems, like a rose, to blush with stains."

To him the Champion no response returned:
But in his bosom woe and fury burned.

One from the other turned aside his face,
So small the extent of their pugnacious place—
And each to each at once displayed his back,
To cares resigned, and tired of their attack.

Soohrab to his swift footed barb gave rein;
Assailed the legions of the Ky again:
And flung himself amidst the Iranian host,
When many a warrior by his hand was lost,
As, like a wolf, he rushed their ranks among
And dealing fate, destroyed them where he sprung.

Roostum the army of Tooran approached;
Like some fierce lion that on game encroached;
But felt abashed and overpowered with shame,
As near and nearer to the Toorks he came;
Looked sad; and heaved a sigh; and drowned in thought,
Reflecting on the ills that might be brought
On Ky Kaoos, beyond surmise or doubt,
By this young Toork, so skilful in the bout,
So clad in mail, which decked his arms and chest,
And so accoutred from his soles to crest.
Hence in his breast for Ky Kaoos concerned,
Roostum with haste to his own camp returned,
Since every anxious impulse of his heart
Beat for his Prince, together or apart.

On his rejunction with the Iranian force
He saw Soohrab amongst them urge his course,
His spear-point gory in his blood-stained hand—
His helm ensanguined—ruby-red the land—
And him when he observed, with gore imbued,
He gave a lion-roar, in furious mood.
He saw him like a tyger in affray,
Insanely gorging on his bloody prey,

And thus addressed him: "Bloody-minded man!
"Of all the warlike chieftains of Iran,
"Who may with you have coped? But why decline
"To measure hand and hand in fight with mine,
"You who have chosen, like a wolf, to stray
"By stealth, amidst the flock, to snatch and slay,
"Their guardian-shepherd I, on duty, far away!"

Soohrab responded: "Contest-seeking knight!
"The cohorts of Tooran are out of sight,
"And have committed no offence nor fault,
"That you should first have ventured to assault:
"But though so fast their squadrons to engage,
"Did any vengeful warfare with you wage?"

To him thus Roostum: "Darkness shrouds the day:
"But when the sun to-morrow shall display
"His sword which lights the universe, at dawn,
"And gleams with radiance—from its scabbard drawn—
"Let us in wrestling strive and see o'er whom
"The troops will weep, lamenting either doom
"—The stake or pulpit—that in front appear
"Erected on this plain—our throne or bier.
"But lo! the sunset's sabre seeks its sheath
"And now descends the mountain-peak beneath.
"Still you who are at dirk and dart so skilled
"Must die not ever, nor be ever killed!
"Then hence depart—but when the morn shall break
"Let us return, for pulpit or for stake,

"With our revengeful arms, our swords of hate
"And leave the issue to the will of Fate."

Soohrab and Roostum from the field withdrew,
As night enveloped day in sable hue.

END OF CANTO FIFTH.

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO SIXTH. THE CATASTROPHE.

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO SIXTH. THE CATASTROPHE.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those BELOW.
Though high ABOVE the sun of glory glow,
And far BENEATH, the earth and ocean spread,
ROUND him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.

The warriors of Tooran, surprised, amazed,
Soohrab's achievement with their plaudits praised:
For in his evolutions in the field,
Revolving like the firmament he wheeled.
His soul appeared a blossom half-unclosed;
His body seemed to be of brass composed;
And his war-courser, subject to his heel,
A charger formed of adamantine steel.

The shades of night had hid the orb of day
What time to camp Soohrab retraced his way;
His loins fatigued with action-nurtured pains;
His chest with wounds from iron corslet-chains;
But though by toils distressed, Soohrab that night
Told to Hooman his prowess, with delight:
" Yes!" cried Soohrab, the Hero: " this morn's sun
" Arose in splendour his career to run,
" But in his zenith ere he climbed to soar,
" The world was filled with tumult and uproar.
" I swear by your head, by the horseman's crest,
" What form was his! what figure, and what chest!
" What brawny arms which seemed as large in size
" As any elephant's enormous thighs!
" What shouts were his when he was heard to roar,
" And made the Nile to rush from shore to shore!
" What lion's fangs were his! Say, when he came
" How did the Champion act, and what exclaim?
" For in the arena, valiant cavalier!
" He was my equal and in strength my peer.
" How did he act tow'rds my accoutred host:
" For I know not the clime his match can boast
" Throughout this globe terrene; and though so old
" He is, in vigour, like a lion bold.
" I do not know throughout this world's wide range
" One that binds up his girdle for revenge,
" Like him who, now advances, now retreats
" As if insatiate with contentious feats:

" Whose deeds, my Friend! did I attempt to state
" They would be found too numerous to relate."

" It was, my Prince! your Majesty's desire,"
Replied Hooman, " that we should not retire,
" From our position. All my acts were right,
" And were directed to the scene of fight;
" Tow'rds which to make a movement I began
" When we beheld approach a single man,
" Inviting us to combat, as he faced
" Our whole assembled line, in mail encased.
" You would have said a mania had arisen,
" When one sole individual, with misprison,
" Drew up, alone, against a host in arms
" And challenged them to fight, without alarms.
" The gallant foe, when all his summons spurned,
" Departed, and his charger's bridle turned,
" His way directing tow'rds the Iranian force,
" When from our army he retraced his course."

To him Soohrab: " Of our Tooranian host
" Not one hath been by this assailant lost,
" While of the Iranians I have many slain
" And have incardined, like a rose, their plain;
" Still if a pard had come, beyond surmise
" You had escaped far easier in emprise
" Than from the opponent's mace of ponderous weight:
" But you have only to look on and prate!
" Yet if, like you, none forward marched and fought;
" What benefit, what vantage could be wrought?

" Before my progress, why should I regard
" A lion or a tyger or a pard?
" I who can pour down, with my sword or spear,
" A shower of rain—like diamonds from the sphere.
" I who, when spied by champion-chiefs, in wrath,
" Have seen their coats of mail to strew my path.
" But on the morrow, when the Sun shall rise
" The great, the important day, big with emprize
" Will ope; and, dawning, see the warrior brave
" Who seeks for victory's crown or honour's grave
" At present, in the name of God, I swear
" I will not of their peers one person spare,
" On earth, alive. But now the feast demands
" Our presence to renew our social bands:
" And while carousing o'er our wine and tray,
" We can drive sorrow from our breasts away."

Roostum once more his mounted troops surveyed;
To Gev proceeded, and enquiring said:
" How did the experienced Toork, Soohrab, to-day,
" Advance to battle and behave in fray?"

To Roostum, in response, thus Gev replied:
" A warrior-foe like this I ne'er espied—
" Among our ranks he rushed without affright,
" And Toos selected to essay in might;
" But Toos was mounted with his lance in hand,
" And in his saddle made a resolute stand;
" Until Goorgeen alighting from his steed
" Sat down, himself to rest, upon the mead.

" Soon as Soohrab beheld Goorgeen unhorsed,
" His way he like a roaring lion forced;
" Charged him in rage and with a ponderous mace;
" Began to beat his shoulders, arms, and face:
" And struck with such tremendous strength his chest
" The warrior's helmet tumbled from his crest.
" Long he opposed Soohrab—but strove in vain—
" And showed his back, when many a chief was slain,
" Who bravely sought rencounter. But his peer
" I have not seen in any cavalier,
" And do not ween his equal will be found
" Save you, O Roostum! on Iranian ground,
" Such was his chivalry! But did I swerve
" From our old rules, or usage unobserve?
" I would not grant my sanction to our host
" Him to encounter or vacate their post.
" Hence we resigned to him the battle-scope,
" For single handed none would care to cope.
" Unchecked by one Tooranian in the fight,
" He charged us from our centre to our right;
" And galloping his barb our ranks among,
" Dispersed our files, while horse drove horse along.

Roostum, distressed by Gev's announcement, went
In deep reflection, to Kaoos' tent.
When Ky Kaoos, the Champion, Roostum saw
Him he invited near the Throne to draw.
Close to his Sovereign seated, he began
To tell him of the Hero of Tooran,

The young Soohrab, whose figure, strength, and form,
He dwelt upon and praised with plaudits warm.
" Who in this world," he asked: " hath ever seen
" A stripling immature with such a mien!
" Such courage and such manliness, in wars!
" Such stature which is loftier than the stars!
" Such powerful limbs outvying camels' thighs,
" In muscle matchless and unmatched in size!
" And such contour of such gigantic mould
" That earth cannot support him nor uphold!
" I, with my mace and noose, my bow and darts,
" And with my scymitar—with all my arts—
" Him for a period, and in every way,
" Deemed fit to prove and in war-skill essay.
" But I must own, in fine, though I have thrust
" Down from their saddles thousands to the dust;
" And though I grasped his leathern girdle-band,
" And shook his loins severely with my hand,
" And though I wished to drag him from his seat;
" And dash him to the ground beneath my feet;
" As others I had dragged and dashed before;
" Still I was doomed my failure to deplore:—
" For easier would a hill by storms be whirled,
" Than he be shaken or from horseback hurled.
" We parted. Unpropitious was the hour—
" No moon was up—night-shades began to lower—
" But know, to-morrow, at crepusculous morn,
" We both, to cope in wrestling, shall return:

" And with the dawn, when he and I arrive,
" I must for mastery in the struggle strive.
" To-day, I did endeavour to be first,
" Yet know not which of us hath fared the worst;
" But we shall see when day at morning breaks,
" What is the will of God who gives and takes,
" Since victory and succour are His boon
" Who hath created both the Sun and Moon."

To Roostum Ky Kaoos: " May God the Lord
" In pieces tear the limbs of this abhorred,
" This lost, this evil wisher! And to God
" I long will lay my head upon the sod,
" And pray to-night that He your toils will crown,
" With triumph, o'er this Toork of cursed renown;
" Revive your drooping longings after fame;
" And to the heaven of heavens exalt your name!"

To Ky Kaoos then Roostum: " Sire! your prayers
" Each wish accomplish and remove all cares."
And having said, the chief of chiefs arose;
Passed through the crowd with mitigated woes;
Returned to camp and hurried to his tent,
His head on thought, his heart on vengeance bent.

Zooara in the green pavilion sate,
And with concern enquired his brother's fate:
" In your engagement with the Toorks to-day,
" How fared the Champion with Soohrab in fray?"
But Roostum, first, refreshments bade them bring—
And from his heart his cares resolved to wring:

He then disclosed the words and acts that passed
Between Soohrab and him, from first to last.

" Each host was marshalled," Roostum thus began;
" Two parasangs apart from rear to van:
" In parallels: but neither friends nor foes
" Dared for their lives betwixt to interpose.
" We occupied the space the ranks between
" And fought until night shadows closed the scene.
" But be not hasty; be of active heart,
" For on the morrow, when morn's rays shall dart,
" This contest-seeking Toork again I meet,
" Resolved to conquer in a wrestling feat.
" Remember, to the field when I proceed,
" You must my squadrons, with my banner lead:
" My throne and golden sandals must be borne
" Before my squadrons, ere the break, of morn,
" And till the day in splendid brightness dawn,
" Must be in line at my pavilion drawn.
" If I victorious prove in our essay,
" I will not, in the field, prolong my stay;
" But, in the fight, if I defeat sustain,
" You must not grieve, nor at my lot complain.
" You must not, if I fall, to fight advance,
" Nor tow'rds the Toork direct a threatening glance;
" But to Zaboolistan must bend your way,
" And march to Zal Dustan, without delay.
" To Zal Dustan, my honored Sire relate
" A full account of Roostum Zalzur's fate:

" Tell him that Roostum, in the battle-field,
" Was doomed one day to chance of war to yield,
" Predestined by a pure, immaculate God
" To perish by a boy and press the sod.
" And for the sake of God, as just as pure,
" Appease, Zooara! with a balmy cure,
" And with emollient soothing ease, the smart
" Which must corrode our mother's tender heart,
" Say to Roodabuh, God my death decreed:
" Tell her no more for me in heart to bleed.
" Oh! bid her not for ever to repine
" Since in this world all must their lives resign;
" And ask her, since man is ordained to die,
" Could I by self-deceit, o'er-reach the sky?
" Could I my doom avert, though I have killed
" Unnumbered Devs, in martial tactics skilled:—
" Though I have tygers of the mountain slain;
" And caught and slaughtered lions of the plain;
" And captured crocodiles by sea and land,
" In my adventures, with my single hand.
" Ask her could I escape, though I have stormed
" Unnumbered Forts and other feats performed;
" Though I have taken citadels and razed;
" And though I never yet have been dispraised
" By once succumbing, on the day of fight,
" Before superior tact in man or sprite.
" Enquire what mortal at death's portal kicks:
" And what avails to strive against his pricks?

" For death, upmounted on his phantom-steed,
" Departs from these scenes with immediate speed:
" Say, if our days a thousand years surpassed,
" This is our road and this our end at last.
" Lift up your eyes and say if you behold
" Tuhmourus who chained fiends and fiends controuled:
" Survey around and say if you descry
" Jumsheed, a Prince who was a sovereign high:
" Kings they were both and each a non-pareil,
" But thus Jumsheed, and thus Tuhmourus, fell!
" Gurshasp, in manly fortitude excelled,
" And heav'n's empyrean was the course he held.
" And Nureeman and Sam, throughout this sphere
" Were two exalted chiefs, without a peer;
" But in this world did they avoid their fate
" Or did the firmament upon them wait?
" Sam, Nureeman, Gurshasp resigned their breath
" And thus must Roostum tread the path to death.
" All are devoted, young and old, to die,
" And none survive in immortality.
" This to Roodabuh tell, and, when consoled,
" Let Zal Dustan with due respect be told
" Not to desert our Sovereign-Lord, the King,
" Who shelters earth beneath his fostering wing:
" But to his call to battle to attend
" And, on his summons, to his presence bend."

The Brothers, of Soohrab till midnight spoke:
Then sunk to rest, and slept till morning broke.

White day his brilliant pinions had outspread
And sable night on crow-black wings had fled,
With fallen front—when strong framed Roostum dressed
In his Buburbiyan—in his magic-vest—
And with his helm of steel upon his head
He mounted on his Hippogriff and sped,
With swiftness, bravely, to the appointed scite
Again selected as the field of fight.
But bitter is the fruit of all excess,
And God forbid ambition's should be less!

Soohrab arrived, accompanied by throngs,
All quaffing bumpers and all chaunting songs,
And thus Hooman addressed: "The man survey
"Who me opposed, man-lion like, in fray;
"His height in stature is not less than mine,
"Nor in the contest does his heart decline;
"His limbs with mine, with mine his shoulders cope,
"As though an adept had employed a rope
"Our frames to measure, and our shapes to mete,
"In breadth and length the same, from head to feet.
"I showed the signs my mother had bestowed—
"My conscious heart felt natural love and glowed—
"For in my breast suspicions I have known
"That he is Roostum—Roostum-Zal alone;
"Who is throughout the world, my far famed Sire!
"Unequalled, and unmatched, in martial fire.
"If this be Roostum who my bosom charms,
"Ought I his enemy to prove in arms?

" If I, the son, urge him, the sire, to war,
" Would not disgrace the unnatural project mar?
" Would I not bow before my God ashamed?
" Would I not be by man, my fellow, blamed?
" With blackened face—head buried in the dust—
" What hope could here be mine and there what trust?
" Princes and principalities would shun
" The savage monster and inhuman son,
" Were I, the child, the parent to engage;
" But I must never with my Father wage!
" Tooranians nor Iranians—neither host—
" Excepting to abuse would me accost:
" Mankind would curse me—hate me—and avoid—
" My prospects in both worlds would be destroyed—
" And I should die or madden with remorse
" On hanging o'er my father's murdered corse:
" For in man's blood if man his hands imbrue
" Can ought save misery and mischance ensue?"

To him Hooman: " On expeditions oft,
" Me Roostum has encountered dressed and doft.
" I know him well, my Leige! he is the man
" Of whom you heard how, in Mazindaran,
" His ponderous mace he used with Dev Soopeed
" In time of action:—and I know his steed:—
" Yon barb now caracoling on the plain
" To Rukhsh is not unlike, in shape and strain;
" But in expanding chest, in ample hoofs,
" He does not show, methinks, such high-bred proofs."

Soohrab retiring from the festive scene
The night before—with countenance serene—
But war pervading his ambitious soul—
He sought in sleep release from care's controul—

He heard, when part of night had wheeled its rounds,
Throughout the camp, the hum of piquet-sounds.

Soohrab at earliest morn, as sun-rise shone,
From rest arose, his coat of mail to don.
With brain contentious and convivial heart
His war-cuirass he wore with martial art;
Rushed loudly shouting to the field of fight,
And brandished, in his hand, with skilful might
A mace surmounted with a buffaloe's crest,
While Roostum thus he smilingly addressed,
As though together their nocturnal hours
Had passed, at revel spent, in pleasure's bowers:
" At night how did you rest? at morn how rise?
" Why with hostility your heart disguise?
" Cast from your palm this spear and sword of spite—
" Dash to the ground the hand of wrong o'er right—
" Let us dismount—together let us sit—
" And freshen our dull looks with wine and wit—
" And with repentant souls let us engage,
" Before our God, no more in strife to wage.
" Until another comes your arms to dare
" With me associate and my banquet share;
" For my breast feels a filial love for you
" And shame brings tears my features to bedew.

" But as a Prince must spring from Princely line
" Unlock the jewel from your bosom's mine—
" For you by name I sought, though none have told;
" But now to me, at once, your name unfold.
" Your name from me must be no more concealed,
" But must, at present, be by you revealed,
" Since you have now become my comrade in the field.
" Perhaps, you are the son of Zal Dustan
" The Son of Sam, the son of Nureeman:—
" Perhaps, Irania's Chief of Chiefs you are;
" Her chosen, First Commander famed afar;
" Perhaps, THE CHAMPION OF THE UNIVERSE in war,

" Roostum Zaboolee!"

" Aroynt!" suspicious Roostum cried; " Aroynt!"
" Ambitious Hero-chief! Is this in point?
" Is this a matter proper to discuss?
" Did words in converse yesterday bear thus?
" Was wrestling not the subject of our speech
" That you to-day attempt thus to o'er-reach?
" No boy am I because you are a youth:
" But I have bound my loins for war, in sooth.
" And, gallant foeman seeking after fame!
" Will you not strive in wrestling for acclaim?
" Yes! we shall wrestle:—so the King ordains,
" And such the opinion which the King maintains.
" Besides, this is a place, O Hero brave!
" To fight for glory, not for peace to crave:

" And more—oft I have heights and hollows trod—
" And am no Half-Man, but a Demi-God,
" Who spurns a canting hypocrite, on every sod."

To him Soohrab: " Old man grown hoar from age!
" Although you deem not my advice as sage,
" Still mine the wish, which glows with ardent fire,
" That like a son attending on a sire,
" I should in years mature, hang o'er your bed,
" And clasp you, pouring blessings on my head:
" Yet should another act the part of groom
" Let him within a prison-house, the tomb,
" Your dust inter, and know that in your grave
" Repose the ashes of a warrior brave.
" But now, distinguished chief! if sense of thine
" Be less extensive, less acute than mine,
" I dispossess you of it, by command divine!"

Soohrab concluded:—in heroic vein
Roostum and he alighted on the plain:—
Each his war charger tethered to a rock,
Arrayed in greaves and corselet for the shock;
And rubbed his wrists and knit his brows, and frowned;
Arranged his sleeves, and girdle-band upbound.
But both proceeded to enact their parts,
Care in their soul, and anguish in their hearts.
Soohrab first clapped his hands and forward sprung,
And he and Roostum like two lions clung;
Soohrab tugged Roostum's belt enough to wrench
The earth itself in pieces by his clench:

And like an elephant on Roostum hung;
Now raised him from the ground, now downward flung;
And gave a furious and revengeful roar.
While from their bodies trickled dew and gore:—
Their faces, mouths and hands with mire defiled,
Their arms and armour in the conflict soiled.
Again he hurled him down; again depressed;
And like a tyger pounced upon his breast,
As when some leopard in a mountain-pass
Waits for its prey and bounds on some wild-ass.
Soohrab, in warmth, his glittering dagger drew
To sever Roostum's trunk and head in two:
But Roostum saw the weapon, with alarm,
And cried out to Soohrab to stay his arm:
"Hold! lion-captor! thrower of the noose!
"And wielder of the sword!—your grasp unloose.
"From you the secret must not be concealed
"That our laws are as different in the field
"As my religion differs from your creed:
"For he in wrestling match who may succeed;
"Who, underneath, a warrior's head may thrust
"And dash his back the first time to the dust,
"Must not behead him, though involved in feud:
"But if a second time in fight subdued,
"The victor cast his foe, and keep him down,
"He gains a lion's name and reaps renown.
"Then, only then, he may his head divide:—
"By such a rule let us our conduct guide."

Thus Roostum sought to evade the gorgon's fangs
And thus escape from death's appalling pangs.

Young, brave Soohrab his senior's counsel heard ;
But though as false and treacherous as absurd
Still he, as great as good, suspecting nought:
First, by the prowess which his spirit wrought—
And, secondly, the fortune of his fate—
And, thirdly, his magnanimous estate—
Believed the falsehood in an evil hour
And straight released his captive from his power!
His prey at large he hastened from the place;
And bounded o'er the plain at such a pace,
With such a range—that he, the mountain-deer,
Permitted to pass on, in its career.

Thus sporting with his doom, Soohrab forgot
The war-instructions which his tutor taught
And was returning at a tardy rate,
When like the lightning, or the bolt of fate,
Hooman in haste o'ertook him and besought
To know the issue of the combat fought—
Soohrab, ingenuous Prince! his acts detailed
And words which Roostum spoke, as he assailed.

Hooman, astonished, to Soohrab exclaimed:
" Alas for you, O youth so brave and famed!
" Alas for your commanding, noble mien!
" For your long stirrup, for your pomp and sheen!
" Ah! woe to you, O youth whose hours are told,
" By your releasing from your noose's fold,

" The raging lion whom you had ensnared—
" Whom you, from inexperience, thus have spared!
" Ah! woe to you; but may the skies forefend,
" From your imprudent part, a tragic end!
" Still mark, young Prince! what sad results may rise
" From policy so crude and so unwise:
" Know'st thou what Zal Dustan to Roostum said:—
" 'Scorn not a foe as weak though lorn—but dread'!"*

Hooman thus spoke: his heart bereaved of soul,
He felt confounded and o'erwhelmed with dole;
Turned from Soohrab to his own camp, with speed,
And raved with wrath at his unwary deed.
But first the Hero thus Hooman addressed:
" Remove alarms, and tremors from your breast—
" For at to-morrow's dawn you shall behold
" My noose, in fight, around his neck enrolled!"

Roostum resembled in appearance bright
A mount of steel or polished sword to sight,
When in the wrestling match he had been freed
By brave and young Soohrab's undaunted meed.
His features shed a soft and pious beam
As he proceeded to a sacred stream,

* D'Herbelot observes, *voce* Zal in his Bibliotheque Orientale: " Sadi, Auteur du " Gulistan, *rappotte* cette instruction que Zalzer donna à Rostam son fils: ' NE " ' MEPRISEZ JAMAIS VOTRE ENNEMY POUR FOIBLE QU'IL SOIT.' " The words which D'Herbelot has noticed are these, as given in Gladwin's edition of the Goolistan p. 33.

دشمن نتوان حقیر وبیچاره شمرد ... دانی چه گفت زال با رستم گرد

And as rendered thus in Ross' version of the Goolistan p. 121:
" Knowest thou what Zal said to the heroic Roostum?
" Thou must not consider thy foe as abject and helpless!"
Similar to this axiom was the rule laid down by Bacon:
" Despise no new accident of your body—but ask advice!"

And made, with gait majestic, his advance
Like angel-soul recovered from a trance!
He drank the water of the holy wave—
His face and head and hands began to lave—
And after these ablutions in the flood
Before his maker, first, with reverence stood—
A grace repeated prior to a prayer
With humble spirit and devotional air—
And in the presence of the Lord his God
Set forth his wants in that career he trod;
Besought for victory and favouring aid;
And to the Sun and Moon for succour prayed,
That when the spheres departed from his breast
The skies might dash his helm from off his crest.

And I have heard that, entering on his course,
Roostum from God received such wonderous force,
That when on rocks he walked, or marble trod,
His feet sunk into them as into sod;
But from the moment that his strength increased
To rue and mourn his fate he never ceased.
His heart desired it not—and he implored
With ever-moaning wail that God, the Lord,
In His compassion would a part decrease
That he might tread the path of life in peace.
The pure Creator heard his creature's prayer,
His powers diminished and reduced his care;
But since this case of import had occurred—
Since Roostum's heart Soohrab, with fear, had stirred—

Again to his pure patron Roostum prayed,
And craved his refuge and desired his aid.
" Asylum of the Universe!" he cried:
" Restore, restore the strength at first supplied."
The Immaculate Being his request approved
And added to his frame the power removed.
Then from the river to the appointed place
Roostum progressed with pale and anxious face,
His heart replete with tremors, fearful of disgrace.

Soohrab with noose on arm and bow in hand
Rushed like an elephant that spurns command,
And like an untamed lion or wild boar,
Was heard to shout with loud continuous roar.
His charger, plunging, dug and tore the plain;
As though the globe had been Soohrab's domain.
When Roostum thus Soohrab beheld, he stood;
Surveyed the Hero in excited mood;
Became dejected, and with trembling shook,
While reckoning on the feats he ill could brook.
With joy, Soohrab the foe's return descried;
On his approach his strength commanding spied;
And in his breast the blood of youth beat high from pride.

Soohrab to Roostum cried with thundering voice:
" What! come once more to urge a Champion's choice,
" You who so late, through your peculiar laws,
" Escaped destruction from a lion's paws!
" But me before why come again forsooth,
" You who regard not rectitude nor truth?

"Say, are you tired and wearied of your life
"That with fierce lions you engage in strife?
"For twice I spared you in the war we wage,
"From sheer compassion to your years of age."

To him retorted Roostum, "Vaunting foe:
"And noted chief who hosts can overthrow! [hopes,
"Though youth have flushed you with its flattering
"Do manly men prate thus in wordy tropes? [
"But though you be a lion so robust,
"Behold an old man dash you to the dust:
"For when propitious fortune may relax
"Fate handles adamantine flint like wax!"

Once more their war-barbs to a rock they bound,
Once more the destinies were hovering round.
Again dismounted, they began again
To cope in wrestling and to spring and strain.
From rising morn until the setting sun
When night o'er day outspread its mantle dun,
They both contested and applied their powers,
With all their main, regardless of the hours. [bands;
Head pressed to head, they clenched their leathern
They shook; they struggled with no feeble hands:
But though Soohrab with strength of arm was blest,
The zenith of his doom appeared depressed—
His foe waxed hot and disengaged his hold—
His fortune lowered: his days of life were told:
For Roostum raised his hand, Soohrab enclasped,
Secured his head and neck, his shoulders grasped

With powerful might the brave youth backwards bent,
And hurled him to the ground, exhausted, spent:
But lest he might arise, he fearful felt—
And drew a dagger from his girdle-belt—
When ROOSTUM plunged it, with perfidious art,
Full in SOOHRAB and STABBED HIM TO THE HEART!

'But, Roostum! as thou thirsted for his gore,
'And with Soohrab's blood stained thy poignard o'er,
'The Destinies for thine own gore will thirst—
'Hairs as stilettoes from thy frame will burst—
'And shall destroy thee, for thy barbarous guilt,
'In having pierced him, and his life-blood spilt!'*

Soohrab, thus wounded, writhed, and sighs exhaled;
His thoughts of good and evil thus curtailed—
"From me hath this disaster sprung," he said:
"Since in your hands the key of doom I laid.
"You of all fault are guiltless and of crime,
"For my fate dragged me here to close my time—
"In pangs excruciating here to pay
"The forfeit destined to conclude my day—
"But my companions may exclaim in sport:—
"'Struck to the dust our Hero's hours were short'!

* The original lines, though inserted in the Persian text, by prescription, as the production of Firdousee, were, in fact, composed by Unsuree, one of the Seven Poets of Ghizneen, who obtained the reward of merit from Muhmood, for his version of the Romance of Roostum and Soohrab, as we have stated in Note III, p. 1; and they constitute the following quatrain, which we insert, in this place, as it has been omitted in the new Calcutta Edition of the Shah Namuh. (See Plate, p. 160.)

هر آنکه که تشنه شدي تو بخون بيالوده اين خنجر آبگون
زميانه بخون تو تشنه شوه براندام تو موي ه شنه شوه

" True, from my Mother tokens I received
" Of my own Sire—their charm I disbelieved—
" My Sire I sought, that him I might behold,
" And I in this research my years have told:
" For with such signs my soul from love beat high,
" I wished to see him—but, in wishing, die.
" Alas for me! my glass of life is run,
" My hopes unrealized—my task undone.
" I cannot, Stranger! in your visage trace
" A single feature of my parent's face:—
" But still were you a Fish in deeps profound—
" Were you, like Night with darkness shrouded round—
" Or like a Star that shines in realms of air—
" Or were you from the Earth pure love to bear—
" Still would my Father for my murderer seek,
" Revenge to gratify and vengeance wreak,
" When he should see, with dust and gore defiled,
" A clod of clay the pillow of his child.
" And of the galaxy of chiefs that shine
" Some, sure, to Roostum will convey a sign,
" How I, Soohrab, in contest have been slain
" And overthrown through treachery on this plain:
" When he will long to force you, o'er my grave,
" An humble suitor for your life to crave."

This Roostum heard, when maddened he became;
His soul was troubled, and convulsed his frame;
Black turned his faculties, his prospects dark;
And dim and quivering flashed the vital spark.

Before his eyes the shadowy world grew dense,
His strength he lost, and fell, deprived of sense.
On his recovery, with new life inspired,
He spoke in anguish, and with pangs enquired:
" What tokens, say! of Roostum do you hold,
" That Roostum's name may be no more enrolled
" Upon the list of Champions known to fame?
" For I am ROOSTUM.....cursed be my name,
" And may the Son of Sam, my Father Zal,
" Sit on my coffin and support my pall!"

His blood within him boiled—he groaned from woes—
He shrieked—he tore his hair—he rent his clothes.

Roostum in paroxysms, Soohrab perceived,
And prostrate fell, of strength and sense bereaved;
But to himself restored, these words expressed:
" If you be Roostum, love hath fled your breast,
" For in this wrestling match this act was done
" From your ill-will tow'rds me, Soohrab, your Son;
" Since you in every mode as guide I proved;
" But in your bosom no affections moved.
" Now, from my limbs my burnished mail unfold
" And my resplendent, naked form behold!
" See! on my arm your own identic seal,
" Mark! how the son must for the father feel,
" Note! what the child hath of the parent seen,
" And say! far better had we never been!
" When drum and trumpet from my palace door,
" Pealed their loud sounds and struck the notes of war,

" My Mother's cheeks with crimson hues were spread—
" Her soul at my departure full of dread—
" And on my arm this seal as she applied,
" ' This is your Father's souvenir ;' she cried,
" ' This keep ; and see what consequence may spring
" ' From such a cause when into use you bring.'
" Now into use I bring it and have brought,
" Since war ensued and my demise is wrought—
" Since I, Soohrab, before you, Roostum, seem
" An abject slave whom you ignoble deem!"

The mail unfastened, how did Roostum feel
When he beheld, with horror, his own seal!
In tears his face he drowned—his blood he shed—
His hair he tore and dust threw o'er his head—
He rent his raiment in intense despair,
And lashed with shrill laments the sounding air:
" SLAIN BY MY HANDS, MY SON! MY SON! YOU FALL,
" MY BEAUTIFUL, MY BRAVE, THE PRIDE OF ALL!"

Soohrab exclaimed with pangs and passions deep:
" Disastrous fate! But cease, my Sire! to weep;
" No good from suicide can now succeed;
" What hath been, hath been; it was thus decreed!"

The blood-red sun had left his heavenly post,
But wretched Roostum had not reached his host,
When twenty gallant captains, from his tent,
Rushed to the field to learn the fight's event.
Tied to a rock two steeds the chieftains found
With dust defiled and pawing up the ground.

Roostum they met not. When the warriors saw
His saddle empty, they were stunned with awe;
And in their minds on that revengeful plain,
Arose suspicions that he had been slain.
Without delay to Ky Kaoos they hied:
"Your throne has lost its brightest gem," they cried,
"Dispoiled of Roostum!" King and courtiers groaned,
And all the army, agitated, moaned:
A simultaneous burst of grief arose;
At once the world was roused to mourn its woes.
The Ky commanded them to beat the drum—
To sound the trumpet—to bid Toos to come;
Toos came—the drum beat up—the trumpet clanged,
And Ky Kaoos his marshalled bands harangued:
"Speed thence a camel to the battle-plain,
"News of the fortune of Soohrab to gain:—
"For tears and sighs must fill the Iranian land
"If Roostum has been worsted by his hand:—
"Irania, subject to Toorania's sway,
"Would be involved in ruin and dismay.
"In this dilemma, what can we achieve?
"We, like Jumsheed, our natal soil must leave,
"And wandering, houseless, over shores and waves,
"Our heads must hide in mountains, dens, and caves:
"But ere we march we must the Toorks assault,
"Nor on this field of battle longer halt"

Loud shouts arose from his assembled throng;
Soohrab and Roostum heard them loud and long;

When, thus, the Son addressed the afflicted Sire:
" Since my life-day is hastening to expire,
" The prospects of the Toorks on my decease
" Will change their aspect, and may turn to peace.
" I trust, through your kind offices, your King
" Will not against the Toorks his army bring;
" For these Tooranian troops whom I have brought
" Iran invaded, and rencounter sought
" On my account alone—Hence, 'twere unmeet
" To harass and distress them, in retreat—
" And 'twere unfit, when on their homeward road,
" To use them harshly and severely goad:—
" To them be kind! For me, in pleasure's bowers,
" Oft I have passed in mirth uncounted hours;
" And many a joy on every day I knew,
" And many a hope from each occurrence drew.
" 'If,' I would say, 'I saw my Sire alive, [thrive.'"
" 'No Sovereign, crowned, but we on earth should
" But since upon my head fell this, your fate,
" My doom was also this, to feel your hate;
" Still how could I, great Champion-Chief! foreknow,
" That by my Father's hands my blood should flow!
" In this White-Fort a gallant knight I hold,
" In duel captured by my noose's fold.
" Some sign of you from him I oft enquired;
" For all my soul with thoughts of you was fired.
" You were an object, in mine eyes, supreme;
" And of my talk you formed alone the theme.

" But he, again, affirmed, my mind to damp,
" Your post, unoccupied, remained in camp.
" When by such tidings hope became despair,
" And night so dark succeeded day so fair,
" I was defenceless! Of your chiefs in war,
" Learn who he is that thus my wish could mar;
" But let the knight, although my views he crossed,
" Unharmed be spared—let not his life be lost—
" The sign which from my Mother I received
" I gazed upon—but, gazing, disbelieved:
" For on my brow inscribed my ruling star
" That by my Sire I should be slain in war.
" I came like Lightning in the thundering skies,
" And I depart, now, like the Breeze which dies:—
" But I may meet you, in the realms above,
" And there renew the ties of joy and love."

The bosom of the Champion steeped in grief,
Roostum, from agony, breathed hard and brief:
His heart with burning flames, his eyes with tears
Surcharged, he rent with loud laments the spheres.

END OF CANTO SIXTH.

Death of Soohrab

Death of Roostum Zabvolee

Koostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO SEVENTH. THE MANIAC.

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

CANTO SEVENTH. THE MANIAC.

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance: I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad—I would to Heaven I were!
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
OR MADLY THINK, A BABE OF CLOUTS WERE HE!
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

SHAKESPEARE'S KING JOHN.

Roostum, on Rukhsh, with speed of lightning flies—
His breast replete with woe—his lips with sighs—
And madly howling goads to camp the steed,
His soul bemoaning, wildly, his misdeed.
His port beheld, the whole Iranian ranks
Bowed to the dust their fronts, and offered thanks
That God, the Champion, Roostum's life had spared
And from the field returned him, unimpaired.

But when they viewed the ashes on his crest,
His tattered garment and his riven breast,
They asked for whom his bosom had been torn—
What had occurred to make him look so lorn.
He told them of the deed which he had done—
He told them he had slain his noble Son—
When all the host re-echoed Roostum's strain
That he, Soohrab, his noble Son had slain!
Bereft of sense he fell.
Restored to life,
He thus enjoined the chiefs, equipped for strife:
" To-day, I have nor soul nor body left—
" I am, in sooth, of every power bereft—
" But I desire that none the Toorks engage,
" Excite their passions, or provoke their rage:—
" Sufficient to the day, my Son! my Son!
" The ill which I have wrought, the evil done!"

Zooara hastened from his Brother's tent
With bleeding frame, torn breast, and raiment rent;
And when his Brother, Roostum thus beheld
To him he told, while pains his bosom swelled,
Whate'er Soohrab, his fallen, his wounded child
To him had stated, in distraction wild:
" Oh! I, a filiicide, repent the deed;
" But my revenge all measure shall exceed—
" Beyond all bounds my vengeance shall extend
" To those who were conducive to his end,
" By being intrumental to destroy
" My youthful, my beloved, my slaughtered Boy.

" Whom I have murdered in mine aged years—
" Whom heaven will mourn from ever-weeping spheres—
" Whom I uprooted, impotent to save,
" —Both stem and branch—to moulder in his grave!

He spoke, and sent a message to Hooman
To sheathe the sword of warfare with Iran:
" The part be your's, Commander of the Force!
" To curb the Toorks from an unbridled course,
" Since this is not the day for us to war,
" Nor this the place nor time to notice more."
Then to Zooara turning, Roostum cried:
" Go! and attend him to the river-side;
" But, valiant leader and enlightened chief!
" Impetuous be to none, in this your grief."

Zooara, by his Brother's high behest,
Went to Hooman and Roostum's wish expressed,
When he responded, thus, from conscious fear:
" Soohrab I oft had warned to shun Hujeer,
" For he, to foul suspicions aye disposed,
" The Hero's secret knew, but undisclosed.
" When tokens of his sire Soohrab desired,
" Hujeer withheld them, though so oft required.
" His mind to ignorance and intrigue allied,
" He is the cause of Roostum's filiicide;
" He, the bad omen, whence has sprung this deed—
" And he, by us beheaded, ought to bleed."

To Roostum hied Zooara, and explained
The views Hooman as well as Court maintained,

And told him of Hujeer's nefarious wiles,
Suspicions dark, and demon-minded guiles;
His fiendish machinations which decoyed,
And, thus, magnanimous Soohrab destroyed.
The astonished parent when this news he heard,
Became distraught by throes of horror stirred;
Before his eyes the world seemed dark and drear;
But starting up, he hurried to Hujeer,
Seized by the neck the caitiff in his grasp,
And dashed him to the earth, to writhe and gasp:
" You, from your vileness, told not what I learn,
" And now in flames my soul and body burn "!
Then Roostum from his belt a dagger drew,
Resolved to stab the warrior through and through;
But ere the poignard in his carcase sunk—
Ere head could be dissevered from its trunk—
The nobles rushed Hujeer from death to save,
And raised him at the threshold of the grave.

Roostum, despondent, from the place retired,
To his young bleeding Son who still respired.
He was escorted to the fatal plain
By numerous Peers and Princes in his train,
As Goodurz, Goostuhum, and Toos, who all
Bewailed Soohrab's unhappy, early fall,
And all the army, with affliction stung,
Their notes of universal anguish rung.
" May God," they cried, " this accident repair,
" And soothe, O Roostum, thy paternal care!"

But he, disconsolate Parent, mad from woe,
A poignard snatched to strike a mortal blow;
He strove his head from body to divide,
Yet ere he could its point to stab him guide,
The nobles on him rushed and round him clung,
While from their lashes, heart-blood drops they flung,
Till Goodurz thus: "Brave Champion-Chief! declare
"What profit can accrue, now, from despair?
"For from this life were you your soul to rend,
"To what advantage would your rapture tend?
"And were you with an hundred wounds to stab,
"Would your incisions benefit Soohrab?
"But if his life, at present, God should spare,
"Long may he live, and you, his days to share!
"Still, if this youth depart hence to his tomb,
"Say, who for ever lived a deathless doom?
"Are not all equally of death the prey?
"Are not the crowned and helmed the heirs of clay?
"Then tell me whom may death exempt from pain?
"If none, we must for our own selves complain:
"For long the way, and narrow is the pass,
"And fellow travellers must disperse, alas!"

To noble Goodurz, Roostum thus replied:
"Renowned, enlightened chief! Irania's pride!
"From me a message to the King convey—
"Tell Ky Kaoos the fortune of the day—
"And say that I—may Roostum soon expire!—
"My valiant Son have stabbed—that I, the Sire,

" Have with my dagger's point his vitals torn,
" And am distracted, wretched, and forlorn.
" Say, if he bear in mind my patriot-deeds,
" To show his pity on my heart that bleeds.
" A medicine-draught he boasts among his store,
" Which heals the wounded, wounded to the core :
" Let him his goblet with this draught, in haste,
" To me send hither for Soohrab to taste,
" That by his cure my boy may be restored,
" And guard his throne, like me, an humble lord."

Fleeter than the wind the patriarch went
And told to Ky Kaoos the message sent;
But he replied: " Great chief of lofty mind!
" If this Soohrab, like you, were well inclined,
" I would not wish that ill should him betide,
" For I regard his Father as my pride—
" His life an honour to myself I deem—
" And him I prize and reverence and esteem—
" Still for this Son were I my draught to give,
" The elephant-framed warrior-boy might live,
" And, in his strength, might Roostum overthrow,
" And me would, certes, murder as a foe.
" But more—you heard him say : ' Who is Kaoos ?
" ' If he may be the Emperor, who is Toos ?'
" Thus me he taunted once, thus dared to spurn,
" And for his evil, good shall I return ?
" More, this Soohrab whose fate has lowered in war,
" Swore by his throne as well as his tiar :

" ' With this my lance,' quoth he, ' your life I take,
" ' And twist your head on summit of yon stake !'
" With so much state and pomp, such height and mould,
" How can this wide world such a great man hold!
" Before my throne could such a Hero stand,
" Or pass beneath the wings Homays expand!
" On him I will not look, without a frown,
" Though he may be the giver of a crown,
" Or sender of a challenge. Shall I look
" On him with placid eye, and calmly brook
" The abusive language which he once applied,
" Before my troops, when he my host defied,
" And me debased ? Had he a living Son,
" Iran and I, the Ky, would be undone:
" For in my hand a single clod of clay
" Would prove my realm's extent, my empire's sway.
" Besides, you must have heard Soohrab exclaim,
" Though nor experienced nor renowned by fame:
" ' Of these Iranians, thousands I behead,
" ' And Ky Kaoos impale, alive, till dead.'
" Within this sphere if he in life remain,
" Both rich and poor will be depressed or slain,
" And he who cherishes his mortal foe
" Spreads his bad name, amongst both high and low."

When Goodurz heard the words the despot spoke—
To Roostum he returned with speed of smoke—
And thus informed him, with concern acute:
" As some wild gourd that ever is in fruit,

" So in ill-humour is this Ky Kaoos,
" Whose evil passions are for ever loose.
" Throughout the globe he can no friend possess—
" He aids no fellow-creature in distress—
" And, hence, to him you must yourself repair,
" And his dark mind illume, his draught to share."

The Chamberlain, by Roostum's own behest,
A garb produced with decorated breast:—
In this gold broidered robe the youth he placed,
Composed to sleep, and hied to court, with haste:
But ere to Ky Kaoos his tale he told,
A herald followed tidings to unfold:
" Soohrab hath left this world—and needs no dome—
" He needs no Palace—but requires a Tomb"—

This news when Roostum learned his hair he rent,
His face he tore, his breast he beat till spent:
And starting, horror-struck, heaved freezing sighs,
And wept, and joined the lashes of his eyes:
Dismounting, swift as wind, from Rukhsh, his barb,
Dust o'er his head he threw, and cleft his garb.

Unrobed in cuishes, greaves, cuirass or helm,
Like him the Army-Chiefs of either realm,
Lamented and bewailed, deplored and wept
O'er the dead body of the Boy that slept,
While Roostum thus, in an elegiac strain,
The corpse addressed, with agonizing pain:
" My Warrior-Boy! my beautiful! my brave!
" Sent by your Sire to fill an early grave!

" Exalted Hero and a Hero's son,
" Upon whose fellow sun nor moon e'er shone,
" By whose pareil nor casque nor mail was worn,
" Nor throne ascended nor tiara borne!
" Descendant of imperial Sam Suwar,
" Whose limits of dominions stretched afar!
" Descendant of the King of Sumungan,
" Whose fame is bruited by the tongue of man!
" To whom before did such mischance befall
" As me betides, now sorrowing o'er your pall?
" In mine old age, I slew you, O my child!
" And with your life's blood have these hands defiled—
" Would that these hands, which clots of gore imbrue,
" Were both dissevered, as a measure due!
" Would that these limbs may press no other seat
" Except the black soil, as a measure meet!
" For I, Soohrab, my Son, of life have shorn,
" Whose peer was never, never will be born—
" Who was a knight more manly and more brave,
" Than were Sam-Nureeman, Gurshasp, and Zev.
" Though Chief of Chiefs I be on every shore,
" Yet as a Boy I seemed Soohrab before.
" But to his Mother how the tale impart—
" Whom can I send to mitigate its smart—
" What cause assign for having, in the strife,
" Deprived her innocent offspring of his life?
" Why did I darken his day in attack—
" Which of the Fathers wrought a deed so black—
" And who so well as I deserves the world's turned back!

" For who, save I, on earth his Son has killed,
" So young, so bold, so talented, so skilled?
" And he, the King of Sumungan, her Sire,
" To his chaste Daughter comfort how inspire,
" When he shall tell her that her only born,
" In onslaught by her Lord, was pierced and torn,
" Soohrab by Roostum's dagger of existence shorn!
" For this will men the House of Sam revile,
" Me Atheist call, and Anerotist style:
" But that in these few years you thus should grow,
" Tall as a cypress, who, prized youth! could know?
" Or that of war ambitious you should lead
" A marshalled host in foreign climes to bleed;
" And—my bright day in darkness to disperse—
" Should dare THE CHAMPION OF THE UNIVERSE!"

Thus Roostum spoke, and royal gold brocade
O'er young Soohrab commanded to be laid,
And wrapped his face who had aspired to reign,
But who was doomed a narrow bier to gain.

His coffin from the plain away they bore,
And Roostum to his camp returned once more,
His costly throne as well as golden bed
Above the flames to be consumed they spread.
They fired the screens of his Pavilion green
And his brocades of many coloured sheen!
His tents they burned! The chiefs and clans they led
Bowed to the ground and dust threw o'er the head,

And shouts of soldiery o'erwhelmed with woes,
And sounds of martial instruments arose,
While Roostum thus, again, the corpse addressed,
His bosom for his child with pangs o'erpressed:
"Like you, my Son! this world hath reared no knight
"In manliness so brave, so great in might:
"Alas for you, your chivalry and sense!
"Alas for you, your cheeks and form immense!
"Alas for you whose stature reached the skies!
"Alas for agonies, for tears, for sighs!
"Here mourns your Sire who stabbed you to the heart—
"There mourns your Mother who must grieve apart—
"Alas for me! whom Zalzur will despise
"And pure Roodabuh, with averted eyes.
"But what will thanes and warrior-thanes opine
"When they receive of this mischance a sign—
"When news shall reach them that, devoid of love,
"I tore so fair a cypress from its grove?
"What fit apology can be assigned?
"Alas for me! how satisfy their mind?"

The parent paused with pangs like these o'erspent;
His blood he shed; and royal garment rent;
The sod he tore and sat upon the ground,
With Ky Kaoos' satraps sitting round.
The nobles spoke of ethics, but the Sire
Burned with despair, a life-consuming fire.

Heaven's will be done! this is the deed of doom;
The turn of spheres; alternate glare and gloom;

A crown in one hand Destiny upholds
And in the other shakes a noose with folds:
But when the crown delight and joy affords
The Fates pull down the wearer, with their cords.
Hence, why should man be partial to this world,
Exalted now, and now to ruin hurled,
About this globe with various fellow travellers whirled?
For it is as a circle, ever rife
With human bloodshed in inhuman strife,
Wheeling, without distinction, round its nave,
Unwise and wise, the freeman and the slave,
Emperors and hermits from the cradle to the grave!
Yes! it hath passed, and passes on, from all,
And many sports like these plays on its ball:
For when we sorrow, time appears to lag
And days as months, and months as years to flag:
Yet soon or late, our hour arrived, we must
As heirs of clay, from dust return to dust.
But were mankind of Destiny aware,
Their empty brains would be dissolved in air.
Yes! know that none the ways of Fate may scan—
That futile are enquiries urged by man—
That since he cannot ken the end of things,
Man must not weep at Time on fleeting wings!

When Ky Kaoos was told Soohrab in death,
Slain by his parent, had resigned his breath,
To him he hied, attended by his host,
And thus to Roostum, in despondence lost:

" From Mount Alboorz to leaflet of a cane
" The motions of the spheres we must sustain,
" And must not on this world our love bestow:
" For whether this world fashion quick or slow—
" Whether it make us tardily or fast—
" We all must perish, equally, at last—
" And, therefore, satisfy your conscience with the past—
" To me, a wise man, listen and attend,
" My country's Champion and my faithful Friend!
" Though you hurled heaven above to earth below,
" Or set the globe on fire, in flames to glow,
" You his departed soul would not regain—
" His vital spirit fled, you search in vain—
" For know 'tis gone to other regions, to remain—
" And, hence, what can you do this act to cure?
" How long will you not his demise endure?
" I saw his figure and his form, afar,
" His matchless breadth, and height, and port of war:
" The hearts of his spectators were spell-bound
" That such a Hero 'mong the Toorks was found—
" I said he could not to the Toorks belong,
" But from some Noble of Iran had sprung:
" He now has fallen by divine command,
" Killed in a duel-onset by your hand:
" But by your arm his host shall here be slain,
" Since thus the Ky, and thus the Fates ordain!

To Ky Kaoos thus Roostum spoke: " My Son!
" He hath departed—his career is run—

" But here Hooman is seated on the ground,
" And there sit Chiefs of Toor and Cheen around.
" Them in your heart hate not, my Sovereign-Lord!
" But let Zooara lead them and their horde
" Across the Jihoon, at its border-strand,
" Back to the confines of Toorania's land,
" By God's behest and by the Ky's supreme command."

The King responded thus: " Illustrious Chief!
" From this contention you are sunk in grief:
" My bosom mourns your sorrows as its own,
" And, for your sake, my heart to Peace is prone.
" These Toorks me injured and confusion spread
" Throughout Iran, which they involved in dread;
" But since you wish this expedition closed—
" Since to befriend them you appear disposed—
" No more to push this War I feel inclined,
" And shall their inroad banish from my mind,
" Oblivious of the invasion by Soohrab designed."

His Majesty concluded and returned,
At Roostum's sorrow for Soohrab concerned.

Hujeer, the brave, arriving from the road,
The news conveyed that Ky Kaoos retrod,
From White-Fort to Iran, his homeward way
With all his train assembled in array.
Roostum remained until Zooara came
Some tidings of the army to proclaim,
In retrogression to Tooran. At dawn,
His Brother said the Toorks had been withdrawn,

When Roostum with his squadrons left the plain,
The body borne behind the feudal train;
But ere they recommenced their funeral-course
The tails were severed of a thousand horse—
The manes of many a noble barb were hewn:—
The crests of many a prince with dust were strewn—
The drum of wars, and trumpet of campaigns
Were dashed to atoms, ne'er to sound their strains,
While with rent vests and ashes on the head,
Before the litter of the mighty dead,
The sad procession, marching through Iran,
Its route directed tow'rds Zaboolistan.

When Zal Dustan the doleful news received,
All Sigistan went forth, distressed and grieved,
With loud laments and agonising cries,
That pierced the air and cleft the echoing skies—
And when, at length, Zal viewed the bier from far,
He sprung from his gold-bridled barb of war.
Roostum, on foot, advanced before the bier,
His garment torn, his bosom gashed and sear,
Before the litter with their belts unbound—
With ashes on their crests, from grief profound—
With pallid cheeks, breasts cut, and raiment torn—
The chiefs proceeded, hopeless and forlorn,
While all the bearers of the pall, aghast,
Dust o'er their humbled heads, in misery, cast.

Alas for him! the beautiful, the brave,
Borne thus along to moulder in the grave!

The Champion, Roostum, with intense dismay,
His Father, Zal, preceded in the array.
But deeply groaning he deplored and mourned
And from the gold-sewn bier his visage turned,
As to his Sire he cried: "Behold and weep!
"Stretched on the bier, lies Sam Suwar asleep!"
The hoary veteran shed a tearful flood—
He rained from both his eyes a shower of blood—
Moaned with his son and in his woes condoled,
But Roostum would not, could not, be consoled:
"Distinguished Hero! by my dagger slain
"You have departed and I,—— I remain!"
Again he sorrowed and his raiment rent,
When Zal exclaimed: "Was this a strange event
"That our Soohrab should wield a ponderous mace,
"He who, descended from an ancient race,
"Was reckoned as a marvel and a sign
"Among the Princes of the noblest line—
"Who was so martial in his port and air
"That ne'er will mother his co-equal bear!"
He said and wept—with tears his lashes filled,
And from each lash a gory stream distilled—
And of Soohrab, spoke much in grief supreme,
So keen the pang, so eloquent the theme.

Arrived at Zabool, Roostum placed the pall,
With echoing groans, in front of his own hall:
But when Roodabuh came and saw the bier
That held Soohrab, to her so lately dear,

A sluice of tears of blood her eyes o'erflowed;
And flames of torture in her bosom glowed;
And gales of sighs from her sad heart she drew;
And dust and ashes o'er her front she threw:
And in his narrow cell as he reclined,
"Imperial warrior of imperial kind!"
She said, distraught and madly: "Lion young!
"Illustrious Hero from a Hero sprung!
"No potent Warriot hath been born on earth
"Resembling you in your chivalric worth."
Again she wailed and wept; and cried again:
"Great Prince, descended from a Princely train!
"Oh! raise, for once, your head from this your bier,
"Oh! breathe your secret in a Mother's ear!
"For prostrate, thus, if you continue dumb,
"How can the hour of joy hereafter come?
"Confined in infancy within the womb—
"Hemmed in your coffin for the cavern-tomb—
"Will you your Sire's behaviour not impart,
"Nor tell me why he stabbed you to the heart?
"Alas for you! who left the Palace-gate
"To wend to Saturn, ignorant of your fate!
"Alas for him! it is a piteous tale,
"And all who hear it must lament and wail!"

She ended and retired, 'midst groans and shrieks,
Her heart o'ercome—with dust o'erspread her cheeks—
When Roostum saw her thus, he wept from pain,
While tears began into his breast to rain.

Thou would'st have said it was the day of doom,
And every heart had fled from joy to gloom!

The litter of Soohrab brought forth once more
Was laid the Captains of the Host before:—
The lid was opened and the shroud unclosed,
And in Zal's presence was the head exposed:—
But to the Warriors when the corpse was shown
Thou would'st have said the spheres appeared to moan!
All present, young and old, at that sad hour,
All men, and women, seemed bereft of power—
The Princes of the land all rent their clothes,
While dust and ashes to the clouds arose—
The Court and Palace stood the pall around,
All fainting on the bier and on the ground;
And all exclaiming in affliction deep
"—Soohrab seems Sam not dead, but sunk in sleep;
"Like Sam in soul, Soohrab, fatigued with fight,
"In slumber rests, like Sam in frame and height—"
But when the assembled groupe his face beheld,
All raised a shriek which loud and louder swelled!

In yellow and imperial rich brocade,
Soohrab they wrapped and in his coffin laid;
And fastening down with woful wails the lid,
The Son for ever from the Father hid!
The bier was fashioned of an aloes green,
Wherein reposed the corpse, in death serene.
And his war-charger's furniture of gold
With robes and arms, upon the barb, were rolled;

But Roostum, mournful, in distraction said:
" If a Sarcophagus of Gold be made
" His dust I shall with sable musk supply,
" That in his vault Soohrab, embalmed, may lie—
" That his renown may live when I depart,
" Who with my dagger stabbed him to the heart.
" Yet if the spheres another fate ordain
" I bow submissive—but this wish retain—
" For what can I perform to him more worth,
" Than that his memory should survive on earth?"
Then of his love as tokens and as proofs,
He reared a tomb-mound formed like horses' hoofs,
While from the effusion of their tears, mankind
Became, in their distracted spirit, blind.

All, all the world were talking of this tale;
And all the world that talked began to wail;
And all the world that heard it wept and sighed,
That, by the Father stabbed, the Son had died!

O'er Roostum in despair, passed many days,
His heart too void of joy one smile to raise:
But by degrees his best, sole cure from pains,
He found in patience which each ill sustains—
And he who boasts of wisdom and of sense
Endures the incisions which the Fates dispense;
Since they inflict their wounds on every heart,
As all remember who have felt the smart.

What time the Iranians heard of Roostum's care
They fanned with sighs the flames of their despair;

But from Hooman, when he to Toor returned,
The deed achieved Afrasiyab had learned;
Yet though the Tyrant feigned entire surprise,
He had conjectured this result would rise.
Through all Toorania, mountain, hill and plain,
Arose the rumour that Soohrab was slain:
And Sumungania with reports was filled
That in the field of fight Soohrab was killed!

The King of Sumungan bemoaned the dead,
His raiment rent, and dust threw o'er his head.

But when to Tuhimeenûh were conveyed
The tidings that Soohrab in death was laid—
When she was told that, wounded by his Sire,
Soohrab had fallen, never to respire—
In mad distraction and insane despair
She trembled, and she filled with screams the air;
Her garment rent; her stones and jewels tore;
Her gem-stripped form incarnadined with gore;
Her two hands in an agony she clasped;
Her two eyes with her nails she wildly rasped;
Her two curl-nooses by the roots she wrung,
Twined round her fingers; and, on high, she flung
The musky ringlets of her glossy hair,
And threw them in the flames, no more to snare.
She sprinkled black dust on her front and breast,
Bit with her teeth her arms, and cut her chest;
And screeching madly, rushed distraught, aghast,
Her wounded body on the fire to cast:

But her attendants, ere she scorched her frame,
Flew to her aid, and tore her from the flame.*
She scattered blazing fire upon her head;
From her pale face a stream of blood she shed;
She fell, from time to time, through pangs intense,
Deprived of reason and devoid of sense;
She shrieked; from time to time, she swooned, she fainted;
She howled; she shouted; she bewailed, lamented,
With all a Mother's anguish, for her Boy
Whom Fate had doomed her Consort to destroy!

Thus frantic, thus discarding all controul
The wailing Parent cried: "My life! my soul!
"Soul of your Mother! and your Mother's life!
"Where are you now, poor victim of the strife?

* In the Copy of the Shah Namuh in our possession, there is nothing stated relative to any rescue of Tuhimeenuh, by her attendants, from the fire in an attempt to burn herself; but both Sir John Malcolm and the Author of Sketches of Persia, having concurred in relating the circumstance; it is not improbable, that some copies of the Book of Kings, more perfect than that which we have procured, make mention of such an event. The following are the extracts on the subject:

"In the account of this combat, Firdousee has excelled himself; nothing can be more beautiful than the picture of distraction of the Mother of Soohrab, *who set fire to her palace, meaning to perish in the flames, but was prevented by her attendants.* They could not however console her—she became quite frantic: her wild joy was to clothe herself in the bloody garment in which he had been slain; to kiss the forehead of his favourite horse; to draw his bow; wield his lance, his sword, and his mace: and at last, to use the words of the poet, 'she died and her soul fled to that of her heroic son.'"—History of Persia, 1 vol. 28. Lord Teignmouth, Waring, Ross, Sir Wm. Ouseley, and Kennedy, have not noticed such an occurrence, as Tuhimeenuh's endeavour to commit self-cremation: But as Dido and many other females have burned themselves from grief, such a catastrophe was not unlikely.

"He rises even above himself in the relation of the death of Soohrab, and the insanity of the distracted Mother. The effect produced on the unhappy Princess, by the account of her son's death, is instantaneous. *She sets fire to her palace, desiring, when he who constituted her sole object in life was gone, to perish amid that splendour, which she valued on his account alone. Torn from the flames by her attendants,* she commanded them to bring the body of her son, his horse, his arms and his clothes. She kissed the horse's forehead, she bathed its hoofs with her tears; she clothed herself in the blood-stained garments of her son; she drew his bow, she wielded his lance, his sword and his mace; and these fond and frantic actions were continued till nature was overpowered, and the distracted Mother departed to join her beloved Soohrab."—Sketches of Persia, 2 vol. 95.

" Reduced to gore and ashes you recline
" A captive in the grave, your charnel shrine,
" In features altered, in deportment meek,
" Sad and dejected, destitute and weak.
" With eyes fixed on the road I said in thought
" ' —Of Roostum and Soohrab news will be brought—'
" This was a fancy, and I added—' Now
" ' Thou wanders't round the world with anxious brow;
" ' Now seeks't thy Father, now thy Sire hast found
" ' And now to me returns't with joyous bound.'
" Alas for me! how little did I know
" That news would come, my visions to o'erthrow;
" How little dream that you, my only born,
" A corpse had fallen by Roostum's poignard torn!
" By ruthless Roostum who pursued his way,
" Who wielded his destroying blade to slay,
" Who pitied not your face with all its charms,
" Your stately stature and your graceful arms!
" For me, through the clear day and long dark night
" Your frame I watched and reared with fond delight;
" But now your beauteous form in gore is drowned,
" Your fair proportion in a shroud is wound;
" And whom can I, now, to my bosom strain?
" Whom may I find to soothe my care and pain?
" Whom shall I speak to of my hopes and fears,
" Or summon in your stead to wipe my tears?
" Alas for you! light of your Mother's eyes,
" My soul, my body whom I loved to prize!

" You bide within the grave, your cavern-cell,
" No more in palaces and groves to dwell.
" Brave Hero-Chief, the Army's prop and stay!
" You sought your Father in your fatal way—
" Still your path led you, by your hapless doom,
" Both to your Sire and to your narrow Tomb—
" Misguided you from hope to black despair
" To sleep beneath the sod and moulder there!
" But tell me ere my Lord his dagger drew
" And rent your silvery breast and pierced you through,
" Why did you not the sign your Mother gave
" To him expose and his remembrance crave?
" It was a sign your Sire on me conferred
" And why should you believe its charm absurd,
" Its power discrediting! From disbelief,
" Your Mother now exists a prey to grief—
" Feels as a captive of her freedom shorn—
" And groans and moans without you, her First Born.
" In that career which you preferred to run
" Why did I not attend on you, my Son!
" That you might have been stationed, with acclaim,
" Among the Heroes of the brightest fame?
" Roostum me recognising from afar
" Would have caressed you and foreclosed the war.
" Yes! Roostum would his sword have sheathed again,
" Embraced you as his Son, and ne'er my Child! had slain."

She spoke: her chest she gashed, she tore her hair—
She struck her beauteous face in her despair—

" —Devoid of help your Parent pines," she cried:
" But you, pierced by a dagger, you have died!"

Thus weeping, wailing, crowds collected round,
And from her plaintive screams in tears were drowned.
So much she sobbed and moaned, so deeply rued—
The eyes of all with water were bedewed:
She fell insensate by her throes o'ercome:
All hearts bled for her, but all tongues were dumb!
She fell upon the pavement and remained
Pale as a corpse, as though her heart were drained.
Recovered, she again began to wail,
Raved of her murdered Boy and told his tale:
Poured from her lashes an incardined flood
And stream and river crimsoned red as blood.
Soohrab's war-horse she brought and him caressed,
With fond affection clasping to her breast,
And now she kissed his head, and now his face,
While all beheld, amazed, her strange embrace.
A sluice of tears beneath his hoofs she rained;
The soil, like carmine, with her blood she stained;
Upon his hoofs and shoes her cheeks she pressed,
And brought Soohrab's imperial honor-vest;
She strained it to her bosom like a child,
In hopeless fervour and abstraction wild!
She brought his cuish and greave, cuirass and bow
His quiver, spear, and ponderous mace, in woe;
She struck the ponderous mace upon her head,
Remembering well the prowess of the dead.

She brought his helmet and his coat of mail,
And cried, "YOUNG LION PANTING TO ASSAIL!"
She brought his saddle, bridle, sword and shield;
She struck them on her brow, by mania steeled—
She brought his arms and in her phrensy, strove to wield—
She brought his noose of seventy fathom's length—
She flung it far in front with all her strength—
Soohrab's own sabre from its sheath she drew,—
She cut his charger's mane and tail in two—*
She brought his housings—all she could procure—
She gave his gold and silver to the poor—
She closed his palace, tore his throne and crown,—
She raised them from the ground and dashed them down:
She prostrate razed his festive banquet-room,†
Whence he had marched to battle and to doom—
She stained with sable hues his doors and walls—
She scattered dust in his Saloons and Halls—

* This remarkable custom obtained among the GREEKS as well as among the ancient PERSIANS and deserves to be particularly noticed in this place. Potter observes in his Archæologia Græca, 2 vol. 198, that "in solemn and public Mournings it was common to extend this practice, (of cutting off the hair and casting it into the fire, as Achilles did at Patroclus' funeral), to their Beasts that all things might appear as deformed and ugly as possible. Thus Admetus, upon the death of Alcestis, commands his Chariot-Horses to be shorn:

"Τεθριππα τε ξυγγυσθε. Και μοναμπυκας
"Πωλους σιδερω τεμνετ' αυχενων φοβιω' "

EURIPIDES ALCESTIDE, v. 428."

"The coursers of my car shall share my pains—
"Dispart their tails and hew their flowing manes."

"Thus likewise," he continues, "the Thessalians cut off their own hair and their "horses' manes at the death of Pelopidas: (Plutarchus Pelopida): When Masis"tius was slain in a skirmish with the Athenians, the Persians shaved themselves, "their Horses and their Mules: (PLUTARCHUS ARISTIDE)."

† This practice is another curious instance of the similarity of customs between the PERSIANS and the GREEKS. "Alexander" says the Author of the Archæologia Græca 2 vol. 199, "as in the rest of his actions, so herein he went beyond the rest "of Mankind; for at the death of Hephæstion he did not only cut off the Manes "of his horses and mules, but took down the Battlements of the City Walls (of

Her frame in black attire she robed and dressed,
And streaked with blood the borders of her vest!

By day and night her hair she tore and wept,
And when SOOHRAB in death one year had slept,
She died of grief for Him she lived to love,
And joined the spirit of SOOHRAB, above!

"Humudan همدان or Ecbatana in Media) that even Towns might seem mourn-
"ers; and instead of their former beauteous Appearance, look bald at the Funeral." PLUTARCHUS PELOPIDA: but the passages from Plutarch will be introduced into our NOTES. Lee, in his Theodosius and Marcian, mentions this practice to have likewise prevailed among the ROMANS:

Yes! the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bounds to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads and tear off their own hair:—
With stones they dash the windows of their temples,
Pull down their altars, break their household Gods,
And still the universal cry is this:—
'Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruined;
'Since he is gone, the father of his country;
'Since he is dead, O life! where is thy pleasure?
'O Rome! O conquered world! where is thy glory?'

THE END.

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

رستم زابلی و سهراب

Roostum Zaboolee

AND

SOOHRAB.

رستم زابلی و سهراب

کنون رزم سهراب و رستم شنو
دگرها شنیدستی این هم شنو

یکی داستان است پر آب چشم
دل نازک از رستم آید بخشم

اگر تند بادی بر آید ز گنج
بخاک افگند نارسیده ترنج

ستم کاره خوانیمش از دادگر
هنرمند گوییمش از بی هنر

اگر مرگ داداست بیداد چیست
ز داد این همه بانگ و فریاد چیست

ازین راز جان تو آگاه نیست
بدین پرده اندر ترا راه نیست

همه تا در آز رفته فراز
بکس وانشد این در آز باز

برفتن مگر بهتر آیدت جای
چو آرام گیری بدیگر سرای

اگر مرگ کس را نیو باردی ز پیرو جوان خاک نسپاردی
اگر آتشی کاه افروختن بسوزد عجب نیست ز و سوختن
بسوزد چو در سوزش آید درست چو شاخ نواز بیخ کهنه بر ست
دم مرگ چون آتش هولناک ندارد ز بر ناو فر توت باک
جوان را چه باید بگیتی طرب که نی مرگ را هست پیری سبب
درین جای رفتن نه جای درنگ بر اسپ قضا گر کشد مرگ تنگ
چنان دان که داد ست بیداد نیست چو داد آمدش بانگ و فریاد نیست
جوانی و پیری به نزد اجل یکی دان چو در دین نخواهی خلل
دل از نور ایمان گرا گندهٔ ترا خامشی به که تو بنده
پرستش همان پیشه کن بانیاز همه کار روز پسین را بساز
برین کار یزدان ترا راز نیست اگر دیو باجانت انباز نیست
بگیتی دران کوش چون بگذری سرانجام اسلام با خود بری
کنون رزم سهراب گویم درست ازان کین که او با پدر چون بجست
زگفتار دهقان یکی داستان به پیوندم از گفتهٔ پاستان
ز موبد بران گونه برداشت یاد که رستم بر آراست از بامداد
غمی بد دلش ساز نخچیر کرد کمر بست ترکش پر از تیر کرد
برفت و برخش اندر آورد پای بر انگیخت آن پیل پیکر ز جای
سوی مرز توران بنهاد روی چو شیر درّ آگاه نخچیر جوی
چو نزدیکی مرز توران رسید بیابان سراسر پراز گور دید
برافروخت چون گل رخ تاج بخش بجنبید و از جای بر کرد رخش

به تیر و کمان و بگرز و کمند بیفکند بر دشت نخجیر چند
زخار و ز خاشاک و شاخ درخت یکی آتشی بر فروزید سخت
چو آتش پراگنده شد پیلتن درختی بجست از در باب زن
یکی نره گوری بزد بر درخت که در چنگ او پر مرغی نسخت
چو بریان شد از هم بکند و بخورد ز مغز استخوانش بر آورد گرد
پس انگه خرامان بشد نزد آب چو سیراب شد کرد آهنگ خواب
بخفت و بر آسود از روزگار چمان و چران رخش در مرغزار
سواران ترکان تنی هفت و هشت بدان دشت نخجیر گه برگذشت
پی رخش دیدند در مرغزار که می گشت گرد لب جوی بار
چو در دشت مر رخش را یافتند سوی بند کردنش بشتافتند
چو رخش آن کمند سواران بدید چو شیر ژیان انگهی بردمید
یکی را بدندان سر از تن گسست دو کس را بزخم لگد کرد پست
سه تن کشته شد زان سواران چند نیامد سر رخش جنگی به بند
سواران ز هر سو برو تاختند کمند کیانی در انداختند
گرفتند و بردند پویان بشهر همی هر کس از رخش جستند بهر
بسوی قبیله کشیدند رخش بدان تا بیابند ازان رخش بخش
شنیدم که چل مادیان گشن کرد یکی تخم برداشت از وی بدرد
چو بیدار شد رستم از خواب خوش بکار آمدش بارهٔ دست کش
بدان مرغزار اندرون بنگرید زهر سو همی بارگی را ندید
غمی گشت چون بارگی را نیافت سرا سیمه سوی نمنگان شتافت

همی گفت کاکنون پیاده دوان
کجا پویم از تنگ تیره روان

ابا ترکش و گرز بسته میان
چنین ترک و شمشیر و ببر بیان

بیابان چه گونه گزاره کنم
ابا جنگ جویان چه چاره کنم

چه گویند ترکان که رخش که برد
تهمتن بدینسان بخفت و بمرد

کنون رفت باید به بیچارگی
بخم دل نهادن بیک بارگی

همی بست باید سلاح و کمر
بجائی نشانش بیابم مگر

به پشت اندر آورد زین و لجام
همی گفت با خود یل نیک نام

چنین است رسم سرای درشت
گهی پشت زین و گهی زین بپشت

پی رخش برداشت ره بر گرفت
بس اندیشها در دل اندر گرفت

چو نزدیک شهر سمنگان رسید
خبر زو بشاه و بزرگان رسید

که آمد پیاده گو تاج بخش
به نخجیر گه زو رمیده است رخش

پذیره شدندش بزرگان شاه
کسی کو بسر بر نهادی کلاه

همی گفت هرکس که این رستم است
ویا آفتاب سپیده دم است

پیاده بشد پیش او زود شاه
برو انجمن شد فراوان سپاه

بدو گفت شاه سمنگان چه بود
که یاراست با تو نبرد آزمود

درین شهر ما نیک خواه تو ایم
ستوده بفرمان راه تو ایم

تن وخواسته زیر فرمان تست
سراز رجمندان و جان آن تست

چو رستم بگفتار او بنگرید
ز بدها کمانیش کوتاه دید

بدو گفت رخشم بدین مرغزار
زمن دور شد بی لگام و فسار

کنون تا سمنگان نشان پی است
وزان سو کجا جویبار نی است

ترا باشد ار باز جوی سپاس بیابی تو پاداش نیکی سپاس
ورایدون که رخشم نیاید پدید سران را بسی سر بخواهم برید
بدو گفت شاه ای سرافراز مرد بیارد کسی با تو این کار کرد
تو مهمان من باش و تندی مکن بکام تو گردد سراسر سخن
یک امشب بمی شاد داریم دل وز اندیشه آزاد داریم دل
که تیزی و تندی نیاید بکار بنرمی برآید ز سوراخ مار
پی رخش رستم نماند نهان چنان بارهٔ نامور در جهان
بجوئیم رخشت بیاریم زود ایا پر هنر مرد کار آزمود
تهمتن ز گفتار او شاد شد ز دانش ز اندیشه آزاد شد
سزاوید رفتن سوی خان اوی به نیکی بدل شاد مهمان اوی
مگر باز یابد از و رخش خویش سعادت بود بهره ز بخش خویش
سپهبد و را داد در کاخ جای همی بود در پیش او بر بپای
ز شهر و ز لشکر سران را بخواند سزاوار با او برامش نشاند
بفرمود خوالیگران را که خوان بیارند و بنهند پیش گوان
یکی بزم خرم بیاراستند ز ترکان چینی قدح خواستند
گسارندهٔ باده و رودساز سیه چشم گل رخ بتان طراز
نشستند بارود سازان بهم بدان تا تهمتن نباشد درژم
چو شد مست هنگام خواب آمدش همی از نشستن شتاب آمدش
سزاوار او جای آرام و خواب بیاراست بنهاد مشک و گلاب
برآسود رستم بر خواب گاه غنوده شد از باده و رنج راه

چو یک بهره زان تیره شب برگذشت — شب آهنگ بر چرخ گردان بگشت
سخن گفته آمد نهفته براز — در خواب گه بزم کردند باز
بخفتید بد رستم پهلوان — که تهمینه آمد به نزدش روان
که شاه سمنگان ورا بود باب — بخوبی و پاکیزگی آفتاب
یکی بنده شمعی معنبر بدست — خرامان بیامد ببالین مست
پس بنده اندر یکی ماه روی — چو خورشید تابان پر از رنگ و بوی
دو ابرو کمان و دو گیسو کمند — ببالا بکردار سرو بلند
دو برگ گلش سوسن می سرشت — دو شمشاد عنبر فروش از بهشت
سر زلف و جعدش چو مشکین زره — فگند است گوئی گره بر گره
ده انگشت به سان سیمین قلم — بر و کرده از غالیه صد رقم
دو بیجاده کفتی که جادو نهفت — میان شان بالماس اندیشه سفت
بناگوش تابنده خورشید وار — فرو هشته ز و حلقهٔ گوشوار
لبان از طبرزد زبان از شکر — دهانش مکلل بدر و گهر
ستاره نهان کرده زیر عقیق — توگفتی ورا زهره آمد رفیق
روانش خرد بود و تن جان پاک — توگفتی که بهره ندارد ز خاک
از و رستم شیر دل خیره ماند — برو بر جهان آفرین را بخواند
بپرسید ازو گفت نام تو چیست — چه جوئی شب تیره کام تو چیست
چنین داد پاسخ که تهمینه ام — تو گوئی که از غم بدو نیمه ام
یکی دخت شاه سمنگان منم — بر شک هنر بر و پلنگان منم
بگیتی ز شاهان مرا جفت نیست — چو من زیر چرخ برین اندکیست

کس از پرده بیرون ندیده مرا نه هرگز کس آوا شنیده مرا
بکردار افسانه از هر کسی شنیدم همی داستانت بسی
که از دیو و شیر و پلنگ و نهنگ نترسی و هستی چنین تیز چنگ
شب تیره تنها بتوران شوی بگردی دران مرز و هم بغنوی
به تنها یکی گور بریان کنی هوا را بشمشیر گریان کنی
هرانگه که گرز تو بیند بجنگ بدرد دل شیر و چرم پلنگ
برهنه چو تیغ تو بیند عقاب نیارد به نخچیر کردن شتاب
نشان کمند تو دارد هژبر ز بیم سنان تو خون بارد ابر
چنین داستانها شنیدم ز تو بسی لب بدندان گزیدم ز تو
بجستم همی گفت و بال و پرت بدین شهر کرد ایزد آبشخورت
ترا ام کنون گر بخواهی مرا نه بیند همی مرغ و ماهی مرا
یکی انکه بر تو چنین گشته ام خرد را ز بهر هوا کشته ام
و دیگر که از تو مگر کردکار نشاند یکی کودکم در کنار
مگر چون تو باشد بمردی و زور سپهرش دهد بهره کیوان و هور
سه دیگر که رخشت بجای اورم سمنگان همه زیر پای آورم
سخنهای آن ماه آمد بن تهمتن سراسر شنید آن سخن
چو رستم بدانسان پری چهره دید ز هر دانشی نزد او بهره دید
دگر آنکه از رخش داد آگهی ندید هیچ فرجام جز فرهی
برخویش خواندش چو سروروان خرامان بیامد بر پهلوان
بفرمود تا موبدی پرهنر بیاید بخواهد ورا از پدر

بشد دانشومند نزدیک شاه — سخن گفت از پهلوان سپاه
خبر چون بشاه سمنگان رسید — از ان شادمانی دلش بردمید
ز پیوند رستم دلش شاد گشت — بسان یکی سرو آزاد گشت
بدان پهلوان داد آن دخت خویش — بدان سان که بود است آیین وکیش
بخشنودی و رای و فرمان اوی — بخوبی بیاراست پیمان اوی
چو بسپرد دختر بدان پهلوان — همه شاد گشتند پیر و جوان
بشادی همه جان بر افشاندند — بران پهلوان آفرین خواندند
که این ماه نوبر تو فرخنده باد — سر بدسگالان تو کنده باد
چو انباز او گشت باو براز — نبرد آن شب تیره دیر باز
ز شبنم شد آن غنچه تازه بر — و یا حقه لعل شد پر ز در
بکام صدف قطره اندر چکید — میانش یکی گوهر آمد پدید
بدانست رستم که او بر گرفت — تهمتن بدل مهرش اندر گرفت
چو خورشید تابان ز چرخ بلند — همیخواست افگند رخشان کمند
ببازوی رستم یکی مهره بود — که آن مهره اندر جهان شهره بود
بدو داد و گفتش که این را بدار — اگر دختر آرد ترا روزگار
بگیر و بگیسوی او بر بدوز — به نیک اختر و فال گیتی فروز
ور ایدون که آید ز اختر بسر — به بندش بباز و نشان پدر
ببالای سام نریمان بود — بمردی و خوی کریمان بود
فرود آرد از ابر پران عقاب — نتابد به تندی برو آفتاب
ببازی شمارد همی رزم شیر — نه پیچد سر از رزم پیل دلیر

همی بود آن شب بر ماه روی همی گفت از هر سخن پیش اوی
چو خورشید تابنده شد بر سپهر بیاراست روی زمین را به مهر
به پدرود کردن گرفتش به بر بسی بوسه دادش به چشم و به سر
پری چهره گریان ازو باز گشت ابا اندوه و درد انباز گشت
بر رستم آمد گرانمایه شاه به پرسیدش از خواب آرام گاه
چو این گفته شد مژده دادش برخش ازو شادمان شد دل تاج بخش
بیاید بمالید و زین برنهاد شد از رخش رخشان و از شاه شاد
وزانجا سوی سیستان شد جواد وزین داستان کرد بسیار یاد
وزانجا سوی زابلستان کشید کسی را نگفت انچه دید و شنید
چو نه ماه بگذشت بر وخت شاه یکی کودک آمد چو تابنده ماه
تو گفتی گو پیلتن رستم است ویا سام شیر اوست ویا نیرم است
چو خندان شد و چهره شاداب کرد ورا نام تهمینه سهراب کرد
چنان پروریدش مادر بناز که روزی چیزیش نامد نیاز
چو یک ماه شد همچو یکسال بود برش چون برستم زال بود
چو سه ساله شد ساز میدان گرفت به پنجم دل شیر مردان گرفت
چو ده ساله شد زان زمین کس نبود که یارست با او نبرد آزمود
به تن همچو پیل و به چهره چو خون سطبرش دو بازو بسان ستون
به بالا بلند و به بازو قوی میان لاغر و ساعدش پهلوی
بکشتی و چوگان برفتی بگوی نبودی کسی مرد آن نامجوی
به نخجیر شیران برون تاختی ببازی همه رزم شان ساختی

به تنگ دز دویدی پی باد پای
گرفتی دم اسپ ماندی بجای

ببر مادر آمد بپرسید ازوی
بدو گفت گستاخ با من بگوی

که من چون ز شمشیرگان برترم
همی بآسمان اندر آید سرم

ز نخم کیم وز کدامین گهر
چه گویم چو پرسد کسی از پدر

گر این پرسش از من بماند نهان
نمانم ترا زنده اندر جهان

چو بشنید تهمینه گفت جوان
به ترسید زان نامور پهلوان

بدو گفت مادر که اکنون سخن
بدین شادمان باش و تندی مکن

تو پوری گو پیلتن رستمی
ز دستان سامی و از نیرمی

از ایرا سرت ز آسمان برتر است
که تخم تو زان نامور گوهر است

دل شیر دارد بتن ژنده پیل
نهنگان بزآرد ز دریای نیل

جهان آفرین تا جهان آفرید
سواری چو رستم نیامد پدید

چو سام نریمان به گیتی نبود
سرش را نیارست کردن بسود

به گیتی چو ایشان نه بد نامدار
جهان دار و گرد و دلیر و سوار

یکی نامه از رستم جنگ جوی
بیاورد و بنمود پنهان بدوی

سه یاقوت رخشان و سه بدره زر
کز ایران فرستاده بودش پدر

بدانگه که او زاده بودش زنام
فرستاده بودش پدر پا پیام

نگه کن تو آن را بخوبی نگر
که بابت فرستاده ای پر هنر

سزد گر بداری کنون یادگار
همانا که باشد ترا این بکار

پدر گر بداند که تو زین نشان
شدستی سرافراز گردن کشان

چو داند بخواند ترا نزد خویش
دل مادرت گردد از درد ریش

دگر گفت کافراسیاب این سخن نباید که داند ز سر تا بن
که او دشمن نامور رستم است پتوران زمین زو بماتم نشست
مبادا که گردد بتو کینه خواه ز خشم پدر پور سازد تباه
چنین گفت سهراب کاندر جهان ندارد کسی این سخن را نهان
نبرده نژادی که چونین بود نهان کردن از من چه آیین بود
نهانی چرا داشتی از من این نژادی بپائین و با آفرین
بزرگان جنگ آور از پاستان زرستم ندانند این زمان داستان
کنون من ز ترکان جنگ آوران فراز آورم لشکر بیکران
برانم بایران زمین کینه خواه همی گردد کینه برآرم بماه
بر انگیزم از گاه کاؤس را از ایران ببرم پی طوس را
نه گو در زمانم به نیکو سران نه گردان جنگی و نام آوران
بزستم دهم گنج و تخت و کلاه نشانمش بر گاه کاؤس شاه
از ایران بتوران شوم جنگ جوی اباشاه روئی اندر آرم بروی
به گیرم سر تخت افراسیاب سر نیزه بگذارم از آفتاب
ترا بانوئی شهر ایران کنم بجنگ اندرون کار شیران کنم
چو رستم پدر باشد و من پسر به گیتی نماند یکی تاجور
چو روشن بود روی خورشید و ماه ستاره چرا بر فرازد کلاه
بمادر چنین گفت سهراب کو که ای مادر از من حدیثی مگو
که خواهم شدن سوی ایران زمین که بینم مر آن باب با آفرین
یکی اسپ باید مرا گام زن سم او ز فولاد خارا شکن

چو پیلان بزور و چو مرغان به پر — چو ماهی به بحر و چو آهو ببر
که بر گیرد این گرز و گوپال من — همی پهلوانی برد بال من
بیاوه نشاید شدن جنگ جوی — چو با خصم رواندر آرم بروی
چو بشنید مادر چنین از پسر — بخورشید تابان برآورد سر
بچوپان بفرمود تا هرچه بود — فسیله بیارد بکردار دود
که سهراب اسپی بچنگ آورد — که بروی نشیند چو جنگ آورد
همه هرچه بودند چوپان گله — که بودی بکوه و بصحرا یله
به شهر آوریدند و سهراب شیر — کمندی گرفت و بیامد دلیر
هر اسپی که دیدی قوی زوروبال — فگندی بگردنش خم دوال
نهادی برو دست خود بی سکون — شکم بر زمین بر نهادی چو بون
بزورش بسی اسپ زیبا شکست — نیامدش شایسته اسپی بدست
نه بد هیچ اسپی سزاوار اوی — ببد تنگدل آن گو نامجوی
سرانجام گردی ازان انجمن — بیامد به نزدیک آن پیلتن
که دارم یکی کره رخشش نژاد — برفتن چو تیر و بپویه چو باد
بزور و برفتن بکردار هور — ندیداست کس همچنان تیز یور
زرخم سمش گاو ماهی ستوه — بجستن چوبرق و به هیکل چو کوه
یکی کره چون کوه وادی سپر — بصحرا بپوید چو مرغی به پر
بگه بر دونده بسان کلاغ — بدریا درون او بکردار زاغ
بصحرا درون همچو تیر از کمان — رسد چون شود از پی بدگمان
بشد شاد سهراب از گفت مرد — بخندید و رخساره شاداب کرد

به بردند آن جرمهٔ خوب رنگ به نزدیک سهراب یل بید رنگ
بگردش به نیروی خود آزمون قوی بود شایسته آمد هیون
نوازید و مالید و زین برنهاد برو برنشست آن یل نیوزاد
درآمد بزین چون کُه بیستون گرفتش یکی نیزهٔ چون ستون
چنین گفت سهراب با آفرین که چون اسپم آمد بدست این چنین
من اکنون بباید سواری کنم بکاؤس بر روز تاری کنم
بگفت این و آمد سوی خانه باز همی جنگ ایرانیان کرد ساز
زهر سو سپه شد برو انجمن که هم باگهر بود و هم تیغ زن
به پیش نیاشد بخواهش گری وزو خواست دستوری و یاوری
چو شاه سمنگان چنان دید باز به بخشید او را زهر گونه ساز
ز تاج و ز تخت و کلاه و کمر ز اسپ و ز اشتر ز زرّ و گهر
زخفتان رومی و ساز نبرد شگفتید ازان کودک شیر خورد
بداد و دهش دست را بر کشاد همه ساز و آئین شاهان نهاد
خبر شد بنزدیک افراسیاب که افگند سهراب کشتی بر آب
یکی لشکری شد برو انجمن همی سر فرازد چو سروِ چمن
هنوز از دهن بوی شیر آیدش همی رای شمشیر و تیر آیدش
زمین را به خنجر بشوید همی کنون رزم کاؤس جوید همی
سپاه انجمن شد برو بر بسی نیاید همی یادش از هر کسی
سخن زین درازی چه باید کشید هنر برتر از گوهر آمد پدید
کسی کو نزاد تهمتن بود نباشد گمان کو فروتن بود

سپهدار بشنیده بود این خبر ز تهمینه و رستم زال زر
چو افراسیاب این سخن باشنود خوش آمدش و خندید و شادی نمود
ز لشکر گزید از دلاور سران کسی کو گراید به گرز گران
سپهبد چو هومان و چون بارمان که در جنگ شیران نجستی زیان
ده و دو هزار از دلیران گرد گزیدش ز لشکر بدیشان سپرد
به گردان لشکر سپهدار گفت که این راز باید که ماند نهفت
چنین گفت کین چاره اندر جهان بسازید و دارید اندر نهان
پسر را نباید که داند پدر ز پیوند جان و ز مهر و گهر
فرستم گر آن لشکر نزد اوی بایران شود در زمان جنگ جوی
چو روی اندر آرند هردو بروی تهمتن بود بیگمان چاره جوی
مگر کان دلاور گو سال خورد شود کشته بر دست این شیر مرد
چو بی رستم ایران بجنگ آوریم جهان پیش کاؤس تنگ آوریم
وزان پس بسازیم سهراب را به بندیم یک شب بدو خواب را
وگر کشته گردد بدست پدر ازان پس بسوزد دل نامور
برفتند بیدار دو پهلوان به نزدیک سهراب روشن روان
به پیش اندرون هدیهٔ شهریار ده اسپ و ده اشتر بزین و ببار
ز پیروزه تخت و ز بیجاده تاج سر تاج در پایهٔ تخت عاج
یکی نامه بالابهٔ دل پسند نبشته به نزدیک آن ارجمند
که گر تخت ایران بدست آوری زمانه بر آساید از داوری
ازین مرز تا آن بسی راه نیست سمنگان و توران و ایران یکی ست

فرستمت چند انکه باید سپاه تو بر تخت بنشین و بر نه کلاه
بتوران چو هومان و چون بارمان دلیر و سپهبد نبید بیگمان
اگر جنگ جوئی تو جنگ آورند جهان بر بداندیش تنگ آورند
فرستادم اینک بفرمان تو که باشند یک چند مهمان تو
چو ترخان چینی و سیصد هزار گزیده یلان از در کارزار
ز چین آنزمان پیش افراسیاب بخدمت رسیده بهنگام خواب
دگر نامداران که از چین بدند سراسر کمر بستهٔ کین بدند
بدیشان چنین گفت از ایدر دمان سراسر بپویند با بارمان
چنین نامه و خلعت شهریار ببردند با اسپ و اشتر ببار
چو آمد بسهراب از ایشان خبر پذیره شدن را به بستش کمر
بشد با نیا پیش هومان چو باد سپه دید چندان دلش گشت شاد
چو هومان و را دید با یال گفت فرو ماند یکبار ازو در شگفت
بدو داد پس نامهٔ شهریار ابا هدیه و اسپ و اشتر ببار
سپهدار هومان سوار دلیر بسهراب گفت ای یل نرّه شیر
بخوان نامهٔ شاه توران زمین به بین تا چه فرمان دهی اندرین
جهان جوی چون نامهٔ او بخواند از انجایگه تیز لشکر براند
جهاندیده گردان کشور کشای نشستند بر جرمهٔ بادپای
بزد کوس و سوی ره آورد روی جهان شد پر از لشکر و های و هوی
کسی را نه بد تاب با او بجنگ اگر شیر پیش آیدش یا نهنگ
سوی مرز ایران سپه را براند همی سوخت ز آباد چیزی نماند

درّمی بود کش خواندندی سپید بدان درّ بدُ ایرانیان را امید
نگهبان درّ رزم دیده هجیر که بازور دل بود و باگرز و تیر
هنوز آن زنان گستهم خورد بود بخوردی گراینده و گرد بود
یکی خواهرش بود گرد و سوار بد اندیش و گردن کش و نامدار
چو آگه شد از کار لشکر هجیر بپوشید جوشن بکردار شیر
چوسهراب نزدیک آن درّ رسید هجیر دلاور مر او را بدید
نشست از بر بادپای چو گرد زدرّ رفت پویان بدشت نبرد
بدان لشکر ترک آواز داد چنین گفت آن گرد پهلونژاد
که گردان کدامند و جنگ آوران دلیران کار آزموده سران
که با من بگردد درین کینه گاه ز چندین دلاور سران سپاه
پذیره نیامد کس او را بجنگ که بد برز بالا و بازور و هنگ
چوسهراب جنگ آور او رابدید برآشفت شمشیر کین برکشید
ز لشکر برون تاخت برسان شیر به پیش هجیر اندر آمد دلیر
چنین گفت با رزم دیده هجیر که تنها بجنگ آمدی خیره خیر
چرا خیره تنها بجنگ آمدی خرامان بچنگ نهنگ آمدی
چه مردی و نام و نژاد تو چیست که زاینده را بر تو باید گریست
هجیرش چنین داد پاسخ که بس بترکی نباید مرا یار کس
منم گرد گیران سوار دلیر که رو به شود نزد من نرّه شیر
هجیر دلیر سپهبد منم هم اکنون سرت را ز تن برکنم
ورستم به نزدیک شاه جهان تنت را کند کرگس اندر نهان

بخندید سهراب کین گفت و گوی | بگوشش آمدش تیز بنهاد روی
سبک نیزه بر نیزه انداختند | که از یکدگر باز نشناختند
چو آتش بیامد گو پیل زور | چو کوهی روان کرد از جا ستور
یکی نیزه زد بر میانش هجیر | نیامد سنان اندرو جای گیر
سنان بازپس کرد سهراب شیر | بن نیزه زد بر میانش دلیر
ززین بر گرفتش بکردار باد | بیامد همی زد بدل درش یاد
بزد بر زمینش چو یک لخت کوه | بجان ودلش اندر آمد ستوه
ز اسب اندر آمد نشست از برش | همی خواست از تن بریدن سرش
بپیچید و بر گشت بر دست راست | غمی شد ز سهراب و زنهار خواست
رها کرد زو جنگ و زنهار داد | چو خشنود شد پند بسیار داد
به بستش به بند انگهی جنگ جوی | به نزدیک هومان فرستاد اوی
ز کارش فرو ماند هومان شگفت | که زانسان دلیری به آسان گرفت
بدژ در چو آگه شدند از هجیر | که او را گرفتند و بردند اسیر
خروش آمد و نالهٔ مرد و زن | که گم شد هجیر اندران انجمن
چو آگاه شد دختر گژدهم | که سالار آن انجمن گشت گم
غمین گشت و برزد خروشی بدرد | بر آورد از دل یکی باد سرد
زنی بود برسان گرد سوار | همیشه بجنگ اندرون نامدار
گجا نام او بود گرد آفرید | که چون او بجنگ اندرون کس ندید
چنان ننگش آمد ز کار هجیر | که شد لاله بر کش بکردار خیر
بپوشید درع سواران بجنگ | نبود اندران کار جای درنگ

نهان کرد گیسو بزیر زره بزد بر سر ترک رومی گره
فرود آمد از دژ بکردار شیر کمر بر میان باد پای بزبر
ز دژ رفت پویان بکردار باز یکی نیزه در دستش آهن گداز
به پیش سپاه اندر آمد چوگرد چو رعد خروشان یکی ویله کرد
که گردان کدامند و سالار کیست زرزم آوران جنگ را یار کیست
که بر من یکی آزمون را بجنگ بگردد بسان دلاور نهنگ
ز جنگ آوران لشکر سرفراز مراورا نیامد کسی پیش باز
چو سهراب شیراوزن اورا بدید بخندید ولب را بدندان گزید
چنین گفت کامد دگر باره گور بدام خداوند شمشیر و زور
بپوشید خفتان و بر سر نهاد یکی ترک چینی بکردار باد
بیامد دمان پیش گردآفرید چودخت کمند افگن اورا بدید
کمان را بزه کرد و بگشاد بر سه بد مرغ را پیش تیرش گذر
بسهراب بر تیر باران گرفت چپ وراست جنگ سواران گرفت
نگه کرد سهراب و آمدش ننگ بر آشفت و تیز اندر آمد بجنگ
سپر بر سر آورد وبنهاد روی زپیکار خون اندر آمد بجوی
چوآورد را دید گردآفرید که بر سان آتش همی بردمید
کمان را بزه بر به بازو فگند سمندش برآمد برابر بلند
سر نیزه را سوی سهراب کرد عنان و سنان را پراز تاب کرد
بر آشفت سهراب وشدچون پلنگ چو بد خواه او چاره جو شد بجنگ
عنان بر کرائید و برداشت اسپ بیامد بکردار آذر گشسپ

چو آشفته شد شیر تندی نمود سر نیزه را سوی او کرد زود
بدست اندرون نیزهٔ جان ستان پس پشت خود کردش انگه سنان
بزد بر کمر بند گرد آفرید زره بر تنش یک بیک بردرید
ززین بر گرفتش بکردار گوی که چوگان زباد اندر آید بروی
چو بر زین به پیچید گرد آفرید یکی تیغ تیز از میان بر کشید
بزد نیزهٔ او بدو نیم کرد نشست از بر زین و بر خواست کرد
به آورد با او بسنده نبود بتابید ازو روی و برکاشت زود
سپهبد عنان ارژدها را سپرد بخشم از جهان روشنائی ببرد
چو آمد خروشان به تنگ اندرش بجنبید و برداشت خود از سرش
رها شد ز بند زره موی اوی درفشان چو خورشید شد روی اوی
بدانست سهراب کو دختر است سر موی او از در افسر است
شگفت آمدش گفت از ایران سپاه چنین دختر آید به آورد گاه
سواران جنگی بروز نبرد همانا بر آرند از ابر گرد
زنان شان چنین اند ز ایرانیان چگونند گردان جنگ آوران
زفتراک بگشاد پیچان کمند بینداخت و آمد میانش به بند
بدو گفت کز من رهائی مجوی چرا جنگ جوئی تو ای ماه روی
بیامد بدامم بسان تو گور ز چنگم رهائی نیابی مشور
کشادش رخ آنگاه گرد آفرید مر آن را جز این هیچ چاره ندید
بدو روی بنمود و گفت ای دلیر میان دلیران بگردار شیر
دو لشکر نظاره برین جنگ ما بدین گرز و شمشیر و آهنگ ما

کنون من کشاده چنین روی و موی سپاه از تو گردد پر از گفت و گوی
که با دختری او بدشت نبرد بدین سان به ابر اندر آورد گرد
نباید که چندین ورنگ آورد کزین رزم بر خویش ننگ آورد
ز بهر من آهو ز بهر سو مخواه میان دو صف بر کشیده سپاه
نهانی بسازیم بهتر بود خرد داشتن کار مهتر بود
کنون لشکر و ژ بفرمان تست نباید بدین آشتی جنگ جست
درژ و گنج و درّبان سراسر تراست چو آئی چنان کت مراد و هواست
چو رخساره بنمود سهراب را ز خوشاب بگشود عناب را
یکی بوستان بود اندر بهشت بپالای او سرو دهقان نکشت
دو چشمش گوزن و دو ابرو کمان تو گفتی همی بشگفد هر زمان
ز دیدار او مبتلا شد دلش تو گفتی که درج بلا شد دلش
بدو گفت زین گفته اکنون مگرد که دیدی مرا روزگار نبرد
بدین پارهٔ درّ دل اندر مبند که این نیست بر تر ز چرخ بلند
بپای آورد زخم گوپال من نراند کسی نیزه بر یال من
عنان را به پیچید گرد آفرید سمند سرافراز بر ژ کشید
همی رفت سهراب با او بهم بیامد بدرگاه درژ گژدهم
درژ کشادند و گرد آفرید تن خسته و بسته در ژ کشید
درژ به بستند و غمگین شدند پر از غم دل و دیده خونین شدند
از آزار گرد آفرید و هجیر پر از درد بودند برنا و پیر
بر دختر آمد همی گژدهم ابا نامداران و گردان بهم

چو دخترش را دید گژدهم پیر ز شادی رخش گشت مانند شیر
بگفتش که ای تیک دل شیرزن پر از غم بد از تو دل انجمن
که هم رزم جستی هم افسون و رنگ نیامد زکاری تو بر دوده ننگ
سپاس از خداوند چرخ بلند که نامد بجانت زد شمن گزند
بخندید بسیار گرد آفرید ببارهٔ برآمد سپه بنگرید
چو سهراب را دید بر پشت زین چنین گفت کای گرد توران و چین
چرا رنجه گشتی چنین باز گرد هم از آمدن هم ز دشت نبرد
بدو گفت سهراب کای خوب چهر به تاج و به تخت و به ماه و بمهر
که این باره با خاک پست آورم ترا ای ستمگر بدست آورم
چو بیچاره گردی و پیچان شوی ز گفتار هرزه پشیمان شوی
کجا رفت پیمان که کردی پدید چو بشنید گفتار گرد آفرید
بخندید و آنگه به افسوس گفت که ترکان ز ایران نیابند جفت
چنین رفت روزی نبودت زمن بدین درد غمگین مکن خویشتن
همانا که تو خود ز ترکان نه که جنگ باقرین بزرگان نه
بدین زور و این بازو و کتف و یال نداری کس از پهلوانان همال
و لیکن چو آگاهی آید بشاه که آورد کردی ز توران سپاه
شهنشاه و رستم بجنبد ز جای شما با تهمتن ندارید پای
نماند یکی زنده از لشکرت ندانم چه آید زبد بر سرت
دریغ آیدم کین چنین یال و سفت همی از پلنگان بباید نهفت
ترا بهتر آید که فرمان کنی رخ نامور سوی توران کنی

بباشی پس ایمن بازوی خویش خورد گاو نادان ز پهلوی خویش
چو بشنید سهراب ننگ آمدش که آسان همی در به چنگ آمدش
بزیر در اندر یکی جای بود کجا در بدان جای بر پای بود
بتاراج داد آن همه بوم رست بیکبارگی دست بد را ببست
چنین گفت کامروز بیگاه گشت ز پیکار مادست کوتاه گشت
برآریم شبگیر ازین باره گرد نهیم اندرین جای شور نبرد
همیگفت کامشب امان باد شان که این باره فردا شود سرفشان
چو گفت این عنان را بتابید و رفت سوئی جای خود بازگردید و گفت
چو برگشت سهراب گرد هم پیر بیاورد و بنشاند مرد دبیر
یکی نامه بنوشت نزدیک شاه برافگند پوینده مردی براه
نخست آفرین کرد بر شهریار نمود انگهی گردش روزگار
که آمد برما سپاهی گران همه رزم جویان و کند آوران
یکی پهلوانی به پیش اندرون که سالش زدو هفت نامد فزون
ببالا زسرو سهی برتر است چو خورشید تابان بدو پیکر است
برش چون بر شیر و بالاش برز بایران ندیدم چنین دست و گرز
چو شمشیر هندی به چنگ آیدش زدریا و از کوه ننگ آیدش
چو آواز او رعد غرنده نیست چو بازوی او تیغ برنده نیست
بایران و توران چنون مرد نیست بگیتی کس اورا هم آورد نیست
بنام است سهراب گرد دلیر نه ازدیو پیچد نه از پیل و شیر
تو گوئی مگر بیگمان رستم است و یا گردی از تخمهٔ نیرم است

چو ایدر رسید این چنین پادشاه ابا لشکری نامور کینه خواه
بجیر دلاور میان را ببست یکی بارهٔ تیز تگ بر نشست
بشد پیش سهراب رزم آزمای براسپش ندیدم فزون زان بپای
که برهم زند مرثه را جنگ جوی گراید زبینی سوی مغز بوی
که سهرابش از پشت زین برگرفت برش مانده زان بازو اندر شگفت
درستست اکنون بزنهار اوست پر آزار جان و پر از درد پوست
سواران ترکان بسی دیده ام عنان پیچ ازین گونه نشنیده ام
نباشد بگیتی چو او رزم ساز مگر پیلتن گرد گردن فراز
هم آورد او در جهان سر بسر نباشد بجز رستم زال زر
مبادا که او درمیان دو صف یکی مرد جنگ آور آرد بکف
نخواهم که بااو بصحرا بود هم آورد اگر کوه خارا بود
بران کوه بخشایش آرد زمین کجا اسپ راند برو روز کین
اگر دم زند شهریار اندرین نداند سپاه و نسازد کمین
از ایران همه فرهی رفته گیر جهان از سر تیغش آشفته گیر
زما مایه گیرد که خود زور هست نگیرد کسی دست او را بدست
عنان دار چون او ندیده است کس تو گوئی که سام سوار است و بس
نداریم طاقت درین جنگ اوی بدین گرز و چنگال و آهنگ اوی
بر تخت گردان فرو خفته گیر بزرگیش بر آسمان رفته گیر
بنه اینک امشب همه برنهیم همه روی را سوی کشور نهیم
اگر خود شکیبیم یک چند نیز نکوشیم و دیگر نگوئیم چیز

که این باره را نیست پایاب اوی درنگی شود شیر را شتاب اوی
چو نامه بمهر اندر آمد به شب فرستاده بر جست و بگشاد لب
بگفتش چنان رو که فردا پگاه نه بیند ترا هیچکس زان سپاه
فرستاد نامه سوی راه راست پس نامه انگاه بر پای خاست
بزیر دژ اندر یکی راه بود کجا گژدهم زان ره آگاه بود
بنه برنهاد و سر اندر کشید بدان راه بی راه شد ناپدید
همان شب ازان راه دژ گژدهم برون شد همه دوده با او بهم
چو خورشید برزد سر از برز کوه میانها به بستند توران گروه
سپهدار سهراب نیزه بدست یکی بارهٔ تیز تگ بر نشست
بدان بُد که گُردان دژ را همه بگیرد به بندد بسان رمه
چو آهنگ دژ کرد کس را ندید خروشی چو شیر ژیان بر کشید
درِ دژ کشادند در حال باز ندیدند در دژ کسی سرفراز
بشب رفته بودند با گژدهم سواران و دژدار و دژبان بهم
چو سهراب و لشکر برِ دژ رسید بباره درون گژدهم را ندید
هر آنکس که بود اندرون جایگاه گنهگار بودند وگر بیگناه
بفرمان همه پیش اوی آمدند بجان هر کسی چاره جوی آمدند
همی جست گرد آفرید و ندید دلش مهر پیوند او بر گزید
بدل گفت ازان پس دریغا دریغ که شد ماه تابنده در زیر میغ
مرا چشم زخمی عجب رو نمود که دهر آن چنان صیدی از من ربود
غریب آهوی آمدم در کمند که از بند جست و مرا کرد بند

پری پیکری ناگهان رو نمود دلم را ربود و غمم را فزود
بناگاه پنهان شد آن دلربا شدم من بداغ غمش مبتلا
زهی چشم بندی که آن پرفسون به تیغم نخست و مرا ریخت خون
مرا تلخ شد زندگی بی رخش تنم شد اسیر شکر پاسخش
ندانم چه کرد آن فسون گر بمن که ناگه مرا بست راه سخن
به آن رزم و آن روی و آن گفت و گوی نه بینم دگر دلبری همچو اوی
ازان گفتنش هرگه آرم بیاد زداغش شود سوز و دردم زیاد
مرا محنتی بیکران او نمود که از یار دوری بمن گشت سود
بزاری مرا خود بباید گریست که دلدار خود را ندانم که کیست
همی گفت و می سوخت از غم بسی نه می خواست رازش بداند کسی
ولی عشق پنهان نماند که راز بمردم نماید همی اشک باز
غم جان برارد خروش از درون اگرچند عاشق بود ذو فنون
ز بس مهر آن دخت بافر و رنگ نماند هیچ بر روی سهراب رنگ
ازان کار هومان نبودش خبر که سهراب را هست خون در جگر
ولی از فراست بدل نقش بست که او را پریشانی داد دست
بدام کسی پای بند آمد است ز زلف بتی در کمند آمد است
نهان می کند درد و خونین دل است هوس میرود راه و پادر گل است
یکی فرصتی جست و گفتش براز که ای شیر دل گرد گردن فراز
بزرگان پیشین به آئین کیش گرامی ندیدند کس را چو خویش
ندادند بیهوده دل را ز دست نگشتند از بادهٔ مهر مست

صد آهوی مشکین به خم کمند گرفتند وول را نکردند بند
فریب پری پیکران جوان نخواهد کسی کو بود پهلوان
کسی را رسد گردی و سروری که مهر فلک راکند مشتری
تو ای شیر دل مهتر دیو بند زمهر که گشتی چنین مستمند
نه رسم جهان گیری و سروریست که از مهر ماهی بباید گریست
ترا خواند فرزند افراسیاب تو ئی سرور امروز بر خشک و آب
زتوران بکاری برون آمدیم شناور بدریای خون آمدیم
سر مرز ایران گرفتیم تنگ چنین دژ به آسانی آمد بچنگ
اگر چند این کار باشد بکام ولی هست در پیش رنجی تمام
بباید شهنشاه کاؤس و طوس چو رستم که با شیر سازد فسوس
سپهدار گودرز و گیو دلیر فرامرز و بهرام ورهام شیر
چو گرگین میلاد و فرهاد زاد گرازه که از پیل باشد زیاد
چنین نره شیران پولاد چنگ کمر بسته کین پی نام و ننگ
بیایند یکسر به پیکار ما که داند که خود چون شود کار ما
تو ئی مرد میدان این سروران چه کارت بعشق پری پیکران
بدل سرد کن مهر شوخان شنگ که فردا نمانی زمردان جنگ
تو ای نوجوان از دلیری خویش گرفتی یکی کار دشوار پیش
اگر یکدلی کام حاصل کنی وگرنه سراندر سر دل کنی
یقین دان که کاری که دارد دوام بلندی پذیرد ازان کار نام
تو کاری که داری نه بردی بسر چرا دست بازی بکار دگر

نبردی و مردی جهان را بگیر زشاهان بدست آر تاج و سریر
چو کشور بدست تو آید فراز بهر جای خوبان برندت نماز
کسی خستهٔ مهر دلبر بود که او از زر و زور لاغر بود
هر انکس که شد کامران در جهان پرستش کنندش کهان و مهان
چو هومان بدینسان سخن پیش برد سراسر بسهراب یل بر شمرد
ازان گفتهٔ سهراب بیدار شد دلش بستهٔ بند پیکار شد
بگفت ای سرنامداران چین بگفتار خوبت هزار آفرین
شد این گفت تو داروی جان من کنون با تو نو گشت پیمان من
جهان را سراسر چه خشک و چه آب در آرم بفرمان افراسیاب
بگفت این و دل را ز دلبر بکند بر آمد بر افراز تخت بلند
ز فتح حصار و درنگ و شتاب فرستاد نامه بافراسیاب
ازان شاد شد شاه توران زمین همی کرد سهراب را آفرین
وزان سو چو نامه بخسرو رسید غمی شد دلش کان سخنها شنید
گران مایکان را ز لشکر بخواند وزین داستان چند گونه براند
نشستند با شاه ایران بهم بزرگان لشکر همه بیش و کم
چو طوس و چو گودرز و گشواد و گیو چو گرگین و بهرام و فرهاد نیو
سپهدار نامه برایشان بخواند کم و بیش آن پهلوان را براند
چنین گفت با پهلوانان براز که این کار گردد بما بر دراز
بدینسان که گرد هم گوید همی از اندیشه دل را بشوید همی
چه سازیم و در مان این درد چیست بهایران هم آورد این مرد کیست

بران بر نهادند یکسر که گیو ... بزابل شود نزد سالار نیو
برستم رساند ازین آگهی ... که با بیم شد تخت شاهنشهی
مراورا بخواند بدین رزمگاه ... که اویست ایرانیان را پناه
نشست انگهی رای زن با دبیر ... که کاری گراینده بد ناگزیر
یکی نامه فرمود پس شهریار ... نوشتن بر رستم نامدار
نخست آفرین کرد بر پهلوان ... که بیدار دل باش وروشن روان
چنان باد کاندر جهان جز تو کس ... نباشد بهر کار فریادرس
بدان کز ره ترک زیباسری ... یکی تاختن کرد با لشکری
بدژ در نشست است خود با سپاه ... بدان مرد وژ گرفت است راه
یکی پهلوانی است گرد دلیر ... بتن ژنده پیل و بدل نره شیر
ازایران ندارد کسی تاب اوی ... مگر تو که تیره کنی آب اوی
توئی پهلوان زادهٔ شیر دل ... زدشمن زبوده بشمشیر دل
سرافراز وگردن کش و نامور ... زگردان گیتی برآورده سر
سپهدار نامی گو پیلتن ... ستون یلان نازش انجمن
دل و پشت گردان ایران توئی ... به چنگال و نیروی شیران توئی
ستانندهٔ شهر ماژندران ... گشایندهٔ بند هاماوران
زگرز تو خورشید گریان شود ... زتیغ تو ناهید بریان شود
چوگرد پی رخش تو نیل نیست ... هم آورد تو در جهان پیل نیست
کمند تو بر شیر بند افگند ... سنان تو بر که گزند افگند
توئی در همه بد بایران پناه ... ز تو بر فرازند گردان کلاه

درود از خداوند روز شمار بگرشاسپ و نیرم بنام سوار
کزین گونه دارند تخم و نژاد جهان گیر و شیر اوزن پاک زاد
مرا بخت روشن بدیدار تست بوی خرم و جاودان تندرست
گرایندهٔ کاری تو آمد به پیش گزاندیشهٔ آن دلم گشت ریش
نشستند گردان سراسر بهم بخواندند آن نامهٔ گژدهم
بدان گونه دیدند گردان نیو که نزد تو آید گران مایه گیو
به نزد تو آرد مراین نامه را بدانی بدو نیک این خامه را
چو نامه بخوانی بروز و بشب مکن داستان را کشاده دولب
اگر دسته داری بدست مبوی یکی تیز کن مغز بنمای روی
وگر خفتهٔ زود بر جه بپای وگر خود بپائی زمانی مپای
مگر با سواران بسیار هوش برانی ز زابل برآری خروش
بران سان که گژدهم ازو یاد کرد جز از تو نباشد ورا هم نبرد
چو برخوانی این نامه را بیدرنگ برآرای و برکش سپه سوی جنگ
نهاد از برنامه مهری چو قیر زعنبر برآمیخته و ز عبیر
چو نامه بمهر اندر آمد بداد بگیو دلاور بکردار باد
بگیو انگهی گفت بشتاب زود عنان تکاور بباید بسود
نباید که چون نزد رستم شوی بزابل بمانی دگر بفنوی
اگر شب رسی روز را باز گرد بگویش که تنگ اندر آمد نبرد
وگر نه فرار است ای مرد گرد بد اندیش را خوار نتوان شمرد
شب و روز تازان چون باد دمان نه پروای آب و نه اندوه نان

ازو نامه بستدهم اندر شتاب — برفت وبجست هیچ آرام وخواب
چو نزدیکی زابلستان رسید — خروش طلایه بدستان رسید
که آمد سواری زایران چوگرد — بزیر اندرش بارهٔ ره نورد
تهمتن پذیره شدش باسپاه — نهادند برسر بزرگان کلاه
چو آمد بنزدیکی دژ بتاز — ابا نامداران گردن فراز
پیاده شدش گیو و گودرز بهم — هران کس که برزین بُد ازبیش وکم
از اسپ اندر آمد گو نامدار — ازایران به پرسید واز شهریار
زره سوی ایوان رستم شدند — زمانی ببودند ودم برزدند
بگفت انچه بشنید نامه بداد — ز سهراب چندی سخن کرد یاد
تهمتن چو بشنید و نامه بخواند — بخندید وزان کار خیره بماند
که مانندهٔ سام گرد از مهان — سواری پدید آمد اندر جهان
از آزادگان این نباشد شگفت — زترکان چنین یاد نتوان گرفت
ندانم درین رای یزدان چیست — چنین پهلوان ترک فرخنده کیست
من از دخت شاه سمنگان یکی — پسر دارم وهست او کودکی
هنوز آن گرامی نداند که جنگ — توان کرد گاهی شتاب وورنگ
فرستادمش زر و گوهر بسی — بر مادر او بدست کسی
چنین پاسخ آوردکان ارجمند — بسی بر بیاید که گردد بلند
هنوز آن نیازِ دل وجان من — نه مرد مصاف است و لشکرشکن
چو آیدش هنگام بازو چو شیر — بسی سروران را سر آرد بزیر
همی می خورد بالب شیر بوی — شود بیگمان زود پرخاش جوی

که از تخم کو رنگ دارد نژاد ز پیوند و خویشی ما گشت شاد
سلیحم گه رزم دارد نگاه بهبزم اندرون هست مارا پناه
بیاتا کنون سوی ایران شویم بشادی سوی کاخ دستان شویم
به بینیم تا رای این کار چیست همان پهلوان ترک فرخنده کیست
نیامد سوی کاخ دستان فراز یل پهلوان رستم سرفراز
خود و گیو در کاخ نیرم شدند زمانی ببودند و بی غم شدند
چنین گفت رستم کزین باک نیست که آخر سرانجام جز خاک نیست
نگوید کس این نام دار از کجاست ندانم کنون کاین سوار از کجاست
فرستد چنین پاسخ آورد باز که دیری نباشد ازان سرفراز
ببالا شود همچو سرو بلند بدست اندرون گرز و برزین کمند
ببازو قوی و به تن زورمند ستاره درآرد زچرخ بلند
همانا که سالش نباشد دو هفت بمردی بر چرخ گردنده رفت
ولیکن هنوزش گه رزم نیست همان درخور سور و در بزم نیست
ازین سان که گوئی تو ای پهلوان که آمد سوی رزم ایرانیان
زباره هجیر دلاور فگند به بستش سراسر بخم کمند
نباشد چنین کار آن پنجه شیر وگر چند گشت است گرد و دلیر
گراویست ازو نیست ما را ترس و باک که یزدان زدشمن برارد هلاک
به گیو انگهی گفت پس پیلتن که ای گرد سالار لشکر شکن
هم اندر نشینیم امروز شاد زگردان و خسرو نگیریم یاد
نباشیم یک روز و دم برزنیم یکی برلب خشک نم برزنیم

وزان پس بتازیم نزدیک شاه بگردان ایران نمائیم راه
مگر بخت رخشنده بیدار نیست وگرنه چنین کار دشوار نیست
چو دریا بموج اندر آید زجای ندارد دم آتش تیز پای
درفش مرا چون به بیند زدور دلش ماتم آرد بهنگام سور
چو ماند همی رستم زال را خداوند شمشیر وگوپال را
همان تیز خون سام جنگی بود دلیرو هشیوار و سنگی بود
بدین تیزی اندر نیاید به جنگ نباید گرفتن چنین کار تنگ
همی دست بردند دستان شدند زیاد سپهبد بدستان شدند
دگر روز شبگیر هم پرخمار بیامد تهمتن بیاراست کار
زمستی همان روز باز ایستاد دوم روز رفتن نیامدش یاد
بفرمود رستم بخوالیگران که اندر زمان آورید خوان
چو خوان خورده شد مجلس آراستند می ورود و رامشگران خواستند
چوآن روز بگذشت روز دگر برآراست مجلس چو رخسارخور
سه دیگر سحرگه بیاورد می نیامد ورا یاد کاؤس وکی
بروز چهارم برآراست گیو چنین گفت باگرد سالار نیو
که کاؤس تنداست وهشیار نیست همی داستان بر دلش خوار نیست
غمین بود ازینکار و دل پرشتاب شده دورازو خورد وآرام و خواب
بزابلستان گردرنگ آوریم زمین پیش کاؤس تنگ آوریم
شود شاه ایران بما خشمگین ز ناپاک رائی در آید بکین
ندارد کسی قوت جنگ اوی مگر پهلوان رو درآرد بدوی

مرا چند گفت است بیگاه گاه که تنگ آمدم من زایران سپاه
بدو گفت رستم میندیش ازین که با ما نشورد کس اندر زمین
صبوحی ازان روز برخواستند از اندیشها دل به پرداختند
بفرمود تا رخش را زین کنند دم اندر دم نای رویین کنند
بیاراستند رخش رستم تمام بزرین رکیب و به سیمین ستام
سواران زابل شنیدند نای برفتند باترگ و جوشن زجای
بر آراست رستم سپاهی گران زواره شدش بر سپه پهلوان
چو رستم بیامد به نزدیک شاه پذیره شدندش یکسر روزه راه
چو طوس و چو گودرز گشواد گان پیاده شده پیش اسپش دوان
پیاده شد از اسپ رستم همان گرفتند پرستش بدل درمهان
گرازان بدرگاه شاه آمدند کشاده دل و نیک خواه آمدند
چو رفتند بردند پیشش نماز برآشفت و پاسخ ندادیهیچ باز
یکی بانگ برزد بگیو از نخست پس انگاه شرم از دو دیده بشست
که رستم که باشد که فرمان من کند پست و پیچد ز پیمان من
اگر تیغ بودی کنون پیش من سرش کندمی چون ترنجی زتن
بگیر و به بند زنده بردار کن وزو تیز مکشای بامن سخن
ز گفتار او گیو را دل بخست که بردی سوی او برانگونه دست
شده تند کاؤس چین درجبین شده راست مانند شیر عرین
برآشفت با گیو و با پیلتن بدو خیره مانده همه انجمن
بفرمود پس طوس را شهریار که رو هردو را زنده برکن بدار

خود از جای بر خاست کاؤس کی
بر افروخت بر سان آتش زنی

که از پیش کاؤس بیرون برد
مگر اندران تیزی افسون برد

تهمتن بر آشفت با شهریار
که چندین مدار آتش اندر کنار

همه کارت از یکدگر بد تر است
ترا شهریاری نه اندر خور است

چنین تاج بر تارک بی بها
بسی بهتر آمد زدم اژدها

من آن رستم زال نام آورم
که از چون تو شه خم نگیرد سرم

زمصر و زچین و ز ماوران
زروم و ز سکسار و مازندران

جگرخستهٔ تیغ و تخش من اند
همه بنده در پیش رخش من اند

تو اندر جهان خود زمن زندهٔ
به کینه چرا دل برآگنده

تو سهراب را زنده بردار کن
بر آشوب و بدخواه را خوار کن

بزد تند یکدست بر دست طوس
تو گفتی ز پیل ژیان یافت کوس

ز بالا نگون اندر آمد بسر
برو کرد رستم به تندی گذر

چو خشم آورم شاه کاؤس کیست
چرا دست بازد بمن طوس کیست

چرا دارم از خشم کاؤس باک
چه کاؤس پیشم چه یک مشت خاک

مرا زور و فیروزی از داور است
نه از پادشاه و نه از لشکر است

زمین بنده و رخش گاه من است
نگین گرز مغفر کلاه من است

شب تیره از تیغ رخشان کنم
بر آورد گه بر سر افشان کنم

سر نیزه و گرز یار من اند
دو بازوی دل شهریار من اند

چه آزاردم او نه من بنده ام
یکی بندهٔ آفریننده ام

دلیران بشاهی مرا خواستند
همان گاه و افسر بیاراستند

سوی تخت شاهی نکردم نگاه نگهداشتم رسم و آئین و راه
اگر من پذیرفتمی تاج و تخت نبودی ترا این بزرگی و بخت
همه هرچه گفتی سزای من است ز تو نیکوئی با بجای من است
وگر کیقباد م ز البرز کوه بیاوردمی من بایران زمین
نشاندم بدین تخت من کیقباد ترا این بزرگی نبودی و کام
اگر من نرفتی به مازندران که کندی دل و مغز دیوی سپید
نیارد بیاد هیچ مازندران که چون خوار به نشسته بدباسران
نشاید سبکسر که شاهی کند که البته روزی تباهی کند
بباد آورد تاج و تخت و نگین بدشمن سپارد سراسر زمین
مبادا زنسل کیان ناخلف که نام نیاکان شود زو تلف
چو برگفت زین گونه گفتار چند بگردان در بند بگشود بند
به ایرانیان گفت سهراب گرد بیاید نماند بزرگ و نه خورد
شما هریکی چارهٔ جان کنید خرد را بدین کار درمان کنید
بایران نه بینید ازین پس مرا شمارا زمین پر کرگس مرا
برون شد بخشم اندر آمد برخش منم گفت شیراوزن تاج بخش
بزد اسپ واز پیش ایشان برفت همی پوست برکنده گفتی بگفت
غمین شد دل نامداران همه که رستم شبان بود و ایشان رمه

بگودرز گفتند کین کار تست شکسته بدست تو گردد درست
سپهبد چو از تو سخن بشنود بگفتار تو بی گمان بگرود
بنزد یک آن شاه دیوانه شو وزین در سخن یاد کن نو بنو
سخن های چرب و دراز آوری مگر بخت کم بوده باز آوری
همانگه نشستند بایکدگر سراسر بزرگان پر خاش خر
چو گیو و چو گودرز بهرام شیر چو رهام و گرگین سوار دلیر
همی این بدین آن بدان گفت شاه ندارد دل نامداران نگاه
چو رستم که هست او جهان پهلوان بنخشید کاؤس کی را روان
برنج و بسختیش فریادرس نبود است هرگز جز او هیچ کس
چو بستند دیوان مازندران هم آن شاه و هم مان بند گران
زبهرش چه رنج و چه سختی کشید جگرگاه دیو و رزم بردرید
بشادیش بر تخت شاهی نشاند برو آفرین بزرگان بخواند
دگر ره چو اورا بهاماوران بستند پایش بند گران
زبهرش چنان شهریاران بکشت بهاماوران هیچ ننمود پشت
بیاورد اورا سوی تخت باز بشاهی همی برد پیشش نماز
چو پاداش او باشد آویختن نه بینیم جز روی بگریختن
ولیکن کنون است هنگام کار که تنگ اندر آمد چنین روزگار
نباید که آیند ایدر بتنگ چو ایدر نه بینند مارا بجنگ
چه سازیم اکنون که رستم برفت سوی زابلستان خرامیده تفت
ابی او نباشیم در رزم شاد همه رزم ماگشت اکنون چو باد

کسی باید اکنون برفتن دمان مگر باز گرداند آن پهلوان
سپهدار گودرز گشواد تفت به نزدیک خسرو خرامیده رفت
بکاؤس کی گفت رستم چه کرد کز ایران برآوردی امروز گرد
چو او رفت و آمد سپاهی گران بکی پهلوانی بگرز گران
فراموش کردی ز ماوران وزان کار دیوان مازندران
که گوئی ورا زنده بردار کن زشاهان نباید کژافتد سخن
مکافات رستم نمودی درست زشاهان کس این رای هرگز نجست
که داری که با او بدشت نبرد شود برفشاند برو تیره گرد
یلان ترا سر بسر گژدهم شنیداست دیداست از بیش و کم
همی گوید آن روز هرگز مباد که با او سواری کند رزم یاد
کسی را که جنگی چو رستم بود بیازارد او را خرد کم بود
خرد باید اندر سر شهریار که تیزی و تندی نیاید بکار
چو بشنید گفتار گودرز شاه بدانست کو دارد آئین و راه
پشیمان شدش زانکه او گفته بود به بیهودگی مغزش آشفته بود
بگودرز گفت این سخن درخوراست لب پیر باپند نیکو تراست
شمارا بباید بر او شدن بخوبی بسی داستان زدن
سرش کردن از تیزی من تهی نمودن بدو روزگار بهی
بیاور تو او را به نزدیک من که روشن شود جان تاریک من
چو گودرز برخاست از پیش اوی پس پهلوان تیز بنهاد روی
برفتند با او سران سپاه پس رستم اندر گرفتند راه

چو دیدند بر ره گو پیلتن همه نام داران شدند انجمن
نیایش گرفتند بر پهلوان که جاوید باشی و روشن روان
جهان سر بسر زیر پای تو باد همیشه سر تخت جای تو باد
تو دانی که کاؤس را مغز نیست به تیزی سخن گفتنش نغز نیست
بگوید همانگه پشیمان شود بخوبی ز سر باز پیمان شود
تهمتن گر آزرده گردد ز شاه مر ایرانیان را نباشد گناه
که بگذارد این شهر ایران همی کند روی فرخنده پنهان همی
هم اوزین سخنها پشیمان شد است ز تندی بخاید همی پشت دست
تهمتن چنین پاسخ آورد باز که هستم ز کاؤس کی بی نیاز
مرا بخت زین باشد و تاج ترگ قبا جوشن و دل نهاده بمرگ
سزایم بدین گفتن ناسزا که گوید به تندی مرا بادشا
که اورا ز بند آورید برون سوی تاج و تختش بدم رهنمون
گهی رزم دیوان مازندران گهی جنگ باشاه هاماوران
ز بند و ز سختی رهانیدمش چو در دست دشمن چنان دیدمش
ز دانش ندارد سرش آگهی مگر تیزی و تندی و ابلهی
سرم گشت سیر و دلم کرد بس جز از پاک یزدان نترسم ز کس
ز گفتار چون سیر شد تهمتن چنین گفت گودرز با پیلتن
که شاه و دلیران گردن کشان بدیگر سخنها برند این گمان
همی گوید این گونه هرکس براز کزان سان که گژدهم داد آگهی
همه بوم و بر گردد از ما تهی

که چون رستم ازوی بترسد بجنگ مرا و ترا نیست جای درنگ
ز آشفتن شاه و پیکار اوی بدیدم بدرگاه بر گفتگوی
ز سهراب یل رفت یکسر سخن چنین پشت برشاه ایران مکن
چنین برشده نامت اندر جهان بدین باز گشتن مگردان نهان
و دیگر که تنگ اندر آمد سپاه مکن تیره بر خیره این تاجگاه
که ننگ است بر مازوران زمین پسنده نباشد بر پاک دین
برستم براین داستانها بخواند تهمتن چو بشنید خیره بماند
بپاسخ چنین گفت گودرز را که بسیار پیمودم این مرز را
بدو گفت اگر بیم دارو دلم نخواهم بتن جان ازو بگسلم
تودانی که بگریزم از کارزار ولیکن سبک راندم شهریار
چنین دید رستم ازان کار اوی که بر گردد آید به درباز اوی
ازان ننگ برگشت و آمد براه خرامان بشد پیش کاؤس شاه
چو ازدور شه دید بر پای خاست بسی پوزش اندر گذشته بخواست
که تندی مرا گوهر است و سرشت چنان رست باید که یزدان بکشت
و زین ناسگالیده بدخواه نو دلم گشت باریک چون ماه نو
وگرنه مرا پشت لشکر توئی درین تخت شاهیم افسر توئی
بیاد تو نوشم همه روز جام بمهر تو کوشم همه صبح و شام
مرا شاهی از فرو اورنگ تست ز جمشید باشیم هردو درست
بتو نسبت دیگران نیستم بفر تو اندر جهان زیستم
ترا خواهم اندر جهان یار و بس که باشی بهرکار فریاد رس

بدین چاره جستن ترا خواستم چو دیر آمدی تندی آراستم
چو آزرده گشتی تو ای پیلتن پشیمان شدم خاکم اندر دهن
بدو گفت رستم که گیهان تراست همه کهتر انیم و فرمان تراست
کنون آمدم تا چه فرمان دهی تو شاه جهانداری و من رهی
بهر جاکه فرمان دهی بسپرم بر تخت و تاجت کمین چاکرم
همان بردر تو یکی کهترم وگر کهتری را خود اندر خورم
اگر عمر باشد مرا سالیان بخدمت به بندم کمر بر میان
چنین گفت کاؤس کای پهلوان ترا باد پیوسته روشن روان
چنین بهتر آید که امروز بزم بسازیم و فردا گزینیم رزم
بیاراست رامش گهی دل پذیر نشستند بر گوشهٔ آبگیر
بیاراست نزهت گهی شاهوار شد ایوان بکردار باغ بهار
گرانمایگان را همه خواندند بدان خرمی گوهر افشاندند
ازآواز ابریشم و بانگ نای سمن عارضان پیش خسرو بپای
همی باده خوردند تا نیم شب برامشگری بر کشاده دو لب
بخوردند می تا جهان تیره گشت دل نامداران زمی خیره گشت
همه مست بودند و گشتند باز به پیموده کردان شب دیر باز
چو خورشید آن چادر قیرگون بدرید و از پرده آمد برون
بفرمود کاؤس تا گیو و طوس به بستند بر کوههٔ پیل کوس
درگنج بکشاد و روزی بداد سپه برنشاند و بنه برنهاد
سپردار و جوشن دران صد هزار شمرده بلشکر که آمد سوار

یکی لشکر آمد ز پهلو بدشت که از گرد اسپان زمین تیره گشت
هوا نیلگون شد زمین آبنوس بجنبید هامون ز آوای کوس
همی رفت منزل بمنزل سپاه شده روی خورشید تابان سیاه
ورفتن بدن خشت و رژ پاین زگرد چو آتش پس پردهٔ لاجورد
ز بس گونه گونه سنان درفش سپرهای زرین و زرینه کفش
تو گفتی که ابری برنگ آبنوس بیامد ببارید از و سندروس
جهان را شب از روز پیدا نبود تو گفتی سپهر و ثریا نبود
ازین سان بشد تا در رز رسید شده سنگ وخاک از جهان ناپدید
سراپرده و خیمه زد بر دو میل بپوشید گیتی به نعل و به پیل
خروشی بلند آمد از دیدگاه بسهراب بنمود کامد سپاه
چو سهراب ازان گونه آواشنید بیاره برآمد سپه بنگرید
بانگشت لشکر بهومان نمود سپاهی که آنرا کرانه نبود
چو هومان ز دور آن سپه را بدید دلش گشت پر بیم و دم درکشید
بدو گفت سهراب جنگ آزمای که رنگ آر برجای و دل را بجای
وزان پس چنین گفت سهراب گرد که اندیشه از دل بباید سترد
نه بینی تو زین لشکر بیکران یکی مرد جنگی و گرز گران
که پیش من آید به آوردگاه گراید و نکه یاری دهد هور و ماه
سلیح است بسیار و مردم بسی سرافراز نامی ندانم کسی
کنون من به تخت شه افراسیاب کنم دشت را همچو دریای آب
به تنگی نداند هیچ سهراب دل فرود آمد از باره شاداب دل

یکی جام می خواست ازمی گسار نکرد هیچ رنجه دل از کارزار
بیاراست بزم و بخوردن نشست بگردش دلیران خسرو پرست
وزان پس سراپردهٔ شهریار کشیدند بردشت پیش حصار
زبس خیمه و مرد و پرده سرای نماند هیچ برکوه و بردشت جای
چوخورشید شد از جهان ناپدید شب تیره بر روز دامن کشید
تهمتن بیامد بنزدیک شاه میان بستهٔ رزم و دل کینه خواه
که دستور باشد مرا تاجور کزایدر شوم بی کلاه و کمر
به بینم که این نوجهاندار کیست بزرگان کدامند و سالار کیست
بدو گفت کاؤس کین کار تست که روشن روان بادی وتندرست
همیشه نگهدار یزدانت باد بکام دل و رای و پیمانت باد
تهمتن یکی جامهٔ ترک وار بپوشید و آمد نهان تاحصار
بیامد چو نزدیکی درگ رسید خروشیدن و بانگ ترکان شنید
بدان درگ درون رفت مرد دلیر چنان چون سوی آهوان نره شیر
یکایک سرانرا نگه کرد و دید زشادی رخان شان چوگل بشگفید
بدانگه که سهراب آهنگ جنگ نمود و گه رفتن آمدش تنگ
طلب کرد مادرش را رشنده رزم که او دیده بد پهلوان گاه بزم
بد او پور شاه سمنگان زمین همان خال سهراب با آفرین
بدو گفت کای گرد روشن روان فرستمت همراه این نوجوان
که چون نامور سوی ایران رسند به نزدیک شاه دلیران رسد
چوتنگ اندر آید سپه روز کین پدر را نمائی بپوید گزین

چو سهراب را دید بر تخت بزم نشسته بیکدست او رُنده رزم
بدیگر چوهومان سوار دلیر دگر بارمان نام پرداز و شیر
تو گفتی همه تخت سهراب بود بسان یکی سرو شاداب بود
دو بازو بکردار ران هیون برش چون بر شیر و چهره چوخون
ز گردان بگرد اندرش صد دلیر جوان وسرافراز چون نره شیر
پرستار پنجاه بادست بند به پیش دل افروز بخت بلند
همه یک بیک خواندند آفرین بدان برز و بالا و تاج و نگین
همی بود رستم بدان جاز دور نشسته نگه کرد گردان تور
بشایسته کاری برون رفت رُند گوی دید برسان سرو بلند
بدان لشکر اندر چنو کس نبود بسودش به تندی و پرسید زود
چه مردی بدو گفت با من بگوی سوی روشنی آی بنمای روی
تهمتن یکی مشت بر گردنش بزد تیز و برشد روان از تنش
بدان جایگه خشک شد رُنده رزم سرامد برو روز پیکار و بزم
بیفتاد ازان جایگه رُنده رزم ندیدند ویرا دگر سوی بزم
زمانی همی بود سهراب دیر نیامد به نزدیک او رُنده شیر
نگه کرد سهراب تا رُنده رزم کجا شد که جایش تهی شد ز بزم
بیامد یکی دید او را نگون فتاده شده جانش از تن برون
ز کارش بگفتند سهراب را بخود تلخ کردش خور و خواب را
برفتند و دیدندش افگنده خوار بر آسوده از بزم و از کارزار
خروشان پر از درد باز آمدند ز دردش دل اندر گداز آمدند

بسهراب گفتند شد رزنده رزم سرآمد برو کار پیکار و بزم
چو بشنید سهراب برجست زود بیامد بر رزند برسان دود
ابا چاکرو شمع و خیا گران بیامد ورا دید مرده ستان
شکفت آمدش سخت وخیره بماند دلیران وکند آوران را بخواند
چنین گفت کامشب نباید غنود همه شب سر نیزه باید بسود
که گرگ اندر آمد میان رمه سگ و مرد را دید در دمدمه
ربود از دلیران یکی گوسفند بزاری و خواریش خونین فگند
اگر یار باشد جهان آفرین چو نعل سمندم بساید زمین
زفتراک زین برگشانیم کمند بخواهم زایرانیان کین رزند
بیامد نشست از برگاه خویش گران مایگان را همه خواند پیش
بدیشان چنین گفت سهراب شیر که ای بخردان و روان دلیر
اگر گم شد از تخت من رزنده رزم نباید همی سیر جانم زبزم
چو برگشت رستم برشهریار از ایران سپه گیو بد پاس دار
بره بر گو پیلتن را بدید بزد دست و تیغ ازمیان برکشید
یکی برخروشید چون پیل مست سپر برسر آورد و بنمود دست
بدانست رستم کزایران سپاه به شب گیو باشد طلایه براه
بخندید وزان پس فغان برکشید طلایه چو آوای رستم شنید
پیاده بیامد به نزدیک اوی چنین گفت کای مهتر کینه جوی
پیاده کجا بودهٔ تیره شب تهمتن بگفتار بگشاد لب
بگفتش بگیوان کجا کرده بود چنان شیر مردی که آزرده بود

برو آفرین کرد گیو گزین که بی تو مبادا سپ و گوپال و زین
و زان جایگه رفت نزدیک شاه ز ترکان سخن رفت و از بزمگاه
ز سهراب و از برز و بالای اوی ز بازوی و کتف و بر و پای اوی
که هرگز ز ترکان چنین کس نخواست بکردار سروی است بالاش راست
از ایران و توران نماند بکس تو گوئی که سام سوار است و بس
وزان مشت بر گردن رزنده رزم کزان پس نیامد برزم و به بزم
بگفتند و پس رود و می خواستند همه شب همی لشکر آراستند
چو خورشید بر داشت زرین سپر زمانه بر آورد از چرخ سر
بپوشید سهراب خفتان جنگ نشست از بر جرمهٔ نیل رنگ
یکی تیغ هندی بدُ اندر برش یکی مغفر خسروی بر سرش
کمند بفتراک بر شصت خم خم اندر خم و روی کرده درم
بیامد یکی تند بالا گزید بجای که ایران سپه را بدید
بفرمود تا رفت پیشش هجیر بدو گفت کژی نیاید ز تیر
نشانه نباید که خم آورد سرافشان شود زخم کم آورد
بهر کار درپیش کن راستی چو خواهی که نگزایدت کاستی
سخن هرچه پرسم همه راست گوی بکژی مکن رای و چاره مجوی
چو خواهی که یابی رهائی زمن سرافراز باشی بهر انجمن
اگر راست گفتی سراسر سخن بپاداش نیکی بیابی زمن
از ایران هرانچت بپرسم بگوی متاب از ره راستی هیچ روی
سپارم بتو گنج آراسته بیابی بسی خلعت و خواسته

ورا بدون که کژی بود رای تو همان بند و زندان بود جای تو
چنین داد پاسخ هجبرش که شاه زمن هرچه پرسد ز ایران سپاه
بگویم همه هرچه دانم بدوی بکژی چرا بایدم گفتگوی
نه بینی جزاز راستی پیشه ام بکژی نیاید خود اندیشه ام
بگیتی به از راستی پیشه نیست بکژی بتر هیچ اندیشه نیست
بدو گفت کز تو به پرسم همه ز گردن کشان و ز شاه و رمه
همه نام داران آن مرز را چوطوس و چو گاؤس گودرز را
دلیران و گردان ایران زمین چو گستهم و چون گیو با آفرین
ز بهرام و از رستم نام دار ز هرچت به پرسم زمن برشمار
یکایک نشانی بمن بر نما اگر سر به تن خواهی و جان بجا
سراپردهٔ دیبهٔ رنگ رنگ بدو اندرون خیمه های پلنگ
به پیش اندرون رسته صد رنده پیل یکی تخت پیروزه برسان نیل
یکی زرد خورشید پیکر درفش سرش ماه زرین غلافش بنفش
بقلب سپاه اندرون جای کیست زگردان ایران و را نام چیست
بدو گفت کان شاه ایران بود که بر در گهش پیل و شیران بود
وزان پس بدو گفت کز میمنه سواران بسیار و پیل و بنه
سراپردهٔ بر کشیده سپاه زده گردش اندر ستاده سپاه
بگرد اندرش خیمه زاندازه بیش پس پشت پیلان و شیران به پیش
زده پیش او پیل پیکر درفش به نزدش سواران زرینه کفش
چه باشد ز ایرانیان نام اوی بگو تا کجا باشد آرام اوی

چنین گفت کان طوس نوذر بود درفشش کجا پیل پیکر بود
سپهدار و از تخمهٔ پادشاه سرافراز و لشکر کش و کینه‌خواه
ندارد اما زخم او شیر تاو بزرگان ز بیمش پذیرند ساو
به پرسیدگان سرخ پرده سرای یکی لشکری گشن پیشش بپای
یکی شیر پیکر درفش بنفش درفشان گهر درمیان درفش
پس پشتش اندر سپاهی گران همه نیزه داران و جوشن وران
که باشد بمن نام او باز گوی زکژی میاور تباهی بروی
چنین گفت کان فرّ آزادگان سپهدار گودرز کشوادگان
سپه کش بود گاه کینه دلیر دو چل پور دارد چو پیل و چو شیر
کجا پیل با او نکوشد بجنگ نه از دشت ببر و نه از کُه پلنگ
دگر گفت کان سبز پرده سرای بزرگان ایران به پیشش بپای
یکی اژدهایش درفش بنفش زده پیش اورا بسر بر درفش
یکی تخت پرمایه اندر میان زده پیش او اختر کاویان
برو بر نشسته یکی پهلوان ابا فرّ و باسفت و یال گوان
ازان کس که بر پای پیشش براست نشسته بیک سر ازو بر تر است
یکی باره پیشش ببالای اوی کمندی فروهشته تا پای اوی
بخود هرزمان بر خروشد همی تو گوئی که دریا بجوشد همی
بسی پیل بر گستوان دار پیش همی جوشد آن مرد بر جای خویش
به ایران نه مردی به بالای اوی نه بینم همی اسپ همتای اوی
درفشش به بین اژدها پیکر است بران نیزه بر شیر زرین سر است

که باشد بنام آن سوار دلیر — که هردم همی بر خروشد چو شیر
بجیر انگهی گفت باخویشتن — که گر من نشان گو پیلتن
بگویم بدین نیک دل شیر مرد — زرستم برارد بناگاه گرد
ازان به نباشد که پنهان کنم — زگردن کشان نام او بفگنم
بدو گفت کز چین یکی نیک خواه — به نیروی بیامد به نزدیک شاه
به پرسید نامش زفرخ هجیر — بگفتا که نامش ندارم بویر
دگر بار پرسید سهراب ازوی — که باری مرا نام چینی بگوی
بپاسخ چنین گفت با او هجیر — که ای پرهنر مهتر شیر گیر
بدین در بدم من بدان روزگار — کجا او بیامد بر شهریار
گمانم که آن چینی این پهلواست — که هرگونه ساز و سلاحش نواست
غمین گشت سهراب رادل بدان — که جای نیامد زرستم نشان
نشان داده بد از پدر مادرش — همی دید و دیده نه بد باورش
همی نام جست از دهان هجیر — مگرکان سخن ها شود دل پذیر
نبشته بسر بر دگر گونه بود — زفرمان نکاهد نه هرگز فزود
قضا چون زگردون فرو هشته پر — همه زیرکان کور گردند و کر
وزان پس به پرسید کز مهتران — کشیده سراپردهٔ بر کران
سواران بسیار و پیلان بپای — برابد همی نالهٔ نرهٔ نای
یکی گرگ پیکر درفش از برش — به ابر اندر آورده زرّین سرش
میان سراپرده تختی زده — ستاده غلامان به پیشش رده
ز ایران بگو نام آن مرد چیست — کجاجای دارد نژادش زکیست

چنین گفت کان پور گودرز گیو که خواسند گردان ورا گیو نیو
زگودرزیان مهتر و بهتر است به ایران سپه بر دو بهره سر است
سرافراز داماد رستم بود به ایران زمین مثل او کم بود
بدو گفت ازان سو که تابنده شید برآید یکی پرده بینم سپید
ز دیبای رومی به پیشش سوار رده برکشیده فزون از هزار
پیاده سپهدار و نیزه وران شده انجمن لشکر بیکران
ز دیبا فرو هشته زیبا جلیل غلام ایستاده رده خیل خیل
نشسته سپهدار بر تخت عاج نهاده بران عاج کرسی ساج
چه نام است او را ز نام آوران سپهبد نژاد است با سروران
بدو گفت کو را فرابرز خوان که فرزند شاهست و تاج گوان
بدو گفت سهراب کین درخوراست که فرزند شاهست و با افسر است
ز هر سو ز بهر جهان دار شاه بیایند پیشش مهان با کلاه
به پرسید ازان زرد پرده سرای درفشی درخشان پیشش بپای
بگرداندرش سرخ و زرد و بنفش ز هر گونه برکشیده درفش
درفشی پس پشت پیکر گراز سرش ماه سیمین و بالا دراز
چه خوانند او را ز گردن کشان بگو تا چه داری ازو هم نشان
چنین گفت کو را گراز است نام که در جنگ شیران ندارد بکام
هشیوار و از تخمهٔ گیو دان که بر درد سختی نباشد زکان
نشان پدر جست و با او نگفت همی داشت آن راستی در نهفت
جهانرا چه سازی که خود ساختست جهاندار ازین کار پرداختست

زمانه نبشته دگر گونه داشت چنان کو گذارد بباید گذاشت
چو دل بر نهی در سرای سپنج همه زهر زو بینی و درد و رنج
وگر باره پرسید ازو سرفراز ازان کش بدیدار او بُد نیاز
ازان پردهٔ سبز و اسپ بلند وزان مرد و آن تاب داده کمند
وزان پس بجیر سپهبدش گفت که از تو سخن را نباید نهفت
گر از نام چینی بمانم همی ازان است کو را ندانم همی
بدو گفت سهراب کین نیست داد زرستم نکردی سخن هیچ یاد
کسی کو بود پهلوان جهان میان سپه در نماند نهان
تو گفتی که در لشکر او مهتر است نگهبان هر مرز و هر کشور است
برزمی که کاؤس لشکر کشد به پیل دمان تخت و افسر کشد
جهان پهلوان بایدش پیش رو چو برخیزد از دشت اوای غو
چنین داد پاسخ مر او را بجیر که شاید بُدن کان گوِ شیر گیر
کنون رفته باشد بزابلستان که هنگام بزم است در گلستان
بدو گفت سهراب کین خود بگوی که دارد سپهبد سوی جنگ روی
برامش نشیند جهان پهلوان برین بر بخندند پیرو جوان
مرا با تو امروز پیمان یکی است بگویم که گفتار من اندکی است
اگر پهلوان را نمائی بمن سرافراز باشی بهر انجمن
ترا بی نیازی دهم در جهان کشاده کنم گنج های نهان
وراید ون که این راز داری زمن کشاده بمن بر بپوشی سخن
سرت را نخواهد همی تن بجای میانجی کن اکنون بدین هردو رای

نه بینی که موبد بخسرو چه گفت بدانگه که بگشاد راز از نهفت
سخن گفت ناگفته چون گوهر است کجا نابسوده به بند اندر است
چو از بند و پیوند یابد رها چو رخشنده مهری بود بی بها
چنین داد پاسخ هجیرش که شاه چو سیر آید از مهرو از تاج گاه
نبرد کسی جوید اندر جهان که او رُشنده پیل اندر آرد زجان
اگر خود به بینی تو چنگال او چنان هیبت و پیکر و بال او
بدانی که ازوی نیابد رها نه دیو و نه شیر و نه از اژدها
بزخم سر گرز سندان شکن برارد دمار از دوصد انجمن
کسی را که رستم بود هم نبرد سرش زآسمان اندر آید بگرد
هم آورد او برزمین پیل نیست چو گرد پی اسپ او نیل نیست
تنش زور دارد بصد زور مند سرش برتر است از درخت بلند
چو او خشم گیرد بروز نبرد بجنگش چه شیر و چه پیل و چه مرد
نخواهم که با او بصحرا بود هم آورد اگر کوه خارا بود
هنر های رستم بگرد جهان همه آشکار است پیش مهان
تو با او بسنده نباشی بجنگ چو او تیغ هندی بگیرد بچنگ
بگیتی ندیدی تو جنگ آوران که بودند باگرز های گران
چو افراسیاب آن سپه دارچین ابا نام داران توران زمین
به شمشیر کین رستم پیلتن ببارید آتش بران انجمن
بدو گفت سهراب آزادگان سیه بخت گودرز و گشوادگان
که همچو توئی خواند باید پسر بدین زور و این دانش و این هنر

تو مردان جنگی کجا دیدهٔ که بانگ پیٔ اسپ نشنیدهٔ
که چندین زرستم سخن برزمان برانی ستانی ورا هرزمان
گرشن بینم انگاه آیدت یاد که دریای جوشان بلرزد زباد
از آتش ترا بیم چندان بود که دریا به آرام جنبان بود
چو دریای سبز اندر آید زجای ندارد دم آتش تیز پای
سر تیرگی اندر آید بخواب چو تیغ تپش برکشد آفتاب
چو برگفت ازین گونه سهراب گرد غمین گشته هزمان همی برشمرد
بدل گفت ناکار دیده بجیر که گرمن نشان کیِ شیر گیر
بگویم بدین ترک بازور دست چنین بال واین خروانی نشست
ز لشکر کند جنگ جوی انجمن برانگیزد آن بارهٔ پیلتن
بدین زور واین کتف واین بال اوی شود کشته رستم به چنگال اوی
زگردان نیاید کسی جنگ جوی که با او بروی اندر آرد بروی
ز ایران نباشد کسی کینه خواه بگیرد سر تخت کاؤس شاه
چنین گفت موبد که فرون بنام به از زنده دشمن برو شاد کام
اگر من شوم کشته بردست اوی نگردد سیه روز و خون آبجوی
چو من هست گودرز راسال خورد دگر پور هفتاد و شش شیر مرد
چو گیو جهان گیر لشکر شکن که باشد بهرجا سر انجمن
چو بهرام و رهام گردن فراز چو شیدوش شیراوزن رزم ساز
چو گودرز هفتاد پور گزین همه نام داران با آفرین
پس از مرگ من مهربانی کنند یکی دخمه خروانی کنند

نه از مرگ من شادمانی کنند ز دشمن بکین جان ستانی کنند
نباشد به ایران تن من مباد چنین دارم از موبد پاک یاد
چوتن سرکشد از زمین بیخ سرو سزد گر گیا را نبوید تذرو
به سهراب گفت این چه آشفتن است همه بامن از رستمت گفتن است
چرا باید این کینه آراستن به بیهوده چیزی زمن خواستن
که آگاهیٔ ان نباشد برم بدین کینه خواهی بریدن سرم
بهانه نباید بخون ریختن چه باید کنون رنگت آمیختن
همی پیلتن را بخواهی شکست همانا کت آسان نیاید بدست
نباید ترا جست بااو نبرد برارد بآوردگه از تو گرد
چوبشنید گفتار های درشت سرپردلان زود بنمود پشت
نهان کرد ازو روی و چیزی نگفت عجب ماند ازان گفتهای نهفت
زبالا زدوش تندیک پشت دست بیفگندش آمد بجایٔ نشست
بسی کرد اندیشهایٔ دراز زهر گونهٔ کرد پیکار ساز
به بست از پیٔ کینه انگه کمر نهاد از سر سروری تاج زر
بپوشید خفتان و بر سر نهاد یکی ترگ رومی بکردار باد
گرفتش سنان و کمان و کمند گران گرز را پهلوِ دیو بند
ز تندی بجوش آمدش خون رگ نشست از بر بارهٔ تیز تگ
به آوردگه رفت چون پیل مست چوکوه روان اسپش از جایجست
برون آمد و رای ناورد کرد بر آورد بر چهرهٔ ماه گرد
بیامد دمان تا بقلب سپاه رسید او به نزدیک کاؤس شاه

بگذرد از کوران ز چنگال شیر
رسیدند ازوی سران دلیر

کس از نام داران ایران سپاه
نیاراست کردن بدو در نگاه

ز پای و زکیب و ز دست وعنان
ز بازوی وآن آب داده سنان

وزان پس دلیران شدند انجمن
بگفتند کاینت گو پیلتن

نشاید نگه کردن آسان بدوی
که یارد شدن پیش او جنگ جوی

وزان پس خروشید سهراب گرو
همی شاه کاؤس را بر شمرد

چنین گفت کای شاه آزاد مرد
چه گونه است کارت بدشت نبرد

چرا کردهٔ نام کاؤس کی
که در جنگ شیران نداری تو پی

گر این نیزه در مشت پیچان کنم
سپاه ترا جمله بیجان کنم

یکی سخت سوگند خوردم به بزم
بدان شب کجا کشته شد رشده رزم

کز ایران نمانم یکی نیزه دار
کنم زنده کاؤس کی را بدار

که دارد از ایرانیان تیز چنگ
که پیش من آید بدین دشت جنگ

کجا گیو و گودرز و طوس دلیر
فریبرز و کاؤس و گستهم شیر

سوار جهان رستم نامور
وگر زنگهٔ گرد پرخاش خر

در آیند و مردی نمایند هین
درین رزم گاه از پی خشم کین

بگفت و همی بود خاموش بس
ازایران نداد هیچ پاسخش کس

ازان پس بجنبید از جای خویش
به نزدیک پرده سرا رفت پیش

خم آورد نوک سنان سپنج
سراپرده برکند هفتاد مینج

سراپرده یک بهره آمد ز پای
زهر سو برآمد دم کرهٔ نای

غمین گشت کاؤس و آواز داد
که ای نام داران فرخ نژاد

یکی نزد رستم برید آگهی کزین ترک شد مغز گردان تهی
ندارم سواری و راهم نبرد از ایران نیارد کس این کار کرد
بشد طوس و پیغام کاؤس برد شنیده سخن پیش او بر شمرد
بدو گفت رستم که هر شهریار که گردی مرا ناگهان خواستار
گهی جنگ بودی گهی ساز بزم ندیدم زکاؤس جز رنج رزم
بفرمود تا رخش را زین کنند سواران بروها پر از چین کنند
زخیمه نگه کرد رستم بدشت زره گیو را دید کاندر گذشت
نهاد از برارخش رخشنده زین همی گفت کرگین که بشتاب هین
همی بست با گرز رانم تنگ به بر گستوان برزده طوس چنگ
همی آن بدین این بدان گفت زود تهمتن چو از پرده آوا شنود
بدل گفت این رزم آهرمن است به این رستخیز از پی یکتن است
بزد دست و پوشید ببر بیان به بست آن کیانی کمر بر میان
نشست از برارخش و پیمود راه زواره نگهبان گاه و سپاه
بدو گفت از ایدر مرو پیشتر بمن دار گوش از یلان بیشتر
درفشش به بروند با او بهم همیرفت پرخاش جوی و درژم
چو سهراب را دید و آن بال و شاخ برش چون بر بام جنگ فراخ
بدو گفت از ایدر یک سو شویم به اورد گه در پی آهو شویم
بجنبید سهراب پرخاش خر ز گفت گو پیلتن نامور
بمالید سهراب کف را بکف به آورد گه رفت از پیش صف
بگفت او بر رستم برو تا رویم به یکجای هردو دو مرد گویم

از ایران و توران نخواهیم کس چو من باشم و تو به آورد بس
به آورد گه مر ترا جای نیست ترا خود بیک مشت من پای نیست
ببالا بلندی و با کتف و یال ستم یافت بااین ز بسیار سال
نگه کرد رستم بدان سرفراز بدان صفت و چنگ و رکیب دراز
بدو گفت رستم که ای مرد گرم زمین سرد و خشک و هوا گرم و نرم
به پیری بسی دیدم آورد گاه بسی بر زمین پست کردم سپاه
تبه شد بسی دیو بر دست من ندیدم بدان سو که دیدم شکن
نگه کن مرا تا نه بینی بجنگ اگر زنده مانی مترس از نهنگ
مرا دید در جنگ دریا و کوه که با نام داران توران گروه
چه کردم ستاره گوائی من است بمردی جهان زیر پائی من است
کسانیکه دیدند رزم مرا شمردند گوئی که بزم مرا
همی رحمت آرد بتو بر دلم نخواهم که جانت زتن بگسلم
نمانی به ترکان بدین بال صفت به ایران ندانم ترا نیز جفت
چو آمد زرستم چنین گفت و گوی بجنبید سهراب را دل بدوی
بدو گفت کز تو به پرسم سخن همه راستی باید افگند بن
یکایک نژادت مرا یاد دار ز گفتار خوبت مرا شاد دار
من ایدون گمانم که تو رستمی که از تخمهٔ نامور نیرمی
چنین داد پاسخ که رستم نیم هم از تخمهٔ سام نیرم نیم
که او پهلوانست و من کهترم نه با تخت و گاهم نه با افسرم
ز امید سهراب شد ناامید برو تیره شد روی روز سپید

بآوردگه رفت و نیزه گرفت همی ماند از گفت مادر شگفت
یکی تنگ میدان فرو ساختند بکوتاه نیزه همی باختند
بماند هیچ بر نیزه بند و بتان به چپ باز بزدند هردو عنان
به شمشیر هندی برآویختند همی ز آهن آتش فرو ریختند
بزخم اندرون تیغ شد ریز ریز چه رزمی که پیدا کند رستخیز
گرفتند ازان پس عمودی گران همی کوفتند آن برین این بران
ز تیر و عمود اندر آورد خم چنان بادپایان و گردان درم
ز اسپان فرو ریخت بر گستوان زره پاره شد بر میان گوان
فروماند اسپ و دلاور ز کار یکی را نه بد دست و بازوش یار
تن از خوی پر لب دهان پر ز خاک زبان گشت از تشنگی چاک چاک
یک از دیگر استاد ازگاه دور پر از درد باب و پر از رنج پور
جهان ناشگفته که کردار تست شکسته هم از تو هم از تو درست
ازین دو یکی را نجنبید مهر خرد دور بد مهر نه نمود چهر
همی بچه را باز داند ستور چه ماهی بدریا چه در دشت گور
نداند همی مردم از رنج و آز یکی دشمنی را ز فرزند باز
بدل گفت رستم که هرگز نهنگ ندیدم که آید بدینسان بجنگ
مرا خوار شد جنگ دیو سپید ز مردی شد امروز دل ناامید
ز دست یکی ناسپرده جهان نه گردی نه نام آوری از مهان
بسیری رسانیدم از روزگار دو لشکر نظاره بدین کارزار
چو آسوده شد بارهٔ هردو مرد ز آزار جنگ و ز ننگ نبرد

بزه بر نهادند هردو کمان یکی سال خورده دگر نو جوان
زره بود و خفتان و ببر بیان زکلک و زپیکان نیامد زیان
بهم تیر باران نمودند سخت تو گوئی فرو ریخت برگ درخت
غمین شد دل هردو از یکدگر گرفتند هردو دوال کمر
تهمتن اگر دست بردی بسنگ بکندی سیه سنگ را روز جنگ
بزور از زمین کوه برداشتی گران سنگ را موم پنداشتی
کمربند سهراب را چاره کرد که از زین بجنباند اندر نبرد
میان جوان را نه بد آگهی بماند از هنر دست رستم تهی
فروداشت دست از کمربند اوی شگفتی فروماند از بند اوی
دو شیر دژ از جنگ سیر آمدند تبه گشته و خسته دیر آمدند
دگر باره سهراب گرز گران ز زین برکشید و بیفشرد ران
بزد گرز و آورد کتفش بدرد به پیچید و درد از دلیری بخورد
بخندید سهراب و گفت ای سوار بزخم دلیران نه پایدار
بزیر اندرت رخش گوئی خراست دو دست سوار از همه بدتر است
مرا رحمت آید بتو بر زدل که از خونت آغشته گشت است گل
اگرچه گوی سرو بالا بود جوانی کند پیر کانا بود
تهمتن نداد هیچ او را جواب شگفتی فروماند در پیچ و تاب
بپستی رسید این ازان آن ازین چنان تنگ شد بر دلیران زمین
که از یک دگر روی برکاشتند دل و جان باندیشه بگذاشتند
تهمتن بتوران سپه شد بجنگ بدانسان که نخچیر بیند پلنگ

بایران سپه رفت سهراب گرد عنان یارهٔ تیزتگ را سپرد
بزد خویشتن را بایران سپاه بدستش بسی نامور شد تباه
میان سپاه اندر آمد چو گرگ پراگنده گشتند خورد و بزرگ
چو رستم بنزدیک توران رسید پشیمان شد آه از جگر برکشید
غمین گشت و اندیشهٔ کرد و دید که کاؤس را بیگمان بد رسید
ازین پرهنر ترک نو خواسته بخفتان برو بازو آراسته
بلشکرگه خویش تازید زود که اندیشهٔ دل بدان گونه بود
میان سپه دید سهراب را زمین لعل کرده بخون ناب را
سرنیزه پر خون و خفتان و دست توگفتی ز تحچیر گشت است مست
درفش گشت رستم چو اورا بدید خروشی چو شیر ژیان برکشید
بدو گفت کای تیز خون خواره مرد ز ایران سپه جنگ با تو که کرد
چرا دست بامن نسودی همه چو گرگ آمدی درمیان رمه
باو گفت سهراب توران سپاه ازین رزم دور اند و هم بیگناه
تو آهنگ کردی بدیشان نخست کسی با تو پیکار و کینه نجست
بدو گفت رستم که شد تیره روز چو پیدا کند تیغ گیتی فروز
بکشتی بگردیم فردا پگاه به بینیم تا بر که گردد سپاه
بدین دشت هم دار و هم منبر است که روشن جهان زیر تیغ اندر است
گر ایدون که بازو به شمشیر و تیر چنین آشنا شد تو هرگز ممیر
بکردیم بشکیر یا تیغ کین تورو تا چه خواهد جهان آفرین
برفتند وروی هوا تیره گشت ز سهراب گردون همی خیره گشت

تو گفتی ز جنگش سرشت آسمان نیاساید از تاختن یک زمان
دگر باره زهراندرش آهن است شگفتی روانست و روئین تن است
شب تیره آمد سوی لشکرش میان سوده از جنگ و آهن برش
بهومان چنین گفت کامروز هور برآمد جهان گرد پرشور و شور
شمارا بسر زان سوار دلیر که بال یلان داشت چنگال شیر
چه آمد شمارا چه گفت و چه کرد که او بود هم زور من در نبرد
چه کرد او ابا لشکر سربسر که چون او ندانم بگیتی دگر
یکی پیر مرد است برسان شیر نگردد ز پیکار و از جنگ سیر
اگر گویم از کار آن نام دار نه چندان بود کاید اندر شمار
دو بازوش مانندهٔ ران پیل بجوشد زآواز او رود نیل
ندانم بگرد جهان سربسر که بیند گهی کینه چون او گهر
بدو گفت هومان که فرمان شاه چنین بد کزایدر نه جنبد سپاه
همه کار ما سخت باساز بود به آوردگه گشتن آغاز بود
بیامد یکی مرد پرخاش جوی بدین لشکر گشن بنهاد روی
تو گفتی زمستی کنون خاست است که این جنگ رایکتن آراست است
عنان باز پیچید و برداشت راه بایران سپه رفت ازین جایگاه
چنین گفت سهراب کو زین سپاه نکرد از دلیران کسی را تباه
از ایرانیان من بسی کشته ام زمین را بخون چون گل آغشته ام
اگر شیر پیش آمدی بیگمان نرستی چنین دان ز گرز گران
وزین برشما جز نظاره نبود ولیکن نیامد کسی خود چه سود

به پیشم چه شیر و پلنگ و هزبر — به پیکان فرو بارم الماس زابر
چو گردان مرا روی بینند تیز — زره بر تن شان شود ریزه ریز
چو فردا به پیش است روز بزرگ — پدید آید آن کس که باشد سترگ
بنام خدائی جهان آفرین — نمانم ز گردان یکی بر زمین
کنون خوان و می باید آراستن — بباید همی غم ز دل کاستن
و زان روی رستم سپه را بدید — سخن راند با گیو گفت و شنید
که امروز سهراب جنگ آزمای — چگونه بجنگ اندر آورد پای
چنین گفت با رستم گرد گیو — کز آن گونه هرگز ندیدیم نیو
بیامد دمان تا میان سپاه — ز لشکر بر طوس شد کینه خواه
که او بود بر زین و نیزه بدست — چو گرگین فرود آمد او بر نشست
بیامد چو با نیزه او را بدید — بکردار شیر ژیان بر دمید
خمیده عمودی بزد بر برش — ز نیرو بیفتاد ترک از سرش
نتابید با او .. بتابید روی — شدند از دلیران بسی جنگ جوی
ز گردان کسی مایهٔ او نداشت — بجز پیلتن پایهٔ او نداشت
هم آئین پیشین نگه داشتم — سپه را برو هیچ نگذاشتم
به تنها شد بر برش جنگ جوی — سپردیم میدان کینه بدوی
سواری نشد پیش او یکتنه — همی تاخت از قلب تا میمنه
زهر سو همی شد دمان و دمان — بزیر اندرون بود اسپش چمان
غمین گشت رستم ز گفتار اوی — بر شاه کاؤس بنهاد روی
چو کاؤس کی پهلوان را بدید — برخویش نزدیک جایش گزید

ز بهراب رستم زبان برکشاد زبالا و برزش همی کرد یاد
که کس در جهان کودکی نارسید بدین شیر مردی و گردی ندید
بهالا ستاره بساید همی تنش را زمین بر نتابد همی
دو بازو و رانش چوران هیون همانا که دارد سطبری فزون
به تیغ و به تیر و بگرز و کمند ز هر گونه آزمودیم چند
سرانجام گفتیم که من پیش ازین بسی گرد را برگرفتم ز زین
گرفتیم دوال کمربند اوی بیفشاردم سخت پیوند اوی
همی خواستم کش ز زین برکنم چو دیگر کسانش بخاک افکنم
بگیراز باد جنبان شود کوهسار بجنبد ابر زین مرآن نامدار
ازو باز گشتیم که بیگاه بود که شب سخت تاریک و بی ماه بود
بدان تا بگردیم فردا یکی بکشتی گرائیم ما اندکی
چو فردا بیاید بدشت نبرد بکشتی همی بایدم چاره کرد
بگوشم ندانم که فیروز کیست به بینیم تا رای یزدان به چیست
کنون یست پیروزی و دستگاه هم او آفریندهٔ هور و ماه
بدو گفت کاؤس یزدان پاک تن بدسگالات کند چاک چاک
من امشب به پیش جهان آفرین بمالم فراوان سر اندر زمین
بدان تا ترا بردهد دستگاه برین ترک بدخواه گم کرده راه
کند تازه پژمرده گام ترا برآرد بخورشید نام ترا
بدو گفت رستم که با فرشاه برآید همه کامهٔ نیک خواه
بگفت این و برخاست پس پیلتن درم گشته او پیش آن انجمن

به لشکرگه خویش بنهاد روی پر اندیشه جان و سرش کینه جوی
زواره بیامد خلیده روان که امروز چون گشت بر پهلوان
ازو خوردنی خواست رستم نخست پس انگه ز اندیشه دل را بشست
همانگه بدو حال سهراب گرد سراسر همه هرچه بد بر شمرد
سپه را دو فرسنگ بد در میان کشادن نیارست یک تن میان
چنین راند پیش برادر سخن که بیدار دل باش و تندی مکن
بشبگیر چون من به آوردگاه روم پیش آن ترک ناورد خواه
بیاور سپاه و درفش مرا همان تخت و زرینه کفش مرا
همی باش در پیش پرده سرای چو خورشید تابان براید ز جای
گر ایدون که پیروز باشم بجنگ به آوردگه بر نیارم درنگ
دگر خود دگرگونه گردد سخن تو زاری مساز و نژندی مکن
میائید یک تن باوردگاه مسازید جستن سوی رزم راه
یکایک سوی زابلستان شوید از ایدر به نزدیک دستان شوید
ازو برکشائی یکایک سخن که روزی تهمتن درآمد به بن
چنین بود فرمان یزدان پاک که گردد بدست جوانی هلاک
تو خرسند گردان دل مادرم چنین راند ایزد قضا بر سرم
بگویش که تو دل بمن در مبند مشو جاودان بهر جانم نژند
کس اندر جهان جاودانه نماند ز گردون مرا خود بهانه نماند
بسی دیو و شیر و پلنگ و نهنگ تبه شد ز چنگم بهنگام جنگ
بسی باره و دژ که کردیم پست نیاورد کس دست من زیر دست

ور مرگ را آن بگو بد که پای | به اسپ اندر آرد بر آید زجای
اگر سال گردد فزون از هزار | همین است راه و همین است کار
نگه کن به جمشید شاه بلند | همان نیز طهمورث دیو بند
بگیتی چو ایشان نبد شهریار | سرانجام رفتند زی کردگار
به مردی ز کرشاسپ برتر نبود | سپهر برین گرد گاهش نبود
نریمان و سام آن دو گردن فراز | زمردان بگیتی نبدشان چو آز
چو گیتی بر ایشان نماند و بگشت | مرا نیز بر ره بباید گذشت
چو خورشید گردد بدستان بگوی | که از شاه گیتی مبر تاب روی
اگر جنگ سازد توستی مکن | چنان رو که او راند ازین سان سخن
همه مرگ رائیم پیر و جوان | بگیتی نماند کسی جاودان
ز شب نیمهٔ گفت سهراب بود | دگر نیمه آرامش و خواب بود
چو خورشید رخشان بیفگند پر | سیه زاغ پرّان فرو برد سر
تهمتن بپوشید ببر بیان | نشست از بر اژدهای دمان
بیامد بدان دشت آورد گاه | نهاده ز آهن بسر بر کلاه
همه تلخی از بهر بیشی بود | مبادا که با آز خویشی بود
و زان روی سهراب با انجمن | همی می گسارید بارود زن
بهومان چنین گفت کان شیر مرد | که با من همیگردد اندر نبرد
ز بالای من نیست بالاش کم | برزم اندرون دل ندارد درژم
بر و کتف و بالش بمانند من | تو گوئی که دانند برزد ز تن
ز پای و رکیبش همی مهر من | بجنبد بشرم آورد چهر من

نشانهای مادر بیابم همی بدل نیز لختی بتابم همی
گمانی برم من که او رستم است که چون او نبرده بگیتی کم است
نباید که من باپدر جنگ جوی شوم خیره رو اندر آرم بروی
زداد ار گردم بسی شرمناک سیه رو روم از سر تیره خاک
نباشد امید سرای دگر نباید که رزم آورم باپدر
بشاهان گیتی شوم روسیاه که بر مرز ایران و توران سپاه
نگوید کسی جز به بد نام من نباشد بهر دو سرا کام من
سراسیمه گردم از آویختن بجز بد نباشد زخون ریختن
بدو گفت هومان که در کارزار رسیداست رستم بمن چند بار
شنیدی که در جنگ مازندران چه کرد آن سپهبد زگرز گران
بدین رخش ماند همی رخش اوی و لیکن ندارد پی و بخش اوی
بپوشید سهراب خفتان رزم سرش پر ز رزم ودلش پر ز بزم
بیامد خروشان بدان دشت جنگ به چنگ اندرون گرزهٔ گاورنگ
زرستم بپرسید خندان دولب توگفتی که با او بهم بود شب
که شب چون بدی روز چون خاستی زپیکار دل بر چه آراستی
زکف بفگن این تیر و شمشیر کین بزن چنگ بیداد را بر زمین
نشینیم هر دو پیاده بهم بمی تازه داریم روئی ورزم
به پیش جهاندار پیمان کنیم دل از جنگ جستن پشیمان کنیم
همان تاکسی دیگر آید برزم تو بامن بساز و بیارای بزم
دل من همی بر تو مهر آورد همی آب شرمم به چهر آورد

همانا که داری ز گردان نژاد کنی پیش من لوهر خویش یاد
ز نام تو کردم همی جست و جوی نگفتند نامت تو با من بگوی
ز من نام پنهان نبایدت کرد چو گشتی تو با من کنون هم نبرد
مگر پور دستان سام یلی گزین نامور رستم زابلی
بدو گفت رستم که ای نامجوی نکردیم هرگز چنین گفت و گوی
ز کشتی گرفتن سخن بود دوش نگیرم فریب تو زین در مکوش
نه من کودکم گر تو هستی جوان بکشتی کمر بسته دارم میان
بکوشیم فرجام کاران بود که فرمان ورای جهان بان بود
و دیگر که در جای ننگ و نبرد پژوهش بجویند مردان مرد
بسی گشته ام در فرازو نشیب نیم مرد گفتار زرق و فریب
بدو گفت سهراب کای مرد پیر اگر نیست پندمنت جایگیر
مرا آرزو بد که بر بسترت برآید بهنگام هوش از برت
کسی کز تو ماند ستودان کند به پیروزدان تن بزندان کند
اگر هوش تو زیر دست من است بفرمان یزدان برآرم ز دست
ز اسپان جنگی فرود آمدند هشیوار با کبر و خود آمدند
میانها به بسته بدست آستین بمالید و کرده رخی پر ز چین
به بستند بر سنگ اسپ نبرد برفتند هردو روان پر ز درد
چو شیران بکشتی بر آویختند ز تن ها خوی و خون همی ریختند
بزد دست سهراب چون پیل مست چو شیر دمنده زجا در بجست
کمر بند رستم گرفت و کشید ز بس زور گفتی زمین بر درید

برستم در آویخت چون پیل مست برآورد ش از جای و بنهاد پست
یکی نعره برزد پراز خشم و کین بزد رستم شیر را بر زمین
نشست از بر سینهٔ پیلتن پراز خاک چنگال وروی ودهن
بکردار شیری که بر گور نر زند دست و گور اندر آید بسر
یکی خنجر آبگون بر کشید همی خواست از تن سرش را برید
نگه کرد رستم به آواز گفت که این راز باید کشاد از نهفت
به سهراب گفت ای یل شیر گیر کمندا فگن و گرز و شمشیر گیر
دگر گونه این باشد آئین ما جز این باشد آرایش دین ما
کسی کو بکشتی نبرد آورد سر مهتری زیر گرد آورد
نخستین که پشتش نهد بر زمین نبرّد سرش گرچه باشد بکین
اگر بار دیگرش زیر آورد به افگندنش نام شیر آورد
بدین چاره از چنگ نر اژدها همی خواست یابد زکشتن رها
روا باشد ار سر کند زو جدا بدین گونه بر باشد آئین ما
دلیر جوان سر بگفتار پیر بداد و نبود آن سخن جای گیر
یکی از دلیری دوم از زمان سیم از جوان مردیش بی گمان
رها کرد از دست و آمد بدشت بدشتی که بر پیشش آهو گذشت
همی کرد نخجیر و یادش نبود از آن کس که با او نبرد آزمود
همی دیر شد باز هومان چو گرد بیامد به پرسید ازو از نبرد
بهومان بگفت آن کجا رفته بود سخن هرچه رستم بدو گفته بود
بدو گفت هومان دریغ ای جوان بسیری رسیدی همانا زجان

دریغ این برو برز و بالای تو — رکیب دراز و یلی پای تو
هزبری که آورده بودی بدام — رها کردی از دست و شد کار خام
نگه کن که زین بیهده کار کرد — چه آرد به پیشت بدشت نبرد
بگفت و دل از جان او برگرفت — پر انده همی ماند اندر شگفت
به لشکرگه خویش بنهاد روی — بخشم و پر از غم دل از کار اوی
یکی داستان زد بدین شهریار — که دشمن مدار ار چه خورد است و خوار
بهومان چنین گفت سهراب گرد — که اندیشه از دل بباید سترد
که فردا بیاید برمن بجنگ — به بینی بگردنش بر پالهنگ
چو رستم ز چنگ وی آزاد گشت — بسان یکی کوه پولاد گشت
خرامان بشد سوی آب روان — چو جان رفته گویا بیابد روان
بخورد آب و روی و سر و تن بشست — به پیش جهان آفرین شد نخست
بزمزم بنالید بر بی نیاز — نیایش همی کرد بر چاره ساز
همی خواست پیروزی و دستگاه — نبود آگه از بخش خورشید و ماه
که چون رفت خواهد سپهر از برش — بخواهد ربودن کلاه از سرش
شنیدم که رستم ز آغاز کار — چنان یافت نیرو ز پروردگار
که گر سنگ را او بسر بر شدی — همی هر دو پایش بدو در شدی
ازان روز پیوسته رنجور بود — دل او ازان آرزو دور بود
بنالید بر کردگار جهان — بزاری همی آرزو کرد آن
که لختی ز زورش ستاند همی — که رفتن بره بر تواند همی
بدانسان که از پاک یزدان بخواست — ز نیروی آن کوه پیکر بکاست

چو باز آن چنان کار پیش آمدش دل از بیم سهراب ریش آمدش
بیزدان بنالید کای کردگار بدین کار این بنده را پاس دار
همان زور خواهم کز آغاز کار مرا دادی ای پاک پروردگار
بدو باز داد آن چنان کش بخواست بیفزود و در تن هراسش بکاست
وزان آب خورشد بجای نبرد پر اندیشه بودش دل و روی زرد
همی تاخت سهراب چون پیل مست کمندی ببازو کمانی بدست
گرازان و چون شیر نعره زنان سمندش جهان و جهان را کنان
بران گونه رستم چو او را بدید عجب ماند و روی همی بنگرید
غمین گشت و زو ماند اندر شگفت ز پیکارش انداز ها برگرفت
چو سهراب باز آمد اورا بدید ز باد جوانی دلش بر دمید
چو نزدیک تر شد بدو بنگرید مر اورا بدان فر و آن زور دید
چنین گفت کای رسته از چنگ شیر چرا آمدی باز نزدم دلیر
چرا آمدی باز پیشم بگوی سوی راستی خود نداری تو روی
همانا که از جان تو سیر آمدی که در جنگ شیران دلیر آمدی
دو بارت امان دادم از کارزار به پیریت بخشیدم ای نام دار
چنین داد پاسخ بدو پیلتن که ای نامور گرد لشکر شکن
نه گویند زین گونه مردان مرد همانا جوانی ترا غره کرد
به بینی کزین پیر مرد دلیر چه آید بروئی تو ای نره شیر
هرانگه که خشم آورد بخت شوم شود سنگ خارا بکردار موم
دگر باره اسپان به بستند سخت بسر بر همی گشت بدخواه بخت

بشب گیر تا سایه گسترد هور همی این بزآن آن بزین کرده شور
بکشتی گرفتن نهادند سر گرفتند هردو دوال کمر
سپهدار سهراب آن روز دست تو گفتی که چرخ بلندش بشست
غمین گشت رستم بباز ید چنگ گرفت آن سرو یال جنگی پلنگ
خم آورد پشت دلاور جوان زمانه سرامد نبودش توان
زدش بر زمین بر بکردار شیر بدانست گو هم نماند بزیر
سبک تیغ تیز از میان برکشید بر پور بیدار دل بر درید
هرانگه که تشنه شدی تو بخون بیالودی این خنجر آبگون
زمانه بخون تو تشنه شود بر اندام تو موی دشنه شود
به پیچید ازان پس یکی آه کرد ز نیک و بد اندیشه کوتاه کرد
بدو گفت کین بر من از من رسید زمانه بدست تو دادم کلید
تو زین بی گناهی که این کوز پشت مرا برکشید و بزاری بکشت
ببازی بگویند همسال من بخاک اندر آمد چنین یال من
نشان داد مادر مرا از پدر زمهر اندر آمد روانم بسر
همی جستمش تا به بینمش روی چنین جان بدادم بدین آرزوی
در یغا که رنجم بیامد بسر ندیدم درین هیچ روئی پدر
کنون گر تو در آب ماهی شوی وياچون شب اندر سیاهی شوی
وگر چون ستاره شوی بر سپهر ببری ز روی زمین پاک مهر
بخواهد هم از تو پدر کین من چو بیند که خست است بالین من
ازین نام داران گردن کشان کسی هم برد سوی رستم نشان

که سهراب کشت است و افگنده خوار همی خواست کردن ترا خواستار
چو بشنید رستم دلش خیره گشت جهان پیش چشم اندرش تیره گشت
همی بی تن و تاب و بی توش گشت بیفتاد از پای و بیهوش گشت
به پرسید ازان پس که آمد بهوش بدو گفت بانالہ و با خروش
بگو تا چه داری ز رستم نشان که گم باد نامش زگردن کشان
که رستم منم کم مناناد نام نشیناد بر ماتم پور سام
بزد نعره و خونش آمد بجوش همی کند موی و همی زد خروش
چو سهراب رستم بدانسان بدید بیفتاد و هوش از سرش بر پرید
بدو گفت گر زانکه رستم توئی بگشتی مرا خیره بر بدخوئی
ز هرگونه بودم ترا رهنمای نخنبید یک ذره مهرت زجای
کنون بند بگشای از جوشنم برهنه ببین این تن روشنم
ببازوم بر مهرهٔ خود نگر به بین تا چه دید این پسر از پدر
چو برخاست آواز کوس از درم بیامد پراز خون درون مادرم
همی جانش از رفتن من بخست یکی مهره بر بازوی من به بست
مرا گفت کاین از پدر یادگار بدار و به بین تا کی آید بکار
کنون کارگر شد که پیکار گشت پسر پیش چشم پدر خوار گشت
چو بگشاد خفتان و ان مهره دید همی جامه بر خویشتن بر درید
همی گفت کای کشته بر دست من دلیر و ستوده بهر انجمن
همی ریخت خون و همی کند موی سرش پر زخاک و پر از آب روی
بدو گفت سهراب کین بدتریست به آب دو دیده نباید گریست

ازین خویشتن کشتن اکنون چه سود — چنین رفت و این بودنی کار بود
چو خورشید تابان ز گنبد بگشت — تهمتن بیامد به لشکر ز دشت
ز لشکر بیامد هشیوار بیست — که تا اندر آورد گه کار چیست
دو اسپ اندران دشت بر پای بود — پر از گرد رستم دگر جای بود
گو پیلتن را چو بر پشت زین — ندیدند گردان دران دشت کین
چنان بد گمان شد که او کشته شد — سر نام داران گو گشته شد
به کاؤس کی تاختند آگهی — که تخت مهی شد ز رستم تهی
ز لشکر برآمد سراسر خروش — برآمد زمانه یکایک بجوش
بفرمود کاؤس تابوق و کوس — دمیدند و آمد سپهدار طوس
وزان پس بلشکر چنین گفت شاه — کزایدر همیونی سوی رزمگاه
بتازید تا کار سهراب چیست — که بر شهر ایران بباید گریست
اگر کشته شد رستم جنگ جوی — ازایران که یارد شدن پیش اوی
بباید چو جمشید آواره گشت — که بنهیم سر جامه در کوه و دشت
به انبوه زخمی نباید زدن — بدین رزم گه بر نشاید بدن
چو آشوب برخاست از انجمن — چنین گفت سهراب با پیلتن
که اکنون چو روز من اندر گذشت — همه کار ترکان دگر گونه گشت
همه مهربانی بدان کن که شاه — سوی جنگ توران نراند سپاه
که ایشان ز بهر من جنگ جوی — سوی مرز ایران نهادند روی
بباید که بینند رنجی براه — مکن جز به نیکی در ایشان نگاه
بسی روز را داده بودم نوید — بسی کرده بودم زهر در امید

بگفتم اگر زنده بینم پدر بگیتی نمانم یکی تاج ور
چو این بود تقدیر او بر سرم همی بد ز کینش آیش خورم
چه دانستم ای پهلوی نامور که باشد روانم بدست پدر
ازین درد دلیری به بند من است گرفتار خم کمندی من است
بسی زو نشان تو پرسیده ام همه بد خیال تو در دیده ام
جزان بود یکسر سخنهای او ازو باز ماند تهی جای او
چو گشتم ز گفتار او ناامید شدم لاجرم تیره روز سفید
ببین تا کدام است از ایرانیان نباید که آید بجانش زیان
نشانی که بد داده مادر مرا بدیدم نه بد دیده باور مرا
چنینم نوشته بد اختر بسر که من کشته گردم بدست پدر
چو برق آمدم رفتم اکنون چو باد بمینو مگر بینمت باز شاد
ز سختی برستم فرو بست دم پر آتش دل و دیدگان پر ز نم
نشست از بر رخش رستم چو گرد پر از خون دل و لب پر از باد سرد
بیامد به پیش سپه با خروش دل از کردهٔ خویش پر درد و جوش
چو دیدند ایرانیان روی اوی همه بر نهادند بر خاک روی
ستایش گرفتند بر کردگار که او زنده باز آمد از کارزار
چو زان گونه دیدند بر خاک سر دریده همه جامه و خسته بر
بپرسش گرفتند کاین کار چیست ترا دل بدین گونه از بهر کیست
بگفت آن بشگفتی که خود کرده بود گرامی تنی را بیازرده بود
همه برگرفتند با او خروش بماند آنزمان باب پهدار هوش

چنین گفت با سرفرزان که من نه دل دارم امروز گوئی نه تن
شما جنگ ترکان مجوئید کس که این بد که من کردم امروز بس
زواره بیامد بر پیلتن دریده برو جامه و خسته تن
چو رستم برادر بر آنگونه دید بگفت آنچه از پور کشته شنید
پشیمان شدم من ز کردار خویش ستانم مکافات زاندازه بیش
دریده جگرگاه پور جوان بگرید برو چرخ تا جاودان
پسر را بکشتم به پیرانه سر بریده پی و بیخ آن نامور
فرستاد نزدیک هومان پیام که شمشیر کین ماند اندر نیام
نگهدار آن لشکر اکنون توی نگه کن بدیشان مگر نغنوی
که با تو مرا روز پیکار نیست همان بیش ازین جای گفتار نیست
برادرش را گفت پس پهلوان که برگرد ای گرد روشن روان
تو با او برو تا لب رود آب مکن بر کسی هیچ گونه شتاب
زواره بیامد هم اندر زمان بهومان سخن گفت از پهلوان
بپاسخ چنین گفت هومان گرد که بنمود سهراب را دست برد
هجیر ستیزندهٔ بد گمان که میداشت راز سپهبد نهان
نشان پدر جست با او نگفت روانش به بیدانشی بود جفت
بما این بد از شومی او رسید بباید مر اورا سر از تن برید
زواره بیامد بر پیلتن زهومان سخن راند و از انجمن
زکار هجیر بد بد گمان که سهراب را زو سرامد زمان
تهمتن زگفتار او خیره گشت جهان پیش چشم اندرش تیره گشت

به نزد هجیر آمد از دشت کین گریبانش بگرفت و زد بر زمین
یکی خنجر آبگون برکشید سرش را همی خواست از تن برید
تو از زشتیٔ خود نگفتی مرا بآتش زدی جان و دیده مرا
بزرگان بپوزش فراز آمدند هجیر از در مرگ باز استدند
چو برگشت ازان جایگه پهلوان بیامد بر خسته پور جوان
بزرگان برفتند با او بهم چو طوس و چو گودرز و چون گستهم
همه لشکر از بهر آن ارجمند زبان برکشادند یکسر زپند
که درمان این کار یزدان کند مگر کین غمان بر تو آسان کند
یکی دشنه بگرفت رستم بدست که از تن به بر در خویش پیست
بزرگان بدو اندر آویختند ز مژگان همی خون دل ریختند
بدو گفت گودرز که اکنون چه سود گر از روی گیتی برآری تو دود
تو بر خویشتن گر کنی صد گزند چه آسانی آید بدان ارجمند
اگر مانده باشد مرا ورا زمان بماند بگیتی تو با او بمان
وگرزین جهان آنجوان رفتنی است بگیتی که جاوید کیست
شکاریم یکسر همه پیش مرگ سری زیر تاج و سری زیر ترگ
چو آیدش هنگام بیرون کنند وزان پس ندانیم تا چون کنند
دراز است راهش اگر کوته است پر اگنده گانیم اگر همره است
ز مرگ ای سپهبد بی اندوه کیست همی خویشتن را بباید گریست
بگودرز گفت آن زمان پهلوان که ای گرد بانام روشن روان
پیامی زمن سوی کاؤس بر بگویش که مارا چه آمد بسر

بدشنه جگرگاه پور دلیر — دریدم که رستم مماناد دیر
گرت هیچ یاد است کردار من — یکی رنجه کن دل به تیمار من
ازان نوشدارو که در گنج تست — کجا خستگان را کند تندرست
به نزدیک من با یکی جام می — سزد گر فرستی هم اکنون ز پی
مگر کو به بخت تو بهتر شود — چو من پیش تخت تو کهتر شود
بیامد سپهبد بکردار باد — بکاوس یکسر پیامش بداد
بدو گفت کاوس کز انجمن — اگر زنده ماند چنو تهمتن
نخواهم که او را بد آید بروی — که هستش بسی نزد من آبروی
ولیکن اگر داروی نوش من — وهم زنده ماند یل پیلتن
کند پست رستم به نیرو ترا — هلاک آورد بیگمان مر مرا
اگر یک زمان زو بمن بد رسد — نسازیم پاداش او جز به بد
شنیدی که او گفت کاوس کیست — گر او شهریار است پس طوس کیست
همان نیز سهراب برگشته بخت — که سوگند خوردی بتاج و به تخت
بدین نیزه ات گفت بیجان کنم — سرت بر سر دار پیچان کنم
کجا گنجد اندر جهان فراخ — بدان فرو برزو بدان بال و شاخ
کجا باشد او پیش تختم بپای — کجا راند او زیر فر همای
نخواهم به نیکی سوی او نگاه — اگر تاج بخش است و گر رزم خواه
بدشنام چندی مرا بر شمرد — نه پیش سپه آبرویم به برد
چو فرزند او زنده باشد مرا — یکی خاک باشد بدست اندرا
سخنهای سهراب نشنیده — نه مرد بزرگ جهاندیده

کز ایرانیان سر ببرم هزار کنم زنده کاؤس کی را بدار
اگر ماند او زنده اندر جهان به پیچد ازوی کهان و مهان
بسی دشمن خویشتن پرورد به گیتی درون نام بد گسترد
چو بشنید گودرز برگشت زود بر رستم آمد بکردار دود
بدو گفت خوی بد شهریار درختی است حنظل همیشه ببار
به تندی بگیتی ورا یار نیست همان رنج کس را خریدار نیست
ترا رفت باید به نزدیک اوی که روشن کنی جان تاریک اوی
بفرمود رستم که ناپیشکار یکی جامه آرد هرش پرنگار
جوان را بران جامهٔ زرنگار بخوا باند و آمد بر شهریار
گو پیلتن سر سوی راه کرد کس آمد پیش زود و آگاه کرد
که سهراب شد زین جهان فراخ همی از تو تابوت خواهد نه کاخ
چو بشنید رستم خرامید زود همی زو سینه همی کند مو
بدرجست و برزد یکی سرد باد بنالید و مژگان بهم بر نهاد
پیاده شد از اسپ رستم چو باد بجائی کله خاک بر سر نهاد
بزرگان لشکر همه همچنان غریوان و گریان و زاری کنان
همی گفت زار ای نبرده جوان سرافراز و از تخمهٔ پهلوان
نبیند چو تو نیز خورشید و ماه نه جوشن نه خود و نه تخت و کلاه
کرا آمد این پیش کامد مرا جوانی بکشتم به پیران سرا
نبیره جهاندار سام سوار سوئی مادر از تخمهٔ نامدار
بریدن دو دستم سزاوار هست جز از خاک تیره مبادم نشست

که فرزند سهراب دادم بباد — که چون او گو نامداری نزاد
ز سام نریمان و گرشاسپ گیو — بمردی فزون بود و گردان نیو
چو من نیست در گرد گیهان یکی — بمردی بدم پیش او کودکی
چگویم چو آگه شود مادرش — چگونه فرستم کسی را برش
چگویم چرا کشتمش بیگناه — چرا روز کردم برو بر سیاه
کدامین پدر این چنین کار کرد — سزاوارم اکنون بگفتار سرد
بگیتی که کشته است فرزند را — دلیر و جوان و خردمند را
پدرش آن گرانمایه تر پهلوان — چه گوید بدان دخت پاک جوان
که رستم بکینه برو دست یافت — بدشنه جگرگاه او بر شکافت
برین تخمهٔ سام نفرین کنند — مرا نام بی مهر و بی دین کنند
که دانست کاین کودکی ارجمند — بدین سال گردد چو سرو بلند
بجنگ آیدش رای و سازد سپاه — بمن بر کند روز روشن سیاه
بفرمود تا دیبهٔ خسروان — کشیدند بر روی پور جوان
همی آرزو گاه شهر آمدش — یکی تنگ تابوت بهر آمدش
ازان دشت بردند تابوت اوی — سوی خانهٔ خویش بنهاد روی
به پرده سرای آتش اندر زدند — همه لشکرش خاک بر سر زدند
همان خیمه و دیبهٔ رنگ رنگ — همان تخت پرمایه و زرین پلنگ
بر آتش نهادند برخواست غو — همی کرد زاری جهان دار گو
جهان چون تو دیگر نه بیند سوار — بمردی و گردی گه کارزار
دریغ آن همه مردی و رای تو — دریغ آن رخ و برز و بالای تو

دریغ این غم و حسرت نجان گسلل ز مادر جدا و پدر داغ دل
نکوهش فراوان کند زال زر همان نیز رو دابهٔ پر هنر
چه گویند گردان و گردن کشان چوزین سان شنوند نزد ایشان نشان
ازاین چون بایشان رسد آگهی که بر کندم از باغ سرو سهی
بدین کار پوزش چه پیش آورم که دل شان بگفتار خویش آورم
همی ریخت خون و همی کند خاک به تن جامهٔ خسروی کرده چاک
همه پهلوانان کاؤس شاه نشستند بر خاک با او براه
زبان بزرگان پر از پند بود تهمتن بدرد از جگر بند بود
چنین است کردار چرخ بلند بدستی کلاه و بدیگر کمند
چو شادان نشیند کسی باکلاه بخم کمانش رباید زگاه
چرا مهر باید همی بر جهان چو باید خرامید با همزبان
یکی دایره آمده چنبری فراوان درین دایره داوری
نه هرباد شاه و نه هر بنده را شناسد نه نادان نه دانندهٔ را
جهان سرگذشت است از هرکسی چنین گونه گون بازی آرد بسی
چو اندیشهٔ بود گردد دراز همی گشت باید سوی خاک باز
اگرچرخ را هست ازین آگهی همانا که گشت است مغزش تهی
چنان دان کزین گردش آگاه نیست بچون و چرا سوی او راه نیست
بدین رفتن اکنون نباید گریست ندانیم فرجام این کار چیست
زسهراب چون شد خبر نزد شاه بیامد به نزدیک او با سپاه
برستم چنین گفت کاؤس کی که از کوه البرز تا برگ نی

همی برد خواهد بگردش سپهر ... بباید فگندن بدین خاک مهر
یکی زود سازد یکی دیر تر ... سرانجام بر مرگ باشد گذر
دل و جان بدین رفته خرسند کن ... همه گوش سوئی خردمند کن
اگر آسمان برزمین بر زنی ... وگر آتش اندر جهان در زنی
نیابی همه رفته را باز جای ... روانش کهن دان بدیگر سرای
من از دور دیدم برو یال اوی ... چنان برز و بالا و گوپال اوی
عجب ماند دل دیدگان در نظار ... که از ترک آید بدینسان سوار
بگفتم به ترکان نماند همی ... ز تخم بزرگان بماند همی
زناته برانگیختش با سپاه ... که ایدر بدست تو گردد تباه
چه سازی و درمان این کار چیست ... برین رفته تا چند خواهی گریست
بدو گفت رستم که او خود گذشت ... نشست است هومان درین پهن دشت
ز توران سرانند چندی زچین ... از ایشان بدل در مدار هیچ کین
روا ره سپه را گذارد براه ... به نیروی یزدان و فرمان شاه
بدو گفت شاه ای گو نام جوی ... ازین رزم اندوهت آید بروی
دل من ز درد تو شد پر ز درد ... نخواهم از ایشان بکین یاد کرد
گر ایشان بمن چند بد کرده اند ... وگر دود از ایران بر آورده اند
ولیکن چو رای تو با جنگ نیست ... مرا نیز با جنگ آهنگ نیست
بجیر دلاور بیامد ز راه ... چنین گفت کز پیش رفت آن سپاه
وزان جایگه شاه لشکر براند ... به ایران خرامید رستم بماند
بدان تا زواره بیاید ز راه ... برو آگهی آورد زان سپاه

زواره بیامد سپیده دمان — سپه را اندر ستم هم اندر زمان
بریده دم باد پایان هزار — پر از خاک سر مهتران نام دار
بریده سمند سرافراز دم — دریده همه کوس روئینه خم
سپه پیش تابوت میراندند — بزرگان بسر خاک بفشاندند
پس آنگه سوی زابلستان رسید — چو آگاهی ازوی بدستان رسید
همه سیستان پیش باز آمدند — برنج و بدرد و گداز آمدند
چو تابوت را دید دستان سام — فرود آمد از اسپ زرین لگام
تهمتن پیاده همی رفت پیش — دریده همه جامه دل کرده ریش
کشاوند گردان سراسر کمر — همه پیش تابوت برخاک سر
همه رخ کبود و همه جامه چاک — بسر برفشانده برین سوگ خاک
گرفتند تابوت او سر بزیر — دریغ آن چنان نامدار دلیر
تهمتن بزاری به پیش پدر — ز تابوت زردوز بر کرد سر
بدو گفت بنگر که سام سوار — بدین تنگ تابوت خفت است زار
ببارید دستان ز دو دیده خون — بنالید با داور رهنمون
تهمتن همی گفت کای نام دار — تو رفتی و من مانده ام خوار و زار
همی گفت زال اینت کاری شگفت — که سهراب گرزگران برگرفت
نشانی شد اندر میان مهان — نزاید چنو مادر اندر جهان
همی گفت و مژگان پر از آب کرد — زبان پر ز گفتار سهراب کرد
چو آمد تهمتن بایوان خویش — خروشید تابوت بنهاد پیش
چو رودابه تابوت سهراب دید — دو چشمش چو باران خونناب دید

بدان تنگ تابوت خفته جوان بزاری بگفت ای شه پهلوان
بزاری همی مویه آغاز کرد همی برکشید از جگر باد سرد
که ای پهلوان زادهٔ بچه شیر نزاید چو تو زورمند دلیر
همی گفت زارای گو سرفراز زمانی ز صندوق سر بر فراز
بمادر نگوئی همی راز خویش که هنگام شادی چه آمدت پیش
بروزی جوانی بزندان شدی براین خانهٔ مستمندان شدی
نگوئی چه آمدت پیش از پدر چرا بردریدت بدیسان جگر
فغانش زایوان به کیوان رسید همی زار بگریست هرکان شنید
به پرده درون رفت باسوگ و درد دلش پر ز درد و رخش پرز گرد
چو رستم چنان دید بگریست زار ببارید از دیده خون در کنار
تو گفتی مگر رستخیز آمدست که دل راز شادی گریز آمدست
دگر باره تابوت سهراب شیر بیاورد پیش مهان دلیر
ازان تخته برکند و بکشاد سر کفن زو جدا کرد پیش پدر
تنش را بدان نام داران نمود تو گفتی که از چرخ برخاست دود
هر آن کس که بودند پیر و جوان زن و مرد گشته همه بی توان
مهان جهان جامه کردند چاک به ابر اندر آمد سر گرد خاک
همه کاخ تابوت بد سر بسر غنوده بصندوق در شیر نر
تو گفتی که سام است بایال و کفت غمین شد ز جنگ اندر آمد بخفت
چو دیدند آن مردمان روی اوی بگردند هرکس بسرهای و هوی
بپوشید بازش بدیبای زرد سر تنگ تابوت را سخت کرد

همی گفت اگر دخمه زرین کنم ز مشک سیه گردش آگین کنم
چو من رفته باشم نماند بجای وگرنه مرا خود جز این نیست رای
چه سازم من اکنون سرافراز اوی که ماند ازو در جهان رنگ و بوی
یکی دخمه گردش چو سم ستور جهانی ز زاری همی گشت کور
تراشید تابوتش از عود خام ببرو برزده بند زرین ستام
بگیتی همه برشد این داستان که چون کشت فرزندرا پهلوان
جهان سر بسر پر ز تیمار گشت هرانکس که بشنید غمخوار گشت
برستم برین روز چندی گذشت بگرد دلش شادمانی نگشت
به آخر شکیبائی آورد پیش که جز آن نمیدید هنجار خویش
جهانرا بسی هست زین سان بنیاد بسی داغ بر جان هرکس نهاد
کرا در جهان هست هوش و خرد کجا او فریب زمانه خورد
چو ایرانیان زین خبر یافتند بران آتش غم همی تافتند
وزان روی هومان بتوران رسید بگفت او با فراسیاب آنچه دید
ازو مانده بدشاه توران شگفت وزان کار اندازه اندر گرفت
غریبو آمد از شهر توران زمین که سهراب شد کشته بر دشت کین
خبر زو بشاه سمنگان رسید همه جامه بر خویشتن بر درید
همادر خبر شد که سهراب گرد ز تیغ پدر خسته گشت و بمرد
خروشید و جوشید و جامه درید بزاری بران کودکی نارسید
بزو چنگ و بدرید پیراهنش درخشان شده لعل زیباتنش
برآورد بانگ و غریو و خروش زمان تازمان زو همیرفت هوش

فروبرد ناخن دو دیده بکند بر آورد بالا در آتش فگند
دو زلفین چون تاب داده کمند بانگشت پیچید و از بن بکند
روان گشته از روی او جوی خون زمان تا زمان اندر آمد نگون
همه خاک تیره بسر برفگند بدندان ز بازوی خود گوشت کند
بسر برفگند آتش و برفروخت همه موی مشکین به آتش بسوخت
همی گفت کای جان مادر کنون کجائی سرشته بخاک و بخون
غریب و اسیر و نژند و نزار بخاک اندرون آن تن نامدار
دو چشمم بره بود گفتم مگر ز سهراب و رستم بیابم خبر
گمانم چنان بود گفتم کنون بگشتی بگیرد جهان اندرون
پدر را همی جستی و یافتی کنون بامدن تیز بشتافتی
چه دانستم ای پور کاید خبر که رستم به خنجر دریدت جگر
دریغش نیامد ازان برز و بالای و بازوی تو ازان روی تو
وزان گردگاهش نیامد دریغ که ببرید رستم به برنده تیغ
به پرورده بودم تنش را بناز برخشنده روز و شبان دراز
کنون آن بخون اندرون غرقه گشت کفن برتن و پاک او غرقه گشت
کنون من کرا گیرم اندر کنار که خواهد بدن مرمرا غمگسار
کرا گویم این درد و تیمار خویش کرا خوانم اکنون بجائی تو پیش
دریغا تن و جان و چشم و چراغ بخاک اندرون مانده از کاخ باغ
پدر جستی ای گرد لشکر پناه بجائی پدر گورت آمد براه
از امید نومید گشتی تو زار بخفتی بخاک اندرون خوار و زار

ازان پیش کوشش نه را بر کشید جگر گاه سیمین تو بر درید
چرا آن نشانی که مادرت داد ندادی برو بر نکردیش یاد
نشان داده بد از پدر مادرت ز بهر چه نامد همی باورت
کنون مادرت ماند بی تو اسیر پر از درد تیمار از دور زیر
چرا نامدم با تو اندر سفر که گشتی بگردان گیتی سمر
مرا رستم از دور بشناختی ترا بامن ای پور بنواختی
نینداختی تیغ آن سرفراز نکردی جگر گاهت ای پور باز
همی گفت و می جست میکند موی همی زد کف دست بر خود بروی
همی گفت مادرت بیچاره گشت به خنجر جگر گاه تو پاره گشت
ز هر سو برو انجمن گشت خلق کزان گریه در خون همی گشت غرق
ز بس کو همی شیون و ناله کرد همه خلق را چشم پر ژاله کرد
بر ینگونه بیهش بیفتاد و پست همه خلق را دل برو بر بخست
بیفتاد بر خاک چون مرده گشت تو گفتی همی خونش افسرده گشت
بهوش آمد و باز نالش گرفت بران پور کشته سگالش گرفت
ز خون او همی لعل کرد اب را به پیش آورید اسپ سهراب را
سم اسپ او را به بر در گرفت بمانده جهانی بدو در شگفت
گهی بوسه زد بر سرش گه بروی ز خون زیر سمش همی راند جوی
ز خون مژه خاک را کرد لعل همی روی مالید بر سم و نعل
بیاورد آن جامهٔ شاهوار گرفتش چو فرزند اندر کنار
بیاورد خفتان و ورع و کمان همان نیزه و تیغ و گرز گران

همی بر همی زد گران گرز را همی یاد کرد آن بزو برزرا
بیاورد آن جوشن و خود اوی همی گفت کای شیر پرخاش جوی
بیاورد زین و لگام و سپر لگام و سپر را همی زد بسر
کمندش بیاورد هفتاد یاز به پیش خود اندر فگندش دراز
همی تیغ سهراب را برکشید فش و دم اسپش ز تیمه برید
بدرویش داد این همه خواسته زر و سیم و اسپان آراسته
در کاخ بربست و تختش بکند ز بالا دراورده و پستش فگند
فروهشت جائی که بد جای بزم ازان بزمگه رفته بودش برزم
در خانها را سبه کرد پاک ز کاخ و رواقش براورده خاک
به پوشید پس جامهٔ نیلگون همان نیلگون غرق گشته بخون
بروز و بشب مویه کرد و گریست پس از مرگ سهراب سالی بزیست
سرانجام هم در غم او بمرد روانش بشد سوی سهراب گرد

تمام شد قصهٔ رستم زابلی و سهراب

بموجب حکم حضور فیض نشور رونق دهِ ایوانِ تصنف وعدالت نور دیدهٔ بسالت و ایالت جناب ولیم تلورابرتن اسکویر مداله تعالی عمره وقدر وایده بحسن التوفیق و زین فهمه بالتدقیق والتحقیق ابدا

NOTES

TO

Roostum Zaboolee & Soohrab.

INTRODUCTION.

NOTE III.

Vers. 1, *p.* 1.—*Ye who have listened to my other lays.*

Firdousee, the Author of Shah Namuh, of which the Episode of Roostum and Soohrab forms a part, was born at Toos, in the kingdom of Khoorasan, in the year 946, A. D. His father, named Uhmud, was one of the principal inhabitants of Sar, a city in the province of Toos, and is stated to have been an horticulturist or the proprietor of a small landed estate. In 900, at the age of thirty-four, Abool Qasim Munsoor, who was entitled Firdousee, or The Heavenly, as Ariosto is styled Il Divino, proceeded to Ghizneen, in the reign of Muhmood, the son and successor of Subooktugeen. Shortly before his arrival at the capital, the king had procured a copy of a work called Boostan Namuh, or Siyur-ool-Moolook, which contained a History of the Ancient Monarchs of Iran. Seven of the Romances, comprised in this book, were delivered by the Sooltan to seven of the most distinguished literary characters of the period, for reconstruction, and the sovereign awarded the palm of superiority to Unsuree, for his poetical version of the story of Roostum and Soohrab. It appears that Firdousee, previously to his departure from Toos, had been engaged in composing a Chronicle of the Kings of Persia, founded on the Tareekhi Moolooki Ujum; or, an Archive of the Persian Potentates. When he found that Unsuree obtained such distinction by the production he had written at Court, Firdousee prepared the Romance of Roostum and Soohrab, though, as others allege,

the Legend of Roostum and Isfundiyar, and presented his performance to Muhmood, who was so pleased with the poesy of the Bard of Toos, that he commanded him to be paid a thousand dinars for as many distichs, and directed him to remodel the Shah Namuh, or Book of Kings, on the materials which he was pleased to afford. After a lapse of thirty years, the task was completed. The poet's labours being finished, his imperial patron ordered that an elephant load of gold should be granted as a reward—but the Wuzeer, or Premier contrived to modify the mandate of the Prince, and, in consequence, silver was substituted for gold—2,698£, instead of 40,470£, being the amount of the recompense ultimately fixed.* Firdousee received the sum with indignation, and, for his independent conduct, on the occasion, was sentenced by the despot to be trampled to death under the feet of an elephant, but he succeeded in securing his pardon by the eloquence and beauty of an extemporaneous effusion, recited in the presence of Muhmood. He was resolved, however, on resenting the indignity offered, as well as the injustice inflicted, and therefore composed his celebrated satire on the Son of Subooktugeen, taking the precaution to depart, prior to a disclosure of its contents, from the city of Ghizneen, to Kohistan, or the Highlands, a mountain-division then governed by Nasir-ool-Moolk Mootushum, a dependent of the Sooltan. From the Highlands, Firdousee fled to Mazindaran—thence to Baghdad—and thence he precipitated his journey to Toos, his native town, where he lived in retirement for a short time, and in 1021 expired at the age of seventy-five years and ten months.—The Shah Namuh, or Book of Kings, and Yoosoof wa Zooleikha, or The Loves of Joseph and Zooleikha, the wife of Potiphar, (a copy of which has lately been discovered in the College Library at Fort William), constitute the works of this eminent man. The allusion, in the text, to his other labours bears reference to the portion of his historical record, which precedes the commencement of his story of Roostum and Soohrab,† and comprehends the memoirs and achievements of the Sovereigns of Persia from the reign of Kuyomoorz, who flourished in the year 980 B. C. Of the nature of his descriptions in the Epic, an opinion of his own sentiments may be formed by the following translated extract

* Asoof-ood-douluh, when Governor of Oude, behaved equally ill to the late Meer Husun, *Husun*; of Fyzabad, the Author of the much admired Hindoostanee Musnuwee, entitled Sihr-ool Buyan, or Magic of Description, which was dedicated to His Excellency the Nuwab Wuzeer; but which was published under the auspices of the Marquess of Wellesley, Visitor of the College of Fort William. In 1820, we became acquainted, personally, at Fyzabad with one of the three sons of Meer Husun, *Husun*, or *The Elegant*, and in alluding to Herat, (whence his family had emigrated to India) he referred to the treatment which the Bard, his Father, had received from the Court at Lucknow, as corresponding in its nature with the usage which Firdousee had experienced at Ghizneen, a city not far distant from Herat.

† In the Royal Poem, the entire Memoirs of Roostum are generally supposed to be comprised, but it appears, from a note given by Sir William Ouseley, (Travels 1 vol. 511,) that this supposition is erroneous. Suhum-ood-deen, observes this intelligent antiquarian, composed, in the eleventh century of our era, a very extraordinary work, the Nuzhut Namuh Elayee, containing much curious matter on a variety of subjects; concerning Roostum he seems to have obtained, through the medium of a learned man, named Peeroozan, some original information from Puhloowee writings, not known to Firdousee. The whole of the History of Soohrab is not contained in the Book of Kings, but his life will be found in the Soohrab Namuh, mentioned by Lumsden, in page vi, of the advertisement, prefixed to his solitary volume of the Shah Namuh.

from his Satire, referring to his Shah Namuh, which consisted of 60,000 couplets, or 1,20,000 lines, and concluded with the administration of Yuzdjird in 636 A. D. when the Saracens invaded and conquered Iran.*

NOTE IV.

Vers. 3, *p.* 1.—*Attentive listen to the tale I tell*
Of Roostum and Soohrab in battle fell.

Atkinson, in the preface to his Soohrab; Champion, in his Essay on the Life and Writings of Firdousee; and the Reviewer, in his Memoir of the Author of Shah Namuh, inserted in the Calcutta Oriental Maga-

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The Oriental Literati will be gratified to learn that Lieutenant-colonel Macan, Persian Interpreter to His Excellency the Commander in Chief in India, and a Member of the Oriental Translation Committee, intends to publish an edition of the Shah Namuh in the course of the current year:—The Persian text which we have chiefly followed, and which we republish on this occasion, is a transcript of that printed by Atkinson, from a manuscript corrected under the superintendence of Dr. Lumsden, late Professor in the College of Fort William: but we have supplied several omissions, and amended several errors, on the best authority.

* The Burzoo Namuh, by Ataee, comprised an equal number of couplets (v. note 2, p. 4): but of the Shah Namuh of Firdousee, four thousand were composed by his Friend Usudee, and one thousand, by his Contemporary Munsoor Roodeeqee, a Persian Poet, who wrote one million and three hundred verses. Hermippus says, on the authority of Pliny, (Lib. xxx, c. i.,) that he had seen two millions of Zoroaster's verses: but these undertakings, though vast, sink into insignificance when compared with the labours of the Spanish Dramatist, Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, of whose writings twenty-one millions and three hundred thousand lines are said to have been actually printed. Champion states, p. 14—but on what grounds we are not apprised—that in the 374th year of the Hijruh, Firdousee concluded the Heroic Poems which consisted of one hundred thousand lines, thus curtailing ten thousand verses, the aggregate number of distichs being fifty-five thousand, exclusive of the five thousand couplets composed by Usudee, and Munsoor Roodeeqee. Firdousee says:—

" Long did I labor in this world of pain,
" In hopes my toils might wealth and honors gain;
" And sixty thousand wond'rous couplets wove
" That told how mighty chiefs in battle strove;
" And sung of various arms that warriors use,
" The bow and shaft, the spear, the sword and noose;
" The crested helm that nods terrific grace,
" The mail of man and steed, and pond'rous mace;
" Of deeds on sea and land, and war's alarms,
" Of princely banquets, and sweet musick's charms,
" Of savage beasts that strewed the desart plain,
" Of monstrous dragons and of demons slain,
" Of devilish arts and magic spells of might,
" That fill'd the world with wonder and affright,
" Of mighty heroes who, in arms arrayed,
" In war a more than mortal pow'r displayed.
" Of far famed kings with pomp and grandeur graced,
" And champions who from Jem their lineage traced.
" Revolving ages had obscured their fame,
" Unknown each deed, and dead each mighty name!
" But now recorded in this lofty strain,
" Each king and hero springs to life again."

Oriental Magazine, 6 *Vol. p.* 131.

Thus Horace says (Lib. iv, Carm. viii,) in his Ode, maintaining that the gift of immortality is in the power of the Poets:

Gaudes carminibus, carmina possumus
Donare et pretium dicere muneri.
Virtus, et favor, et lingua potentium
Vatum—
Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori:
Cœla musa beat.

zine for December, 1826; as well as other biographers of the Poet have asserted, that the Legend of Roostum and Isfundiyar formed the production, which the Bard of Toos presented to Muhmood, through a courtier named Mahik, when the Sooltan ordered his Prime Minister to reward Firdousee with a thousand miscals of gold for every thousand couplets which he composed. But Ross, who has distinguished himself as an Oriental scholar, affirms, that, "on Firdousee's "presenting the Sooltan with the Episode of Soohrab and Roostum, "as a specimen of his work, an order was given on the Treasury for "a thousand dinars, or one dinar, (8s. 6d.) for each couplet." (Asiatic Journal for June, 1819, p. 575.) It is, however, acknowledged by every writer who has treated of the subject, that the story of Roostum and Soohrab is the portion of the Shah Namuh, which has been the most celebrated from the period that Unsuree gained, by it, the prize of distinction, at the court of Ghizneen, 750 years ago. In modern times, likewise, it appears to have attracted considerable attention. Sir William Jones intended to have prepared a Tragedy, founded on its contents: but it is conclusive, from the following passage in his Traite sur la Poesie Oriental, (5 vol. 449) that this illustrious Orientalist had mistaken the part which relates to the intercourse between Roostum and Tuhimeenuh:—"Dans le "Second Chant" viz. of the Shah Namuh "se trouveroit une Episode "tendre et touchante. Roostum, voyageant sous un nom emprunté, "avoit trouvé le moyen de seduire une jeune príncesse, á qui la honte fit "ensuite exposer le fruit de cet amour infortuné. Soohrab, c'est le "nom de cet enfant abandonné, ne conoissant point ses parens, entre "au service d' Afrasiyab, est avancé par ce roi aux premières charges "de l' Armée, et enfin envoyé pour combattre Roostum, qui ne le "reconnoit pour son fils, qu' apres l' avoir mortellement blessé."—Lord Teignmouth, at the end of his Memoirs of Sir William Jones, (p. 527) has furnished an Abstract of the Tale, taken from the Moontukhib, or Abridgment of the Shah Namuh, written by Shumsheer Khan, in 1063, under the patronage of Dara Sheikooh, heir-apparent of Shah Jihan: but His Lordship has been led into an error when he states, in regard to the birth of Soohrab, that "Tuhimeenuh, apprehensive that Roostum would deprive her of "him, informed him, that she had a daughter, and Roostum en-"tertained no suspicion of the deceit." The Noble Writer is not singular, however, in the mistaken impression which he received; for Waring remarks, in his Tour to Shiraz, p. 185, that Roostum was ignorant of his having a son by Tuhimeenuh, and Sir John Malcolm observes in his History of Persia, 1 vol. 28, that "Roostum "could have had no idea, that his son was in existence; the mother "of Soohrab having written to him that her child was a daughter, "fearing to lose her infant, if she revealed the truth." But although Atkinson, in the first edition of his Soohrab, condemned Shumsheer Khan for having made "an important deviation from the Original, in "this part of the story—since in that work Tuhimeenuh, in acknow-"ledging the receipt of the jewels, which Roostum had sent to her, "fearful of being deprived of her child, denies the birth of a son"—still, he has not hesitated himself, in the second edition of his poem,

printed at Calcutta, in 1828, to misrepresent the text of Firdousee: For he says, (p. 36:) neither from ignorance nor inadvertency:

" At Sumungan, where once affection smiled,
" To me Tahmeena bore her only child;
" That was a daughter!"

We are aware that Tuwukul Beg, the protegé of Shumsheer Khan, Governor of Ghizneen, (not the Epitomist), has likewise noticed in his Mookhtusir, or Compendium of the Shah Namuh, that Tuhimeenuh bore a daughter; but these statements are incorrect, and tend to injure, materially, the plot of the Romance, which Firdousee took so much pains to polish and perfect.* Ross, under the signature of Gulcheen, has presented us with a partial prose translation of the Episode of Roostum and Soohrab, to which we have had occasion frequently to refer: and Waring and Malcolm, in addition to Lord Teignmouth, have furnished abstracts of this tale which the Historian of Persia aptly says, (I. vol. 27,) commences with a beautiful line that well characterises the narrative related by Firdousee—" Ekee dastan pur abi " chushum"—or more correctly, in the language of the Poet:

یکی داستان است پرآب چشم

" A tale full of the waters of the eye."

But none of these abstracts are devoid of mistakes, as we shall prove, in the course of our lucubrations. Atkinson has freely translated this legend; and, in 1814, he published his version at Calcutta. Of this performance, Sir William Ouseley, (Travels, 2 vol. 509) says, with equal justice and truth: " From the Shah " Namuh, an affecting Episode, the story of Soohrab, son of Roostum, " has been extracted, ingeniously translated into English verse, and " illustrated with many excellent notes, by Mr. Atkinson." But it must be allowed that Ross was not in error, when he pronounced it to be on comparison, " any thing but a translation of Firdousee's original:" (Asiat. Journ. vol. XI): For, *mutatis mutandis*, what Bentley and Warburton said of Pope's transposition of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, may not be deemed inapplicable to Atkinson's version of Firdousee. Bentley said, that it was " a very pretty poem, but not Homer," while Warburton exclaimed, that " no things could be so unlike as the Iliad " and Odyssey of Homer, and the Iliad and Odyssey of Pope!" It is, however, due to Mr. Atkinson, to say, that he has finished a beautifully written poem, adorned with many classical annotations, highly interesting and appropriate, but rendered imperfect by his freedom of translation. Yet, though he admits, that a closer adherence to the original would have given a better view of the Author, he is nevertheless of opinion that a literal translation of Firdousee would never be read with pleasure or gratification. (Preface to Soohrab, pp. XXI and XXIII.) On this point, he seems to be supported, by the Author of Sketches of Persia: " No translation in verse," says this judicious writer, " can " convey, to the mere English reader, any just impression of the whole " poem of Shah Namuh. The idiom, in which it is written, and the " allusions, and metaphors, with which it abounds are too foreign to

* This subject will be found discussed, at length, in the Note on Verse 521.

" our language and taste, to admit of success in such an undertaking;
" but a prose translation of this great work is a desideratum,* and select
" passages might bear a poetical form.† He, however, who attempts such
" a task, will not be successful, unless possessed of a genius that raises
" him above the mechanical efforts of a versifier. If ever such a trans-
" lator devote himself to the beauties of this poem, he will find much to
" gratify himself and others." Gulcheen, it is true, has styled Atkinson
" the Calcutta versifier" (Asiat. Journal vol. XI): but this designation of a precursor in the same career, has not prevented us, from giving to the world, the present unpretending performance; undertaken and completed as a recreation, ' amidst sorrow and sickness,' in the solitudes of Hindoostan. Of Pope and Cowper, rivals and contemporaries, it has been said that they were " performers on different instruments," in allusion to their versions of Homer; while the critics added that they were *magis pares, quam similes.* This cannot be said, however, of Champion, who published, some years ago, a volume containing a translation in English verse of the first part of the Shah Namuh. Atkinson says, (Preface to Soohrab, p. XXI) that he could not procure a copy of that work—but since our production went to the press, we have obtained one, published in 1785. After a perusal of its contents, we are disposed to coincide with Atkinson, that it is " an unsuccessful attempt," though not " a sufficient beacon" to have determined us from observing a closer adherence to the original, than he himself has ventured to keep. Ross, who personally knew Mr. Champion at Dinagepoor, suspects that his Shah Namuh was composed from the recitation of a professed Duhqan, or Itinerant Minstrel, and not from the original text of the Bard of Toos.

NOTE V.

Vers. 15, p. 4.—*If Death be justice, if it may be just*
To shed man's blood, and render dust to dust.

The Author of the Pursuits of Literature (p. 210,) has well illustrated the meaning of Firdousee, in a note commenting on Goodwin's work, on Political Justice. " Another trait is," says Mr. Matthias, who is believed to be the anonymous writer, " that all political *justice* is " essentially founded upon *injustice*; if plunder, robbery and spoliation

* From his excellent prose translations of part of the Episode of Roostum and Soohrab, and of the Goolistan, James Ross, Esquire, A. M. & M. A. S. appears to be well qualified for such a labour: His promised version of the Boostan of Sadi, an admired Persian Poem, illustrative of moral duties, has been expected, with great interest, in India, since the announcement of its preparation for publication by the Oriental Translation Committee, in London.

† Champion, formerly Civil Chief at Gowindgunj, has expressed his concurrence in a similar sentiment. " The Heroic Poem," he says, in a Notice to his Subscribers, " which includes the achievements of Roostum, Soohrab, and Isfundiyar will be the " continuation of my next publication. I purpose *selecting* the most animating allu-
" sions, the most splendid actions *and* most beautiful passages from Firdousee, with-
" out losing sight of the concatenation of events." (Sha Name, p. 15.) Champion, however, never published his promised continuous version, owing to mental derangement: but it is reported, that Atkinson is engaged in a translation of the whole of the Shah Namuh, on the plan of his own Soohrab. We have seen a considerable portion of another, but private, poetical transposition of Firdousee's Book of Kings, in M. S. The Romance of Roostum and Soohrab was not, however, included in the portion to which we make allusion.

" of all property in the outset may be deemed *injustice*; that is, if " these principles are to be adopted, in any Country, where property " is now secured by the laws!"

NOTE VI.

Vers. 20, p. 5.—*Behind the sacred screens of holy writ.*

These screens, or purduhs amount in number to seventy-two, which veil God in the highest empyrean.—(See Sale's Coran, D'Ohosson's Ottoman Empire, and Matthews' Mishcat-ool-Masabih.)

NOTE VII.

Vers. 40, p. 5.—*Nor young, nor old, exempted thus from birth,*
Would be delivered to the charge of earth.

Blair, in his " Grave," has these appropriate lines, addressed to Earth, on this subject:

" But know that thou must render up the dead,
" And with high interest too. They are not thine,
" But only in thy keeping for a season,
" 'Till the great promised day of restitution,
" When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
" Of long-lunged Cherub shall alarm thy captives,
" And rouse the long, long sleepers into life—
" When not a single spot of burial earth,
" Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
" But must give back its long committed dust."

NOTE VIII.

Vers. 60, p. 6.—*You may depart accompanied by means*
For your salvation in more blessed scenes.

Firdousee was a Moosulman, professing the creed and the tenets of the Soonee Sect—but he was suspected of being, secretly, a believer in the faith and practice of Zurdehusht, or Zoroaster; still the expression in the text refers to the doctrines of the Moohummudans, as it alludes, in substance, to the concluding portion of the following supplication, offered up by the Moslems, on smoothing the eyebrows: " xxii. O God! " decorate me with the decoration of people of piety. O God! verily I solicit thee speedily to give me health, and patience to surmount thy trials, and let me depart from this world accompanied by " thy mercy." This petition has been extracted from the Hidayut-ool Islam, or Guide to Faith and Practice, being the Book of Common Prayer of the Members of Islam, of which a translation will be found in the Appendix, No. I, with a view to exhibit distinctly the essentials of the religion established by Moohummud, " The Illiterate Prophet." A compendium will also be furnished in the Appendix, No. II, comprising a few of the principal religious tenets which were held by Roostum and Soohrab, and the گلشاهیان Gilshahiyans, in general.

NOTE IX.

Vers. 73, p. 6.—*As by a reverend priest and minstrel sage*
I heard and trace it thus, on memory's page.

The words used in the text are موبد Moobid, and دهقان Duhqan, the former signifying a pastor of the بدین Buhdeens, and پاک دین Pakdeens or Fireworshippers—the latter, a story teller. The Moobid appears to have been a religious, who combined in his sacerdotal capacity the profession of a Bard, or Duhqan, (like the *Vatis* of the Ancients) and who repeated to Firdousee, many legends of antiquity, in the Puhloowee or Municipical language—not the Heroic tongue, as some suppose,—whence they were recorded by the poet, in the Duree, or Court dialect.* But we shall resume this subject, in detail, at the Notes on verses 132 and 374. It has been before noticed, in Note 2, page 4, that the Asiatics of the present day receive as much delight, from the story of Roostum and Soohrab, as they who, twelve hundred years ago preferred it, to the fables related by Moohummud himself; but it should be added, that the Son of Abdoollah thought it, and other tales respecting the ancient heroes of Iran, to be so dangerous, that he prohibited them, in the xxxi Chapter of the Coran, saying "There is a man (Nasur, the Arabian Merchant), a retailer of a ludicrous story, that he may seduce men from the way of God:" This Arabian Merchant, Nasur, had treasured up during a residence in Persia, many legends relative to Roostum, Soohrab, Isfundiyar, &c. and these he recited, about the time that the Coran was publishing, to his countrymen, who intimated to their Apostle, that the Persian Romances were superior to his own narrations! Hence, the opportune arrival of a revelation by Gabriel. But the following extract from Waring's Tour to Sheeraz (p. 55), is a proof, that the injunction of their evangelist has been productive of no effect on his followers: "Another amusement," says Waring, "among those, who can afford "it is, listening to a Shah Namuh Khoon, a person who repeats and "acts various passages of Firdousee's epic poem, called, the Shah Namuh. "They enact the different descriptions of the Poet, with great spirit, "*particularly the account of the battle between Roostum, the Hero of the* "*poem, and Soohrab.*"

* Puhloo means a city in the Puhloowee: but, in the Duree, it signifies heroism. Sir W. Ouseley, however, (Travels 2 vol. 317) has published the following passage, from a Manuscript entitled the Shiraz Namuh, whence it appears that the Puhloowee language owes its appellation to the name of a military commander: "Know that "Pars, the Son of Pahlav, the Son of Sam (or Shem) the Son of Noah, (on whom "be the peace of God!) having established himself in Pars, became sovereign of "this country, which derived its name from him; and the Pahlav language, so call-"ed after his father Pahlav, became general in Pars." From Pars, the person, arose the name of Pars or Fars, the region which we convert into Persia: and Pars the Son of Puhloo we confound with Perses, or Perseus, the son of Jupiter—hence the denomination of the Perseidans, or Persians.

NOTES

TO

Roostum Zaboolee & Soohrab.

CANTO FIRST.

NOTE X.

Vers. 75, p. 7.—*Roostum, the Champion, with a heart forlorn,*
Rose from his pillow at crepusculous morn.

Homer commences the Second Book of the Odyssey in a strain, and with an abruptness, similar to Firdousee's, in this introductory passage, relative to Telemachus,

" The youthful Hero with returning light,
" Rose anxious from the inquietude of night.
" A royal robe he wore with graceful pride;
" A two-edged falchion threatened by his side;
" Embroidered sandals glittered as he trod;
" And forth he moved majestic as a God," &c.

Odyssey. II. I. 3.

In the same manner, both the Iliad and Æneis open with scenes descriptive of affliction. Homer says, (Iliad I. l. 1.)

" Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
" Of woes unnumbered, heav'nly Goddess sing.

And Virgil likewise says, (Æneis I. l. 1.)

" Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate,
" And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
" Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore," &c.

Jaques is represented by Shakespeare, in " As you Like It," asserting that he had " a melancholy of his own, compounded of many simples, " extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation " of his travels, in which his often rumination wrapped him in a most " humorous sadness." From the same authority, we learn, that the young gentlemen of France used, in former days, to be melancholy for

pastime—And, since Firdousee has omitted to inform us of the source of Roostum's sorrows, we might be permitted to conclude, that the Hero of the Shah Namuh was imitating the example of the Gaul, if the poet had not supplied us with reason to believe, that at the period, when the Royal Epic commences, the age of the Champion must have exceeded, in duration, an hundred years. In the Chapter of the Book of Kings, immediately preceding the Episode, which we have translated, nothing is stated that illustrates the cause of the cares felt by Roostum; but there can be no doubt, that he was afflicted by the frequent invasions into Iran, by Afrasiyab, the Ruler of Tooran, or Scythia; and also by the pride, imbecility, and folly of Ky Kaoos, then sovereign-paramount in Persia, B. C. 600, who was constantly involving, himself, and his country, in the greatest distress, as Roostum notices in the sequel, and as Waring has remarked, in page 185, of his "Tour to Sheeraz," as well as the Author of "Sketches of Persia," in 1 vol. 233. In order, however, to enable the reader to contemplate, clearly, the actual state of affairs, at the court of Persia, at the era when this Romance begins, we shall, cursorily, take a retrospective view of the occurrences that happened, subsequently to the battle of Hamawur, or Hamawuran, until the time when our story opens.—The Historians of Greece concur with Firdousee, in stating, that the seige of that city, which they called Nineveh, was interrupted by an inroad of Scythian barbarians. Of the conquest of Hamawuran, by Roostum, we shall have occasion hereafter to offer some particulars; but it is sufficient to observe, that after the Champion had returned to Iran with Ky Kaoos and Soodabuh, the beautiful princess of Hamawur, whom the monarch-paramount had married—he was directed to accompany the King and his auxiliaries, the captive monarchs of Egypt and the State of Barbary, in command of an army of three hundred thousand horse. A letter was addressed to Afrasiyab, who had again invaded the Empire, desiring him to evacuate Iran: but an offensive and irritating reply having been the result, a war between the two governments ensued. Roostum distinguished himself, in the first action, by charging the centre of the enemy's line, where Afrasiyab was, as usual, posted in person. On seeing the effects of this brilliant assault, Afrasiyab became infuriated; and, almost driven to despair, he harangued his troops in an animated strain, urging them to destroy the assailant, and vehemently exclaiming:

"My chosen nobles and my lion-lords!
"Against the foeman wield your vengeful swords,
"Since this, this is the day for which, in fight,
"You I have led o'er hollow and o'er height;
"This is the fate for which, in battle-plain,
"You I have cherished and till now sustain.
"Rise then illustrious chiefs! your arms exert,
"Your claim to valour by your feats assert;
"Up, and prevail against the hostile powers,
"And let the triumph and the fame be ours.
"Their leaders with your dirks and darts assail;
"On Ky Kaoos, their King, this world curtail;

" Cut off their haughty wolf-heads(1) from their frames,
" And from the land of life erase their names.
" Rush to the charge—but note that foremost foe,
" Beneath whose blade-point gory torrents flow :—
" That lion-hearted Sigzee,(2) at whose deeds
" The high heavens blush, so much his power exceeds !
" Yes ! mark him well and him your captive make,
" Or in his blood your thirsty weapons slake.
" For he who from his saddle, in the field,
" May Roostum dis-enhorse and cause to yield—
" The chief who from his seat may hurl the pard,
" Shall win a royal realm as his reward ;
" Shall gain my daughter with her beauteous charms ;
" Shall rank the first commander of my arms ;
" Shall rise to be the chief of chiefs renowned ;
" And sovereign of Iran he shall be crowned !"

Shak Namuh, p. 517.

Afrasiyab was defeated, by Roostum, with immense slaughter, and fled to Tooran. Roostum, with Ky Kaoos returned to Iran—On the arrival of Ky Kaoos at his capital, he deputed a military commander as a governor to each province throughout his dominions, as Miroo or Mirv, called also Miroo Shahjan, or the Delight of Kings; Nishapoor; Bulkh; Heree or Herat, the Aria of the Greeks, &c. But about this time, Ky Kaoos appears to have become deranged in his intellects, after he had been possessed by the devil, as is recorded. Of the two magnificent palaces which he erected at Mount Ulboorz, no description is required in this place, but we may with propriety notice his reputed ascent to the skies.(3) Atkinson entertained an opinion, which is not singular, that the fable of Ky Kaoos' exploring the heavens, supported on a throne, secured upon the back of four eagles, that landed him from excessive fatigue in a forest—where he was with difficulty discovered by Roostum—may have arisen from the monarch's well-known fondness for astronomical pursuits. But the compiler of the Dabistan, or School of Manners, has given a construction of this adventure, which deserves to be transcribed. " They," the Parsees, " also say," we are told in the Dabistan, by Moohsin Fanee, the reported Author, that " the vulgar story of Ky Kaoos having attempted to mount " up to heaven, and of his fall, is only what he saw in a dream, and not " what happened whilst he was awake.(4) Ky Nusheen, the brother of " Ky Kaoos, who secluded himself from the world, gave the following

(1) Koorgsaran will be explained in another place : it means wolf-heads.

(2) Roostum was surnamed Sigzee from Sigz, a lofty mountain, in Zaboolistan.—See Note 1. p. 1.

(3) D'Herbeloit says, that " Ky Kaoos etoit un Prince si appliquè à l'etude de " l'Astronomie qu'il fit batir deux grands observatoires ; l'un dans Babel sur " l'Euphrate ; et un autre sur le Tigris au lieu qui a porté depuis le nom de Bagdet."

(4) These observations have been applied to the asserted journey of Moohummud on the back of Booraq or Lightning, a horse like Rukhsh, in name and nature, when the prophet was transported by night from the temple of Mecca to Jerusalem, whence he was carried, through the seven heavens, to the presence of God.

" interpretation of this dream. The four eagles are the four elements, " and the throne represents the senses, which bear sway. The spears " indicate their strength and vehemence, over inflaming desire; The " thighs of flesh imply their propensity to anger, lust, avarice, and envy; " Their ascent signifies that under proper restraint they may be so tem- " pered, as to become the means of arriving at the sublime abodes in the " Upper World: And their fall, instead of reaching the celestial man- " sions of eternity, means that if we are but a little negligent in restraining " them, and omit the performance of proper discipline, they revolt to " their own nature, and temperament, and fly away from everlasting pa- " radise, the soul's resting place. Roostum recovering Ky Kaoos from " the wilderness, where he had fallen, and bringing him back to his capi- " tal, denotes the union of reason and sense, and his deliverence from the " dominion of inordinate desires. Therefore the fact is, that Ky Ka- " oos, by the direction of Ky Nusheen, his brother, younger in years, but " older in the theory and practice of philosophy, remained in retirement " for the space of forty days,(5) when his heart being awakened, this " heavenly vision appeared before him in a dream."(6) After the recovery of Ky Kaoos, the principal Iranian princes, and nobles, were invited by Roostum to a feast, given at the fire temple of Aazur-bur-zubur-zeen(7) where an army was assembled. In the course of the entertainment, and attendant amusements, (which resemble most strikingly those described by Ariosto, in the VII Book of Orlando Furioso) Gev proposed to his Father-in-law, Roostum, that the whole party(8) should proceed on a hunting excursion into Tooran, which was situated, at a short distance only, from the scene of their banquet. All unanimously adopted the proposition of Gev, and, on the following morning, they marched towards the game-preserves of Afrasiyab. The coursing ground lay between a river and a mountain, or a range of hills, with Sirukhs, a town in Khoorasan, on one side, and on the other, a desert full of antelopes and other animals, on the banks of the Amoo, or Oxus. The position of this hunting tract may easily be discovered by a reference to the Map in Rennell's Memoir, p. 200; where Seracs or Sarkas is written for Sirukhs, nearly in Lat. 37° 7" N. Long. 59° 5" E. The distance from Toos, in Khoorasan, to Sirukhs was very inconsiderable. When Afrasiyab heard of their incursion, under pretext of sporting, he collected an army, as the party had wished;

(5) This period of time corresponds with the number of days mentioned in Deut. IX. 9, when Moses fasted *forty days:* in I Kings XIX. 8. when Elijah fasted *forty days:* and in Matth. IV. 2, and Mark I. 13. when Jesus Christ was tempted of the devil *forty days,* in the wilderness.

(6) Asiat. Mis. 273. 5.

(7) It appears from the Boorhani Qatiu, that there was a fire-temple named Aazur. Bur-Zeen or Bur-Zeen, founded by Ky Khoosroo in Fars, or Pars, (the province of Persia Proper,) and another bearing the same appellation was founded at Toos, by Fureedoon, his predecessor. There can be no doubt that the party met at the Aazur-Bur-Zubur-Zeen established at Toos, in Khoorasan, the birth place of Firdousee.

(8) The party consisted of Toos; Goostuhum; Gishwad; Goodurz; Gev; Buhram; Goorgeen; Zunguh; Burzeen (the son of Fureeboorz); and Khirad; who were joined by Firhad, the son of Burzeen, and by Zooara, the brother of Roostum.

since Firdousee says that they sought for a feast, but longed for a war; (Shah Namuh 529). Goorazuh conveyed to Roostum, intelligence of the approach of the Tooranian host, under the personal command of Afrasiyab, and intimated his apprehensions on account of their own numerical paucity:—but Roostum bade his relative to dismiss his dread:

" Why thus afraid, and thus express alarms
" At this Tooranian King, these Toorks in arms?
" Do they an hundred thousand men, in mass,
" Of mailed and mounted cuirassiers surpass?(9)
" Your fears dispel; for know that in this place,
" Were I alone, with Rukhsh, my mail, and mace:—
" Though in this plain I only were to stay.
" I would the whole of these Tooranians slay,
" And deem the act of vengeance as a deed
" That would to me but prove a grateful meed;
" While I should not require, nor help, nor aid,
" From our Iranian troops in such a raid."

Shah Namuh, p. 533.

In the action which occurred shortly afterwards, Gev and Goorgeen highly distinguished themselves—and, in it, the latter was indebted to the former, for the preservation of his life, in a single combat, with an antagonist named Gooruzm, who had dismounted Goorgeen in the attack, and was preparing to destroy the fallen foe, when Gev arrived in time to stab the victor, with his dagger, to the heart. Gev then challenged Afrasiyab without effect; and Roostum followed his example but with equal unsuccess, and, in indignation, thus began to gibe the recreant enemy, face to face.

" Aroynt, ignoble Toork!" he cried in taunt,
" And from the battle-plain, base-born! avaunt!
" Begone! and quickly quit this scene of strife,
" Barbarian coward, half deprived of life!
" Swift from this seat of vengetul war remove,
" You who with men a contest disapprove!
" Retire! and midst old women cotton spin,
" The only trophy which your deeds may win!
" Depart! and like a matron spindles turn,
" The only honour which your thoughts would earn!
" Go! and behind a screen with maidens weep,
" The only solace which your soul may reap!
" Go!—but ere your steps you move, behold
" The Indian sword I brandish, o'er your mould!
" Yes! view its blade, its point and edge survey,
" For never henceforth shall you see a fray.
" And therefore from the field, poltroon! withdraw,
" Before you perish from excess of awe;

(9) They amounted to 30,000 chosen horse, and an immense number of other cavalry.

" Or I dissever, from your trunk your head,
" And lay you mail-less, arm-less with the dead !" (10)
Shah Namuh, p. 537.

In this action, which has been designated the Battle of the Chase, (11) Roostum compelled Afrasiyab to sustain a fresh discomfiture, and to flee with his defeated forces, from the theatre of war.—Firdousee, next introduces to our notice the duel between Roostum and Peelsoom, the Son of Weesuh, who had volunteered to oppose the Iranians—but who was ultimately slain in an engagement, by Roostum's own hand: —Roostum then encountered Ulkoos, who met a similar fate; assailed the Seven chosen Champions of Tooran, and worsted them; when Afrasiyab, in a paroxysm of fury, exhorted his army, to secure Roostum, by any means—but he repulsed their attack, and routed the foe, with stupendous carnage, pursuing them hotly for a considerable way. He entangled Afrasiyab himself, with his noose; but the King effected his escape a second time, having been once before captured by Roostum, and rescued from duress, in the reign of Ky Qoobad. Roostum obtained unmeasured spoils of victory; he secured Afrasiyab's throne, crown and girdle-band, besides much treasure, armoury, horses with their golden furniture, and jewels and gems. After the action, they again proceeded to the hunting ground, whence a bulletin, reporting their success was despatched to Ky Kaoos, by Goorgeen, the celebrated Ruler of Lar, who also received charge of the curiosities sent as presents to the sovereign. Roostum remained a fortnight to enjoy the chase, and, in the third week, appeared at court, before the King of Kings, who was delighted by his presence.—Firdousee concludes, by some reflections on the uncertainty of fate, and after stating that it is not the part of a wise man to grieve, he proceeds to the Episode of Roostum and Soohrab.

NOTE XI.

Vers. 79. p. 7.—*With loins engirdled—armed with dirk and sword,*
With bow and arrow in his quiver stored,
With leopard-skin, mail, axe, spear, noose and mace,
He stood equipped for conflict or for chase.

Since these lines were written, we have been fortunate in procuring a copy of Sir Wm. Ouseley's Travels, and it is remarkable that Roostum is represented in many illuminated MSS. which this distinguished oriental antiquarian has seen, in the manner described, in the text, with the exception of his axe, and his loins being bound by a

(10) So Homer says, in the XVIII. Book of the Odyssey.

" Go! with the queen the spindle guide; or cull
" (The partner of her cares) the silver wool,"
" Avaunt!" she cried, " offensive to my sight!
" Vagrant begone! before this blazing brand
" Shall urge—" and waved it hissing in her hand. IV Vol. 148.

(11) Atkinson says, (in Soohrab, p. 3,) that " Afrasiyab had offered the diadem to any " chief who should conquer Roostum, the Champion having, with his warrior-friends, " made a formidable incursion into his kingdom under the pretence of hunting:" But it is observable that the offer had been made long prior to the Battle of the Chase, on the return of Ky Kaoos from Barbary.

girdle-band. "Roostum," says Sir Wm. (Travels, 2 vol. 505) "is perhaps the only ancient character, real or fictitious, of whom the Persian painters seem to have entertained but one idea; for in the illuminated manuscripts they generally represent him of the same complexion, (his hair and beard being tawny, or reddish brown), in the same singular dress, with the same weapons, his mace, noose, and other attributes, His *mace* or goorz (گرز) was crowned with a ponderous knob, resembling the head of a bull; this appears in some pictures resting on the pommel of his saddle; while he discharges an *arrow* from his *bow*, the case of which hangs on one side; a *quiver* on the other. He is also armed with a *sword*, and sometimes wears on his right thigh (as the ancient εγχειριδιον was carried) a Khunjur, خنجر or dagger, resembling a large knife. This we see him using in copies of the Shah Namuh; for having wounded, with his *sword*, the Dev Soopeed, or White Demon, (a most formidable Giant or Chief of Hyrcania), he drew his *Khunjur* [or *dirk*], says Firdousee, and tore from that monster's body the heart and liver. We find our hero in some pictures, dragging his antagonist from an elephant by means of a *noose* (12) and he is also represented riding, much at his ease, and carrying on the point of a Neezuh or *spear*, the unfortunate Peelsoom. He transfixed him, says the same poet, with a *spear* where the *girdle* encompassed his wrist and lifted him from the saddle. Although shields are often used by his friends and enemies, I do not recollect any picture that assigns one to

(12) The learned author alludes, in all probability, to that most splendid passage in the whole of the Shah Namuh, which might be called الا قسر Ool Ufsur, or the verse of the Crown, in the same manner, and for the same reason, that the sublimest passage in the Coran is called الكرسي Ool Koorsee, or the verse of the Throne. (*a*) Firdousee commences his account of Roostum's feat, in dragging from an elephant the Emperor of China, with the following quatrain.

چو از دست رستم رها شد کمند سر شهریار اندر آمد به بند

زبیل اندر اورد زد بر زمین به بستند بازوی خاقان چین

"When from his hand Roostum had released his *noose*, the head of the King got entangled in its knot; he dragged him from his elephant, and dashed him to the ground, and his myrmidons bound with cords, the arms of the Emperor of China." Firdousee then states that Roostum drove the fallen monarch on foot, before his horse, as far as Mount Shuhud: For he was without an elephant, or crown, or neck chain and throne, and afterwards he begins the following beautiful strain of moral reflection on the instability of worldly power and grandeur, and the dispensations of Fate:— "One person, O God! thou exaltest, and bestowest a sovereignty upon him; another "thou causest to be thrown overboard, and swallowed up by the great fish of the "ocean: one thou makest rich and a companion fit for Carown (the Crœsus of Asia); (*b*) "another thou leavest to subsist miserably on crumbs from the tables of the rich (*c*)

(*a*) Sales's Coran, 1 vol. 45: but the Reader will find it in the Appendix, No. I, at the end of this work. in the translation of Hidayut-ool-Islam.

(*b*) This individual was Korah, the Son of Izhar, who was descended from the Sons of Reuben, and is mentioned in the first verse of Chapter XVI, of Numbers, in the Holy Bible.

(*c*) Firdousee appears to allude to the Parable of the Rich Glutton, and Lazarus the Beggar, mentioned in Scripture.

"There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple, and fared sumptuously every day:
"And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores.
"And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table."—Luke C. XVI. V 19 20 21.

Roostum;(15) indeed, there was but little occasion for a shield to him, who possessed the fighting dress which miraculously protected its wearer from most personal dangers, and which was called Bubbur, Bubburbiyan and Purniyan. This dress was made of a *skin;* brown coloured with whitish stripes; and reached to Roostum's knees though

"That is not the act of thy love, nor this the effect of thy hatred: For thou, O Creator "of the Universe, knowest what is most fitting for thy special providence; IT IS "THOU WHO ASSIGNEST TO MANKIND THEIR LOFTY AND LOW STATIONS IN THIS LIFE. "HOW SHALL I DESCRIBE WHAT THOU ART? THOU ART WHAT THOU ART!"

چہا نرا بلندي و پستي تو نی چہ دانم چہ هرچہ هستی تو نی.

"Creator of the World! Thou hast assigned
"Their low and lofty stations, to mankind,
"But how can I, the son of man, impart,
"What Thou art, Allah! Thou art, what Thou art."—(*d*)

Ross' Translation, Asiat. Journ. IX, vol. 15.

With reference to the concluding distich, we may quote the following story on which Champion says, (Sha Name, p. 30,) the enthusiastic admirers of Firdousee dwell with rapture, and to which they give their implicit belief. "Abool Qasim, the Priest of Toos, refused to read the usual prayers over the grave of Firdousee, (*e*) assigning as a reason, that poets were the inventors of fables, and sacrificed truth to the embellishment of verse.(*f*) In a dream, Abool Qasim thought that he saw, in Paradise, a sumptuous chair, decorated with precious stones, and on enquiring for whom the magnificent seat was prepared, he was informed, that Firdousee had written a couplet so pleasing to Omnipotence, that this eminence was awarded to him. When Abool Qasim arose, with the vision imprinted on his mind, he repaired to the Tomb of the Poet; and performed that duty to his remains, which he had previously declined." Champion has stated neither the verse to which advertence is made, nor the authority on which the story recited, has received currency: but Ross, with that spirit of illustration which renders his transpositions from the Asiatic languages so valuable, has fortunately supplied the defect, (in the Asiatic Journal IX, vol. 15:)—"Dowlut "Shah tells us, that a holy man dreamt of seeing Firdousee seated in the sixth man- "sion of paradise, and asked him how he came to reach that dignified station; He "replied that the last couplet of the above passage on the divine unity and provi- "dence had secured it to him." But although Champion omitted these particulars, he has furnished us with the record of a very curious fact, deserving of special notice, in this place. At page 21, of his Dissertation on the Life and Writings of Firdousee, we find the following piece of information. "Firdousee," says the Moojumuh-oon-Noowadur, or Collection of Rarities, "wrote by inspiration—*read his "works and all the productions of other writers sink in the imagination.*" It is to be regretted that Champion did not furnish the original expressions of the Author of

(15) Roostum held an opinion, perhaps, that this sword was sufficient, like Fitz-James', in the Lady of Lake, p. 212:

"For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
"Fitz James' blade was sword and shield."

But his friends and enemies may have concurred in an opinion, that a shield might be both "shield and sword" in battle; for Martial says of a Hero among the Romans:

In turbam incideris, cunctos *umbone* repellet.

If, with a host, he mingle in the field,
He will repel them, wholly, with his shield.

(*d*) "And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said Thus shalt thou say unto the Children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you."—Exodus c. III. v. 14.

(*e*) Firdousee was suspected of being secretly a worshipper of fire, and consequently a heretic, owing to his having studied so many of the Puhloowee traditions, that he was supposed to believe the doctrines they contained. On the same grounds Dr. Hyde was supposed to attach his solemn credence to the faith of the Guebres, from his having written so much, and so warmly, on the Religion of the Ancient Persians, and for similar reasons, Sale was supposed to have been a Moosulman in his creed. We could state another instance like that of Mr. Sale's, of a more modern date, in the case of UNOO BUQR, with whom we were personally acquainted.

(*f*) Parallel examples of bigotry and superstition among the Priesthood on the continent of Europe might be adduced; but they are too well known, to require special notice, on this occasion.

the painters frequently curtail it. (Vide Frontispiece): The same poet also mentions (what would seem equally superfluous as a shield) our Hero's steel, or iron coat of *mail*; but of this, in most pictures, the upper part is concealed within the gaping jaws, or skull of a tyger or *leopard*; presenting, however, the face generally painted white, and spotted with staring eyes, often green, and sometimes golden. We know that many celebrated personages, besides Hercules, appear wearing *skins* of beasts, the skulls, or jaws of which, are fitted as helmets on their heads." To these observations of Sir William Ouseley, we shall add a few remarks. The *mace* used by Roostum was surmounted by the crest of a Cow, or a head resembling that of a Buffalo, on account of the following circumstances, recorded by Firdousee. Fureedoon, a descendant of Jumsheed, (from whom both Roostum and Soohrab likewise claimed descent,) having been placed by his mother, after his Father's death, under the charge of a cow-herd, the child was nourished with the milk of a cow, named Poormayih, or Plentiful. When Zoohak, the Usurper, discovered that Fureedoon was reared by a herdsman, he hastened to the scene of his concealment, but finding that Fureedoon had been removed by Firanuk, his mother, to Mount Ulboorz, the despot levelled the herd's hut, and slaughtered the peasant, and his cow, called Poormayih, for having nurtured the royal infant, as is thus stated by Champion:

— "Poormayih's fame had reached the tyrant's ear—
"Zoohak, indignant, foamed with furious ire,
"Rage seized his soul and all his passions' fire:
"The victim of his rage, Poormayih, fell, &c."—*Sha Name*, 92.

Fureedoon, grateful for the nourishment he had received, ordered his mace, in after years, to be surmounted with the head of a cow; which was called گاوسروگاوسار cow-headed; گاوپیکر cow-formed, گاوچہر cow-faced, گرزہ گاورنگ cow-like mace, &c. Firdousee, (Shah Namuh, p. 58) informs us, that it was fashioned بھان سرگاومیش "like the crest of a buffalo," and in the army of Ky Khoosro, or Cyrus, we find that a bull's, or buffalo's head was the device, on a general's banner.(14) Sir Wm. Ouseley further observes, (Travels 1, vol. 281) that, "Roostum appears in many illuminated MSS. wielding his favourite weapon, a ponderous *bull-headed* mace." (Vide Frontispiece). This mace had belonged to Sam, and was presented

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this sentence—but allowing the English version to be correct, and bearing in remembrance, that Firdousee has, again and again been styled the Homer of the East, it is truly remarkable, how the words of the Moojumuh-oon-Noowadur correspond in sentiment, with these lines, addressed by the Duke of Buckingham, to Pope; For it is not probable that His Grace had access to the Cabinet of Curiosities, whence Champion culled his unique relic of Oriental Literature:

"Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
"For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
"Verse will seem Prose: but still persist to read,
"And Homer will be all the Books you need!"

(14) درفش بھان سرگاومیش It belonged to Firhad, Son of Burzeen.

to Roostum by his Father, Zal. This he wore at convivial meetings, and in the presence of his sovereign. Soohrab, as will be seen in the sequel, is represented with a mace bearing precisely the same surmount. The *noose* is an instrument of war, still in use, in Persia; as it is, under the name of *lasso*, in America; and it is also a weapon employed in India, by a murderous class of persons, denominated *Phanseegars*, or Hangmen, wretches, who throw a cord round the necks of their victims with wonderful dexterity, and strangle them with fatal ease. The length of the *noose* used by Roostum is not specified—but the noose of Soohrab is stated to have been seventy fathoms, or two hundred and twenty-one feet long. Neither is the size of his *spear*(15) noticed—but the lance of Soohrab is said to have been as large as a column or pillar of Mount Besitoon. His *axe* was an arm with which he accomplished awful havoc in battle—in a following couplet, it is asserted, that with one blow of his battle-axe, Roostum could destroy two hundred of his foes! With respect to the *leopard-skin*, some believed it to be a dress made from the skin of a gigantic demon, named Akhwan Dev, whom Roostum slew in his journey to Mazindaran: some persons suppose it to have been brought by Gabriel, for the Champion's use, from paradise; or the region of the sun, called Meenoo, (hereafter to be explained); and others declare, that it was the skin of a *Bubur*, an extraordinary animal of the leopard species, killed by Roostum on Sham, one of the mountains of Syria, which bears the same name in the Persian language. According to Sir Wm. Ouseley, a wild beast, of the same kind, appeared in the time of Nooshurwan, and destroyed ten thousand men, who were sent against it. The dimensions and shape of Roostum's *sword* are not given—but as he possessed the mace of Fureedoon, as well as his banner, he may, likewise, have secured the sword formed by the descendant of Jumsheed, as described by Champion. Fureedoon desired his brothers (who, according to Firdousee, were named Kiyanoosh كيانوش and Poormayih پرمايه but who are called Katâboos and Neiknham, by

(15) When Roostum was proceeding on a diplomatic mission, with a letter of state from Ky Kaoos to the King of Mazindaran, his progress was opposed near the confines of that country by a military force, chosen by the Hyrcanian Sovereign to check his advance. Firdousee thus describes the Champion on approaching the enemy:—

" When the able-bodied Thane arrived, and had surveyed the foe,
" He beheld a branch wrenched from a tree in his path:
" He took it and also two other boughs of a tree,
" And twisted them tightly, and threw with all his force.
" He then immediately tore up a tree by the roots
" Without any injury to his own person.
" He grasped in his hand the eradicated tree, *as a spear:*
" The hostile array remained in astonishment:
" He hurled it among them and in its course
" It crushed many troopers beneath its boughs."—*Shah Namuh, p.* 560.

So Homer tells us of the Spear of Achilles, (Iliad, xix. c. 420:)

" And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
" Ponderous and huge, which not a Greek could rear;
" From Pelion's cloudy top, *an ash entire*
" Old Chiron felled, and shaped it for his sire;
" A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
" The death of Heroes and the dread of fields."

Champion), to haste to the "master smith," and bring "a resplendent ,, sword":—

"The master smith attends them to the chief;
"He drew the model; grateful in his grief,
"*The figure of a cow adorns the steel;*
"Its tempered force the man of vice will feel.—*Sha Name, p.* 100.

And Fureedoon, afterwards says of his birth, to the Minister of Zoohak;

"I came for vengeance, and in me you view
"The Son of Abteen, whom the tyrant slew;
"Him to expel I came, to seize the throne;
"My nurse, the cow Poormayih, not unknown. [107.
"*See, on this sword Poormayih's image graved, &c.*"—*Idem. p.*

But the *dirk*, or dagger of Roostum can be imagined, with little doubt as to its form, and proportion: since Sir William Ouseley, (Travels I, vol. 511,) has furnished us with these additional details, and a sketch: "As the Khunjur, or long knife, which Roostum used in close combat with the White Giant appears curved thus, near the point, according to some pictures; we may fancy that it resembles the harpè (ἁρπη) or short falcated sword, with which Hercules is represented killing the Hydra. The harpè is found still more like our Persian Khunjur, in the hand of Saturn, and of Perseus." It was with this dagger that Roostum mortally stabbed Soohrab. (Vide Plate). Of Roostum's girdle, or waist-band, nothing of a particular nature need be stated to describe it. The belt or kumurbund was always an article of accoutrement. Bands were splendidly adorned, according to the rank and station of the wearer, and that worn by Roostum was called the Kyanian, or Princely Zone, from his connection with the Royal House of the Keanides. Roostum's wearing his band, with his miraculous dress, sword and bow, recalls to mind, the words of Holy Writ: *And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle.*—(Samuel ch. XVIII, v. 4.) On the subject of Roostum's archery, Sir William Ouseley says, that, as a skilful archer, the Persian Hero was fully equal to the Grecian; and if Hercules shot Ephialtes in one eye, the forked arrow, winged with eagle feathers, from Roostum's bow pierced both the eyes of Isfundiyar: A three-pointed arrow was (at least once) used by Hercules; and among the various arms of Roostum were a double and a triple pointed javelin, as we learn from Sihum-ood-deen. (See Note III). It is remarkable that the last recorded act which Roostum performed, was to shoot an arrow: For when he was at the point of death,(16) in consequence of his having fallen into a pit or well, prepared for his destruction by his

(16) Through an inadvertence, which we hasten to rectify, it was stated in Note I. p. 2, that Roostum perished "in the vicinity of Saree, in Mazindaran." He ended his career in some coursing grounds, near Cabool, as fully described in the section of the Shah Namuh, entitled: "On the falling of Roostum and Zoara into a well at the Shikargah, Game-Preserve, or Hunting Range of Cabool," whither they had been inveigled by Shighad. Saree was one of the places in Mazindaran, where Roostum halted with the corpse of Soohrab, who was there ultimately interred.

half-brother Shighad, he transfixed to a tree, with a dart, the Author of the treacherous contrivance, who perished miserably by the side of his two brothers, Roostum and Zooara, as well as of the celebrated Rukhsh. "The Greeks talk of the club of Hercules," says the author of Sketches of Persia, 1. vol. 220; "but what was this club to the *bull-headed mace*, with which Roostum destroyed whole armies? Hercules, when an infant, crushed a couple of serpents; but Roostum, when a child brained a furious elephant. (See Note I, p. 2). Hercules shot his enemy, Ephialtes, in one eye; but Roostum did twice as much, for with a forked *arrow*, he sealed, in eternal darkness, both eyes of the Prince, Isfundiyar. Hercules wore a lion's hide; Roostum had according to Firdousee, a vest made of the *skins* of several lions. Both heroes had supernatural aid—but Roostum seldom required it, (See Canto Fifth); For he was endowed with the strength of one hundred elephants;(17) and out of fifty thousand horses, only the celebrated Rukhsh was found capable of bearing his weight. Besides, it is doubted, whether Hercules could ride—he certainly had no horse of any fame; whereas Rukhsh excelled all horses as much as his rider did all men."—(See Canto Fifth.)

NOTE XII.

Vers. 83, p. 7.—*Accoutred thus he sprung on Rukhsh, his steed,*
And urged that elephant in form to speed.

After the murder of Noudur, Afrasiyab took advantage of the inexperience of Zev, the grandfather of Ky Kaoos, and invaded Iran, B. C. 695. On that occasion, Zal was invited to assume charge of the army, assembled to repel the transgressor; but he recommended that his son, Roostum, should be appointed to the situation of Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. Zal's suggestion having been approved, he delivered to Roostum, the cow-headed mace which he had received from his own Father, Sam, and desired the youth to select a war-horse from his stud. Roostum chose Rukhsh, the colt of a most ferocious mare, which endeavoured to tear the scalp from his head, and peel the skin from his body, whenever he attempted to seize her foal: he laid the dam prostrate at his feet. Rukhsh, he preferred from a herd of fifty thousand horses collected for his inspection, because it was strong as an elephant—as no other steed could carry his weight, and no other person could venture to mount and manage him;(18) in the same manner, that only Alexander dared to ride and curb Bucephalus—since it was pyebald, and possessed a lucky mark on its chest, like the barb of Priam, that was also bi-coloured, and had an auspicious star on its forehead, or like Tasso's charger Bayardo, with

(17) "This, in the present *vapouring* age, would be called a hundred and twenty elephant-power; but I dare not take a liberty with my text while recording facts,"—says the Author of the Sketches—Yet Byron had previously made *light* of the same meta-*phor*;

"Oh for a "forty-parson-power," to chaunt
"Thy praise," &c. Don Juan Canto, x. St. XXXIV.

(18) رخش اسپ رستم که اورا از پنجاه هزار اسپ چیده گشیده بود و اسپ دیگر
(Commentary on Nizamee.) بار رستم گشیدن نمیتوانستی و جز رستم بر رخش سوار شدن نیارستی

its "*argenta stella in fronte.*"—Virgil says, of Priam's horse; according to Dryden's Translation; that

"On his front, a snowy star he wore;"(19)

but Firdousee's Rukhsh showed the figure of a rose:—It is however observable, that the Bard of Toos compares a star to a rose, in the Shah Namuh:

ستارہ چوگل گشت و گردون چو باغ

"Each star was like a rose, and the heavens like a grove."

Rukhsh is described as having been endowed with the faculty of speech, like Xanthus, the steed of Achilles, (Iliad, 2 vol. 227,) and with many other qualities. He died in the pit, or well, dug at Cabool, by Shighad, for the destruction of Roostum: his skeleton was removed to Zaboolistan by Furamoorz, the son of the betrayed Champion: For, like the Roman Heroes, whose horses Æneas saw in the infernal regions, the Persian warriors had their steeds in attendance for their use after death.

"Quæ gratia currûm,
"Armorumque fuit, vivis, quæ cura nitentes
"Pascere equos; *eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*"

"The love of horses which they had alive,
"And care of chariots, after death, survive."—*Æneis, vi. l.* 889.

NOTE XIII.

Vers. 85, p. 8.—*Directing to Tooran his ardent way.*

Sir William Jones, in his Description of Asia, (v. vol. 576,) has thus mentioned the geographical position of Tooran:—"The large and beautiful kingdom which lies between the Gihún and Sihún, or the ancient Oxus and Jaxartes, is called by the Persians, Túran; by the Arabians, Mawaraunnahar, or the Province beyond the River; and by the Greeks Sogdiana, from the pleasant valley of Sogd. It has Badakhshan on the east, and on tho north, the vast regions of Túrkestan or Scythia, which reach to the confines of the Russian and Chinese Empires." Tooran, or as Europeans denominate it, Tartary, is at present called Toorkustan, or Land of the Toorks.

NOTE XIV.

Vers. 87, p. 8.—*On his arrival near Tooran's domain.*
He saw wild-asses crowding on a plain.

The Gor, or Gour, the wild-ass, is described by Sir R. K. Porter, in his Travels. "He appeared to me to be about ten or twelve hands high: the skin smooth like deers', and of a reddish colour; the belly and hinder parts partaking of a silvery grey; his neck was finer than that of the common ass, being longer and bending like a stag's, and his legs beautifully slender; the head and ears seemed large, in proportion to the gracefulness of these forms, and by them, I first recognized, that the object of my chase was of the ass tribe. The mane was short and

(19) Thracius albis,
"Portat *equus bicolor* maculis, vestigia primi
"Albas pedis, *frontem* que ostentans arduus *albam*.—*Æneid, v. l.* 565.

" black, as was also a tuft which terminated his tail."(20) Sir Robert adds, that he was unable to keep up with this creature in the chase, but his failure cannot excite surprise, when the ancient as well as modern mode adopted in hunting wild-asses is taken into consideration. Xenophon informs us, in the first book of the Anabasis. " The asses, when " they were pursued, having gained ground of the horses, stood still, (for " they exceeded them much in speed,) and when these came up with " them, they did the same thing again; so that our horsemen could take " them by no other means, but by dividing themselves into relays, and " succeeding one another in the chase. The flesh of those that were " taken, was like that of red deer, but more tender." (Spelman's Translation of Xenophon, p. 25.) And Morier mentions, (Travels, 1 vol. 200), that the same practice is still observed in Persia, relays of horsemen and dogs being posted upon the track, which wild-asses are known to pursue, before they can be caught. Hence Oppian, in his Treatise on Hunting, styles the wild-ass, Αελλοποδην, " swift as the wind," an epithet given by Homer, to the steeds that Jove bestowed on the father of Ganymede, and correspondent with the title of باد پای applied, by Firdousee, to Rukhsh, and with the " corono col vento," of Ariosto. It has been said by a recent writer, (Captain Smith), that the Gor of Firdousee ought not to be translated, wild-ass, since the Bard of Toos had described Roostum having hunted, and killed one as large as an elephant! But we suspect, that Captain Smith mistook the epithet Peeltun, elephant-made or elephantine-bodied, one of Roostum's surnames, for an epithet applicable to the gor, or wild-ass itself. From the transactions of the Literary Society at Bombay, 1. vol. 215; we learn, that the wild-ass is gregarious, being generally seen in *herds* of from ten to fifty;(21) he is, however, occasionally found single and in pairs. The flesh is said to be tolerable food, and in the famine of 1813, they were killed by Coolies and other low castes in the province of Cutch, for food, but they never eat or touch them, except in cases of absolute want. Yet the flesh which is said to be but tolerable food in Cutch, is esteemed, according to Porter, " one of the greatest delicacies in Persia;" and Sir William Ouseley, (11. vol. 515), bears testimony, that " the " wild-ass' flesh is reckoned a dainty;" while the learned Spelman remarks, in his Notes to Xenophon, p. 16, on the authority of Pliny, that " the foals of wild-asses were called *lalisiones*, and were delicate " meat. Wild asses are common in the deserts of Numidia and Lydia, " and particularly in Arabia; they are sold at an excessive price when " reclaimed, and it is said, the Kings of Persia have always stables of " them. When they are young, their flesh is like that of a hare(22) and " when old, like red venison."

(20) See Spelman's account of a stuffed wild-ass, belonging to Sir A. Fountaine, which corresponds with this description. Translation of Xenophon, p. 16.

(21) In the Dictionary of the Holy Bible by Mr. Brown, it is said, *voce* ass, that they are exceedingly *swift*, and usually seen in *flocks*.

(22) The Hare is called in the Persian language خرگوش Khurgosh or Ass-eared from gosh, an ear, and khur, a derivation from gor, an ass. This is the animal so

NOTE XV.

Vers. 95. p. 8.—*He gathered brambles, sticks, and boughs of trees,*
He lit a fire, which blazing by degrees,
Ignited fiercely:—when the flames uprose,
The elephantine-bodied Champion chose
A tree as spit, and on it he impaled
A male wild-ass that he might be regaled.

We learn from Ross, (Asiat. Journ. for Feb. 1819, et passim), that fault has been found, with Firdousee, by certain critics in Europe, for placing Roostum in the situation described in the text—but we might find parallel passages, and similar scenes, in other bards. In Homer and Virgil we see warriors preparing their own meals, and lighting their own fires, and in Xenophon the same circumstances are mentioned.(23) At present it is sufficient to remark, that Roostum possessed strength that enabled him to uproot with ease the largest trees, like Orlando, and throw them with the greatest adroitness, like the Hindoo Gods in their wars in Ceylon. Thus Orlando has been represented by Ariosto, B. XXIII. l. 973.

" First his huge grasp a lofty pine uptears
" Sheer by the roots; the like another fares
" Of equal growth; as easy round him strowed
" *As lowly reeds or shrubs or dwarfish wood:*
" Vast oaks and elms before his fury fall
" The stately fir, tough ash, and cedar tall.
" *From stubble, reeds and furze,* the obstructed land
" Around he clears." *Hoole.*

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beautifully described in Job, c. XXXIX. *Who hath sent out the wild-ass free? or who hath loosed the bands of the wild-ass? whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings. The range of the mountains is his pasture and he searcheth after every green thing, &c.*.

(23) " Æneas, primique duces, et pulcher Iülus
" Corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altæ;
" Instituunt dapes, et adorea liba per herbam
" Subjiciunt epulis (sic Jupiter ille monebat),
" Et cereale solum pomis agrestibus augent."

Æneas, and the principal Commanders and the beautiful Ascanius placed their persons under the branches of a lofty tree, &c. but Dryden has thus rendered the passage:

" Beneath a shady tree, the hero spread
" His table on the turf, with cakes of bread,
" And, with the chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
" They sate; and (not without a GOD's command)
" Their homely fare despatched; the hungry band
" Invade their trenchers next and soon devour,
" To mend their scanty meal, their cakes of flour."—Æneis VII. l. 151.

And Milton says, (Paradise Lost, B. v. l. 391.) of Adam and Eve:

" Raised of grassy turf,
" Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
" And on her ample square from side to side
" All autumn piled, though spring and autumn here,
" Danced hand in hand. Awhile discourse they hold
" No fear lest dinner cool."

The Spectator, in one of his Speculations, has found fault with the concluding words: " *no fear lest dinner cool:*"—and there is nothing in the passage of Firdousee so undignified, and unfit for the Epic, as this expression of Milton.

NOTE XVI.

Vers. 103. p. 8.—*The carcase roasted, he began to eat;*
He picked the marrow bones, devoured the meat,
And after his repast, his thirst to slake,
He stalked with port majestic to a lake.

Roostum, as will be fully noticed elsewhere, was a Fire-Worshipper, and one of the Gilshahiyan Princes, who were prohibited by the scriptures of the Mahabadians, from eating the flesh of animals, or destroying innoxious creatures possessing life. But the Author of the Dabistan gives us the following explanation relative to Roostum, on the present occasion:—"They say, that no religion permits us to kill harmless animals, and that those who make a practice of it, follow the letter and not the spirit of their doctrine. For example: to kill a horse or an ox signifies that men should lay aside brutal actions, and not that they should slay and eat innocent creatures. They say that modern historians are mistaken, when they relate that Roostum Dustan, (24) who was one of their greatest saints killed innocent creatures: for that according to their traditions, he (25) hunted only noxious animals; and what is written about hunting the Gour, or Onager means, that Roostum who was surnamed Peel-tun or Elephant-bodied, gave the appellation of Gour to the Lion, who, said he, when compared to me, is a Wild-Ass. And they say that many passages which make mention of Roostum, and other Gilshahiyan heroes having killed the Gour, and other innocent animals, are figurative of their brutal and sensual appetites. According to this religion, it is only allowable to kill those animals who destroy others, such as lions, cocks and hens, and hawks, who kill beasts, birds, and insects." (Asiatic Miscellany p. 282.) This construction of the accounts given of Roostum's carnivorous hunts, and revels, is not more ingenious than probable, and it is perhaps under this view of the case that the Champion appears like Caligorant, the giant, and the cannibal of Ariosto, who fared, however, on less delicate, but not more tolerable food, than the tender flesh of *lalisiones:*

"He sucks the marrow and the blood he drains;
"He chews the flesh; the bones bestrew the plains.
Hoole. [2 vol. 22.]

(24) It ought to have been noticed before, that M. D'Herbelot has committed an error in stating of Roostum "que les Persans appellent *Rostam Dastan*, comme qui "diroit, *Le Rostam des Histoires Fabuleuses.*" Dastan it is true means a history; but Rostam Dastan instead of signifying the Roostum of Fabulous Stories, means Roostum the son of Zal, who was surnamed Dustan, as will be afterwards explained. At p. 11, NOTE X, we stated, that Moohsin Fanee was the *reported* Author of the Dabistan: but it appears from a MS. copy of that work, possessed by Professor Haughton, of the East India College, at Haileybury, Herts, that the Author was Moobid Shah, (موبد شاه) and that Moohsin Fanee was only a Poet, quoted in the beginning. (Sir W. Ouseley's Travels, 3 vol. 464.) Yet Sir W. Jones has affirmed, (in 1 vol. 78), that the Dabistan was composed by a Moohummudan Traveller; a native of Cashmeer, named Moohsin, and surnamed Fanee, or Perishable: this mistaken idea obtained until a recent period.

(25) Tuhum Tun or able-bodied is the surname used; but omitted to be introduced in the translation.

Roostum has been much celebrated for his voracious appetite, and bibacious powers—Tuhimeenuh mentions the feat of devouring an entire wild-ass, among his great achievements, and Firdousee more than once reverts to this subject; but thus in detail:

یک گوارندهٔ جام می ده من شراب خورانندهٔ یک گور کرده کباب

'He was an Imbiber, at one draught, of a goblet, containing ten *muns* or seventy pounds weight of wine, and a Devourer, at one meal, of a whole wild-ass roasted.' Hercules could likewise eat an entire ox, at one meal, and, at one draught, drink off the contents of a bowl named the Herculanean cup, which required two young men to support, being of itself a sufficient load for them both. Hercules, for this gastronomy, was called βουφαγος, or the Beef-eater, which resembled Roostum's designation as a خورانندهٔ گور or Ass-eater.

NOTE XVII.

Vers. 113. p. 9.—*Eight Toorkish troopers hovering near the mead,*
In quest of booty, viewed the roaming steed,
As by himself, unhatnessed and unreined,
He ranged beside the water, unrestrained.

In the Mookhtusir, or Compendium of the Shah Namuh, by Tuwukul Beg, it is said, that these troopers had been sent by Tuhimeenuh, Princess of Sumungan, to abduct Rukhsh with a view to meet Roostum at her Father's court.—The Persians, like the Arabs, used not to "stable their steeds," but tethered them to spears, fixed in the ground, as was seen by Æneas, in the infernal regions. (Æneid VI. l. 652.)

"Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
"Per campos pascuntur equi.

"Their lances fixed in earth, their steeds around
"*Free from their harness* graze the flow'ry ground.

It may be noticed, that Dryden's mention of the custom of sticking a spear in the ground, at the head of a chief, while sleeping, is still observed in Iran, as we find it mentioned in Scripture; *So David and Abishai came to the people by night, and behold, Saul lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster: but Abner and the people lay round about him.* 1 Sam. C. XXVI. V. 7. Thus Diomed is represented by Homer. Pope's Iliad III. v. 89.

NOTE XVIII.

Vers. 132. p. 2.—*But I have heard that to reward their cares.*

The word in the orignal text is شنیدم I have heard, and corresponds with the Latin AUDI of Juvenal; who thus used it in the same manner that Firdousee employed the word, *Shooneedum.*

"*Audi*,
"Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est:

"I have heard that in a case where the death of a man may be the penalty on conviction, the trial cannot be too long."

Juvenal was not writing an heroic poem, and the introduction of *Audi*, was not inadmissible; but the insertion of شنیدم was not allowable in the Shah Namuh, because any digressive declamation spoken in the person of the poet, or interruptive of the thread of his narration, has been censured as a violation of the rules of the Epopœia. Homer, whose epic poem was pronounced by Aristotle to be a perfect model of this description of literary works, commits no such blemish, though Milton has been guilty of it in the beautiful complaint of his blindness (v. Samson Agonistes,) and Camoens also in his Lusiad; but we are very much disposed to coincide in opinion with Ross when he says of the Shah Namuh, (Asiatic Journal for January, 1820) that "it ought to be exempt from the canons of Aristotle or the practices of Homer and Sophocles, on which he founded them—but who of course could themselves know nothing of them. Indeed any knowledge of the practice of preceding heroic poets, Firdousee must have drawn from those Puhloowee records, which Sooltan Muhmood had ordered to be put into his hands, and any inferiority between him and Homer, in the mechanism of their respective poems, might justly be attributed to an intermediate Puhloowee copy." We are ignorant, however, of Muhmood having put into the hands of Firdousee any Puhloowee record, or any Puhloowee copy, from the Duree; we are only able to collect from history that Muhmood put into the hands of Firdousee a transcript of the Bastan Namuh, or Siyur-ool-Moolook, a copy of which Atkinson says the bard had procured, previously, at Toos, while Ross states that it was the Tareekhi Moolooki Ujum تاریخ ملوک عجم which Firdousee possessed, at an anterior period, in his native town, in Khoorasan. But on the subject under consideration, we shall subjoin a few passages from an Essay on the Sacred Books and Religion of the Parsees, contained in the Second Volume of the Transactions of the Literary Society at Bombay. "It has been said," remarks Mr. Erskine, "and again and again repeated, that the historical poem of Firdousee was compiled from ancient Persian and Puhloowee authorities, collected with great assiduity and expense, but all of which have since unfortunately perished. That many of his materials were drawn from works, now lost, may fairly be admitted. I should however imagine that he chiefly followed, and imitated the popular and national poems, and romances that were then current throughout Khoorasan: and doubts may reasonably be entertained *whether he possessed or could have read a Puhloowee manuscript*. But let the value of the unknown materials be estimated by the authenticity of Firdousee who compiled from them, and little injustice will be done to him, or to them." (2 vol. p. 308.) Again: "Firdousee makes no mention whatever of the Median Dynasty. This silence regarding the most important events, joined to the transfer of the seat of government, and of the most memorable transactions in the eastern provinces, seems to afford the strongest grounds for believing that *Firdousee wrote from no regular histories;* that none existed; and that the few scattered facts and popular traditions which had floated down the stream of time, in his native country, had been *connected* into the semblance of a history by the fancy of the poet. *Had he really possessed Puhloowee*

histories, the scene would oftener have been laid on Puhloowee ground." (2 vol. p. 309.)—In this opinion we are highly inclined to concur with its late entertainer, Mr. Erskine. And we discover in Firdousee's own words, in the introduction to this Episode of the Shah Namuh, very strong reasons to believe, that he has reduced to writing, a tradition which he had orally received from the mouth of a Duhqan, or story-teller, who was also a Moobid or religious officiate, probably one of the divines attached to the fire-temple of Auzur-bur-zeen, which Fureedoon had established at Toos, the city where Firdousee abode, before his residence at Ghizneen. He says, " I spun or *connected* (پیوندم) this romance,

" As by a reverend priest, and minstrel sage
" I heard, and trace it thus on memory's page."—*Introduction, v.* 73

We have Ross' own recorded and explicit intimation (26) that Firdousee received the tradition from a duhqan, (which he explains), in the Puhloowee, the Municipal language or Provincial tongue, and composed it into written verse in the Duree or Court dialect. " Indeed it is clear" says Ross, " from the two first opening couplets of the Episode of Roostum and Soohrab that it was a literal version of what the holy minstrel was in the habit of *chaunting* in the Puhloowee; as that had again no doubt been from the Duree." He then translates the couplets thus; " Among the stories of past times, I have met one, as related in the *words* of an annalist and minstrel, &c." On the whole it appears to us conclusive, that Firdousee composed his Book of Kings as Virgil prepared his Æneid, partly from written histories, and partly from traditions verbally recited in his presence, rather than that he entirely *connected* the traditions he heard into the semblance of a history, like Homer, who is generally believed to have compiled his Iliad and his Odyssey from hearsay, independent of the poesy or " poetical fancies of the mind." But though we are aware that many discredit this statement, declaring that he could not read, like Firdousee whom Erskine suspects of having been unable to peruse a Puhloowee manuscript: still we find several writers who opine with Ross (Asiat. Journ. vol. IX. p. 13), that " Homer had in his earlier existence a direct opportunity of copying and imitating the original Duree of the Kyan, or heroic age, of the Persian monarchy"—a period in which flourished Roostum and Soohrab; and to which Sir W. Jones has applied the term poetical, also, in his Discourse on the Persians, as we learn from the subjoined passage, relative to the subject under our consideration. " In the numerous distractions which followed the overthrow of Dara, especially " in the great revolution on the defeat of Yuzdjird, their civil histories " were *lost*, as those of India have unhappily been, from the solicitude " of the priests, (or Moobids), the only depositories of their learning, to " preserve their books of law and religion at the expense of all others; " hence it has happened, that *nothing* remains of genuine Persian His- " tory before the dynasty of Sasan, except a few rustic traditions and " fables, which furnished materials for the Shah Namuh, and which

(26) See the articles on Persian Anthology, by Gulcheen, in the Asiat. Journ. XI. vol. 54, &c.

" are still *supposed to exist in the Puhloowee language.* The annals " of the Pishdadee, or Assyrian race must be considered as dark and " fabulous, and those of the Kyanee family, or Medes and Persians, as " heroic and poetical." (Works 1 vol. 76.) But, before dismissing this topic, we must furnish a short extract from Sir W. Ouseley's Travels, 3 vol. 357, which is entitled to respect: " It appears from the evidence " of Ebn Haukul, who travelled in the tenth century, that notwith- " standing the Moohummudan supremacy, and most probably the des- " truction of many valuable works, Persia then abounded with fire- " worshippers, retaining their temples, their peculiar language, and their " writings. Firdousee next acknowledges, (early in the eleventh cen- " tury), the information which he derived from old Puhloowee records. " Suhum-ood-deen about the close of that century, quotes the Puh- " lowee Chronicles, and books of ancient songs or historical ballads.

تواريخ وسرود نامه پهلوي

" He likewise mentions a learned man named Peeroozan Maulim, [or " Professor Peeroozan,] who was contemporary, or nearly so, with him- " self, who perfectly understood the Puhloowee language, and translat- " ed some volumes of it into the modern Duree."

NOTE XIX.

Vers. 139, p. 9.—*A plan he formed within his breast, in pique,*
To walk to Sumungan, his barb to seek.

" Sumungan," according to the Boorhani Qatiu, " was a city in Ahwaz, " the Sovereign of which had a Daughter, who became enamoured of " Roostum, and bore Soohrab. This city is also called Ramhoormooz, " or Ramooz; but some aver that Sumungan is the name of a city in " Tooran." Sir William Jones, (v. vol. 566) in his description of Khoo- zistan, which the Greeks called Susiana, has said: " The principal cities " of Khuzistan, are:—I. Tostar or Shuster, the ancient Susa, famous " for a manufactory of rich velvets.—II. Ahwaz, which has a large " territory, or rather province around it: the country of Ahwaz con- " tains the smaller cities of Corkob, Dourak, *Ramhormoz* and Ascar- " Mocram." D'Herbelot says: " Semengian, nom d'un petit pays, " qui fait une partie de la province de Thokharestan; qui est des plus " Septentrionales de l'Empire de Perse." In Kennier's Map of Asia Minor, there are no less than two places marked Samania, and situated to the southward of Ahwaz. But even admitting either of them to be the scite of the ancient Sumungan, how can their position in Khoozistan be reconciled with the affirmation of Firdousee, who puts these words into the letter of Afrasiyab to Soohrab? Canto i. v. 743.

ازين مرز تا آن بهي راه نيست سمنگان و تو ران وايران يكيست

'From this to that country, the distance is not great; For Sumungan and Tooran, and Iran are one,' or the same; that is, they are contiguous one to the other. In Rennell's Map of Hindoostan, or Countries be- tween the source of the Ganges and the Caspian Sea, there is, as At- kinson observes, " a place written Sumenjan, about 60 miles to the south east of Bulkh, in Great Bucharia:" but this writer is mistaken

in his assertion, that D'Herbelot simply mentions it, as the "country of a Princess whom Roostum married." We have already quoted what D'Herbelot says of Sumungan *voce* Semengian—which disproves the the statement of Atkinson—who probably only read what we find written by D'Herbelot *voce* Sohrab. "Nous" (evidently an error of the press, for Nom) "du fils de Rostam, ou Rustem, qui nàquit de la fille "du Roy de Samsegan, qui ce Heros epousa." It is probable, that the Sumenjan of Rennell which resembles, in pronunciation, the Semengian of D'Herbelot, is the Sumungan of Firdousee, for several reasons. First, Ebn Haukul, to whose Oriental Geography, translated by Sir William Ouseley, we have referred, places Sumungan سمنگان in the province of Bulkh. Secondly, Khwajuh Abdoolkureem, whose Memoirs are translated from the Persian, by Mr. Gladwin, informs us, (p. 36), when describing the desert between Herat and Bulkh, that "Roostum, "the son of Zal, marched by this road from Iran to Tooran." Thirdly, Lord Teignmouth states, in his Memoirs of Sir William Jones, p. 527. that "Sumungan is a city on the confines of Tartary;" while Ross in the Asiatic Journal, calls the father of Tuhimeenuh, "a Turkish Chieftain." But the fourth, and principal opinion, which we entertain, is founded on these data. Firdousee has stated in page 529 of the Shah Namuh, that Roostum, with the guests whom he had invited to an entertainment at Aazur-bur-zubur-zeen, a pyreum at Toos in Khoorasan, had proceeded to the hunting grounds of Afrasiyab:—

"They went with their sporting leopards and hawks and thrones,
"Their weapons and their hunting coursers in the direction of the Roodi Shuhud, or River of Honey,
"To the Game-Preserves belonging to Afrasiyab.
"On the one hand was a mountain, and on the other a stream of water.
"In the rear was Sirukhs, and in the front a wilderness,
"With antelopes and buffaloes crowding on a plain.
"They alighted on the banks of a river in the valley,
"All of them exhilirated with sweet flavoured wine."

The local situation having thus been given with so much precision and accuracy, there can be no difficulty in fixing the spot, where Roostum and his illustrious company alighted to hunt. The poet does not state the reason of Roostum's separation from his warrior-friends: but he elsewhere mentions, that Roostum was in the habit of rambling alone into Tooran:

"Throughout Tooran, alone,"
"He ranged and slumbered, dread to him unknown."—Canto, i, v. 325.

Or, as Ross has observed in the Annals of Oriental Literature: "the Heroic Roostum, neither attended like Percy with his 500 archers nor like Douglas with his 2000 spearmen, but *singly* and in a fit of melancholy equips himself and sallies with his horse, across the border—and in his *sole person*, sets Tooran and all its Champions at defiance. But it so happens that he had got upon neutral ground; For the Prince of Sumungan, though a Tooranee, considered himself an independent chieftain." It is beyond the bounds of probability to believe, that the Sumungan visited by Roostum could be situated, as the Boorhani Qatiu mentions, in Ahwaz, a province in the principality of Khoozistan, which was included among the divisions of the Persian Empire. Moreover,

Roostum is described by Firdousee, to have proceeded in the direction of Tooran, and to have travelled, on foot, from a plain near Tooran to the city of Sumungan: therefore if Sumungan(27) were situated on the scite of the present town of Ramhoormoorz (28) in Ahwaz, it could not have been the Sumungan to which Roostum resorted, in pursuit of Rukhsh. Again, if the Sumungan, whose Sovereign was the Father of the Daughter espoused by Roostum, had been a city situated within the territory of Ahwaz, in Persia, why should Soohrab have told his Mother Tuhimeenuh, when at Sumungan, that he wished to undertake an excursion to Iran for the purpose of meeting his Father, as we learn from the text of Firdousee:

"I burn in secret with a glowing fire
"To journey to Iran, to see my sire."—Canto i. v. 589.

Under all these circumstances we entertain an opinion that Sumungan was a place in Bulkh adjacent to Iran and Tooran, and a part of Tookharistan—and that the Sumungan سمنگان mentioned in the Boorhani Qatiu as included in Ahwaz, in Khoozistan, was the town of Sumungan سمگان situated not far distant from Ahwaz, in the district of Ardisheer, in Pars or Fars, according to Ebn Haukul in his Oriental Geography, p. 88. Sumungan therefore appears to be situated, as denoted by Rennell's Map, in Lat. 36° 20" N. Long. 66° 36" E.

NOTE XX.

Vers. 149, p. 10.—*What! is this he, the abled-bodied thane,*
Thus left to sleep and perish on a plain!
This the world's champion and of chiefs the chief,
Who let his Rukhsh be plundered by some thief!

These words are in the spirit of Ennius, the Bard of Calabria, quoted by Cicero, and rendered thus by Middleton:

"And is *this* he, the man so late renowned
"Whom virtue honoured and whom glory crowned?
"*This* the famed chief, of every tongue the praise,
"Of Greece the wonder, and of crowds the gaze!"
Cicero's Letters, III vol. 259.

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(27) It may be noticed, in proof of the variety of names given to this district and city, that Ouseley, in his Persian Miscellanies, writes it Sitemgan and Sitemgam, while Waring names it Sumuncan. Ebn Haukul thus mentions it, p. 223, in his account of the province of Khoorasan, (Orient. Geo. p. 223) "بلخ Bulkh.—Of Bulkh, there are various districts and divisions: تخارستان Tookharistan; خلم Khulm; سمنگان Sumungan," &c.

(28) See a similar mistake respecting Ramhoormooz in Khoozistan, rectified by Sir W. Ouseley, in his Travels, 3 vol. 184, where we find, that Ramhoormooz, was erroneously mentioned by Meerkhoond, instead of Re ري in Mazindaran, as the scene of one of Artaxerxes, or Ardisheer's exploits, when he slew Artabanes, or Urduwan.

And Milton has a similar passage in his Samson Agonistes:

" Can this be he
" That heroic, that renowned
" Irresistible Samson, whom, unarmed,
" No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand."

NOTE XXI.

Vers. 157, p. 10.—*The footmarks following of the erratic horse*
In hopes to trace him in his wandering course.

Mr. Atkinson very justly remarks, that in the upper parts of Hindoostan, it is said, that the people are exceedingly expert in discovering robbers, by tracing the marks of their horse's feet. We have heard of a famous marauder in Hindoostan, who used to shoe his horse backwards—that is, he would have him shod aversely, (according to Dryden's phraseology), so that the impression might appear like the print of a horse retrograding instead, of progressing, in the direction, which the mounted freebooter rode himself: This was for the purpose of deceiving his pursuers.(29) In the days of Xenophon, this mode of numbering and tracing horses likewise appears to have been known, and practiced: " While they, Cyrus' expedition, were marching forward, there ap-" peared the footing and dung of horses, which, by *the print of their* " *feet*, (ο στιβος των ποδων) were judged to be about two thousand " marching before, burning all the forage and every thing else that could " be of any use."—Spelman, p. 28.

NOTE XXII.

Vers. 159, p. 10.—*Saddle and bridle o'er his back he flung,*
With sorrows troubled and by anguish stung...

Goldsmith relates, in his Miscellaneous works, that: " Charles the Twelfth, riding post one day, alone, had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an odinary man —but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse—but not equally so of meeting with a good *saddle* and pistol, he

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(29) This deceptive method will recall to the classical scholar, Virgil's account of the thieving Cacus.

" At furis Caci mens effera, ne quid inausum
" Aut intentatum scelerisve, dolive fuisset:
" Quatuor et stabulis præstanti corpore tauros
" Avertit, totidem formâ superante juvencas.
" Atque hos, ne qua forent pedibus vestigia rectis
" Caudâ in speluncam tractos, versisque viarum
" Indiciis raptos, saxo occultabat opaco, &ca."

" Allured with hope of plunder, and intent
" By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
" The brutal Cacus, as by chance they strayed,
" Four oxen thence, and four fair kine conveyed.
" And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen
" He dragged them backwards, to his rocky den:
" The tracts averse a lying notice gave
" And led the searcher backward from the cave." *Dryden's Æneis, VIII.*

The tauros—pedibus vestigia of Virgil, resembles the βοων στιβος of Homer in his Hymn to Mercury, (who was, it ought to be recollected, the God of Robbers,) and both correspond in signification with the پي رخش of Firdousee.

ungirds his horse, *claps the whole equipage on his own back*,(30) and this accoutred marches on." Spelman is displeased with D'Ablancourt for translating these words of Xenophon, (Anab. 1, l. IV.) ουδεις αλλος Βασιλεα επι τον ιππον ανεβαλλον, thus into French : Il lui tenoit l'etrier lors qu'il montoit à cheval. We admit Spelman's own version, " no other lifted the King on horseback," to be correct: but we cannot allow the grounds on which he has found fault with D'Ablancourt to be just. In his translation of the Third Book of Xenophon, Spelman says, at Note 34, relative to Επισαξαι τον ιππον: " I was surprised to find this translated by D'Ablancourt, *selle son cheval*, which I had rather attribute to his inadvertence, than to his ignorance, since he could not but know, that the ancients, instead of saddles, used a kind of housing, or horse-cloth, which the Greeks called σαγη, and the Latins *Sagum*. This housing is to be seen upon the horses represented on Trajan's pillar, and in many other monuments of antiquity. The Romans called these housings also *Strata*, the invention of which, together with that of bridles, Pliny ascribes to Pelethronius." In reference to these remarks, Spelman proceeds to notice at Note 30, in his translation of the Fourth Book of Xenophon: " I was desirous to excuse D'Ablancourt when, in the Third Book, he made the Persians saddle their horses: but do not know what to allege in his defence upon this occasion, when he has given them stirrups as well as saddles. It is very well known, that the ancients, having no stirrups, had a person whom the Greeks called Αναβολευσ, and the Latins *Strator* to lift them on horseback." But Mr. Spelman has omitted to state the designation of such an officiate among the Persians, who, however entertained رکابدار or Stirrup-holders, among the servants of the great. (Sir Wm. Ouseley's Travels, 1 vol. 246.) Yet we must in candour observe, that the Persians employed people occasionally to assist them to mount, and we may quote the instance of the Emperor Valerian who having been, through treachery, taken prisoner by Shahpoor, King of Persia, was treated by him as the basest, and most abject slave; For the Persian monarch commanded the unhappy Roman to bow himself down, and offer him his back, on which he set his foot in order to mount his horse. (Burder, 2 vol. 249.) The housings of the Persians were called Sitam ستام whence the Greek σαγη, and the Latin Sagum, may be derived in the same manner, that the Greek γνια, a bridle, is evidently derived from the Arabic word Inan, عنان But if the ancient Persians possessed no stirrups, why are these represented in pictures in old illuminated oriental MSS. and how ought we to render the word

(30) " At least, I'll die with harness on my back," as Shakespear says in *Macbeth*: And the following lines of Firdousee's Episode,—Canto i. v. 163.

" Such is the fashion of this ruthless world—
" The saddle sometimes on our backs is hurled—
" And sometimes we upon the saddle's back are whirled;"

Appear to have constituted an aphorism similar to this, in the English language:

" To ride on horseback be your cue
" And let not every horse ride you."

رکیب so often used by Firdousee: for instance, in this couplet of the text, which we have translated in p. 73, v. 1637.

بیا راستند رخش رهستم تمام بزرین رکیب و بهیمین ستام

"Rukhsh in his full caparison was braced,
"With silver rein and golden stirrups graced."—[See Plate.]

It is true that Goguet has said, in his Origin of Laws, (III vol. 172,) that "no nation of antiquity knew the use of either saddles or stirrups" (30) but Firdousee proves, that the vituperation of Spelman, and the assertion of Goguet are both founded on error. Abraham is said, in Genesis XXII. v. 3, to have "saddled his ass," and though his saddle may have been a cushion, or a rug, girded to the animal, as modern travellers, Hasselquist, &c. have described the Arabian selle; still D'Ablancourt was not mistaken in using the terms saddle and stirrups, if his "unfortunate translation" of the words in Xenophon may not have been rendered correctly. But before we conclude the topic of horse-caparisons, we may offer an observation on horse-shoes, in this place, in preference to inserting remarks elsewhere. As Spelman has denied to the ancients the possession of saddles and stirrups, so Bishop Lowth has disallowed them any knowledge of the art of shoeing horses. "The "shoeing of horses" says the Prelate, "with iron plates, nailed to the hoof, "is quite a modern practice, and was unknown to the ancients, as appears "from the silence of the Greek and Roman writers, especially those that "treat of horse-medicine, who could not have passed over a matter so "obvious, and of such importance, that now the whole science takes its "name from it, being called by us, farriery. The horse-shoes of leather "and of iron which are mentioned; the silver and the gold shoes, with "which Nero and Poppæa shod their mules,(31) used occasionally to "preserve the hoofs of delicate cattle, or for vanity, were of a very "different kind; they enclosed the whole hoof, as in a case, or as a "shoe does a man's foot, and were bound and tied on." But, as Firdousee has refuted Spelman on the subject of saddles and stirrups, so he has controverted Bishop Lowth, since he has distinctly stated the shoes of the war-horse that belonged to Soohrab, in the following hemistich, towards the conclusion of this Episode:

همي روي مالید برسم و نعل

And on his hoofs and *shoes* her face she pressed.—*Canto VII.*

(30) Sir W. Ouseley entertains an opinion, that "stirrups were probably never used in Persia before the Moosulman Conquest."—1 vol. 246.

(31) The same practice has been recorded by Meer Husun, distinguished by the poetical title of *Husun*, or *The Elegant*, who was mentioned in Note * p. 2, as the Author of the Sihr-ool-Buyan or Magic of Eloquence, which contains the following translated extract at the beginning of the Poem:

"Whoe'er surveyed his military mass
"Would cry: "A Wave of Being's Sea behold!"
"Within his stalls, the meanest mule and ass
"Wore shoes upon their hoofs of purest gold:
"Where'er, in treason, rebels might surpass,
"He marched to smite them, and their course controuled:
"And hence the hind, divested of alarm,
"No thieves could plunder, and no robbers harm."

NOTE XXIII.

Vers. 174, p. 11.—*And since 'twas fixed that chieftains of renown,*
Who were entitled to support a crown.

Sir William Ouseley remarks, (Travels 2. vol. 513) "Roostum could not regard himself as a freeman, until he had received from the King Kaoos a formal Azad Namuh, آزادنامه or patent of manumission, and a particular kind of coronet; without which, says Tubree the Historian, every soldier was considered as a bondsman by the monarchs of those times. The King also gave to Roostum a throne made of silver, supported on golden feet."

NOTE XXIV.

Vers. 179, p. 11.—*This must be Roostum or the orb of day,*
Surrounded with a glory of effulgent ray.

Sir William Ouseley, in his excellent Essay on Roostum and Hercules, has remarked, (2 vol. 518,) the belief of Vossius, De Idololatria that in a physico-theological sense Hercules was the Sun, one of the most ancient symbols of the divinity: his twelve labours alluding to the Zodiacal signs. From the first line above-quoted, in which Roostum is identified with the Sun, and from the fact, that illustrious personages, in Persia were, in former days, objects of adoration during their lifetime, and objects of worship after their death, it might be believed that Roostum, like Hercules, was that luminary: his seven stages alluding to the seven Planets, or wanderers moving in their orbits round the globe of light—more especially as Roostum is represented to be, like the Sun, surrounded with a glory. But it is worthy of notice, that the observation in the text is merely a complimentary expression such as the following, on seeing an exalted personage: O "God! hath the Sun arrived from the fourth heaven,(32) or hath a Boy "of Paradise descended on earth from the lofty empyrean!" Gooli Bukawulee, p. 18: and the following, mentioned in Acts, Ch. XIV. 11. "*The Gods are come down to us in the likeness of men.*" Thus also Homer:

"In this low disguise
"Wanders, perhaps, some inmate of the skies:
"They—curious oft of mortal actions—deign
"In forms like these to round the earth and main."
Odyssey, XVII, l. 485.

But in the following quatrain, the glory is distinctly specified:

"The walls where'er my wandering eyes I turn,
"And roofs, amidst a blaze of *glory*, burn!
"Some visitant of pure ethereal race,
"With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace."
Odyssey, xix. l. 46.

(32) Ariosto compares one of his Heroes in Orlando Furioso, to "Mars, from the fourth heav'n descended," and says,—B. vii. v. 63.—
"While all such honour paid the noble knight
"As if some GOD had left the realms of light."

So likewise Milton in his vision of fairies in Comus:

"Their port was more than human as they stood—
—— "I took it for a fairy vision
"Of some gay creatures of the element
"That in the colours of the rainbow live
"And play in the plighted clouds: I was awe struck
"And as I passed—I worshipped."

Shakespeare says, in Richard the II. "A God on earth Thou art." But Firdousee's meaning may be better demonstrated by an extract from the Shiraz Namuh Nisr, relative to Jumsheed, an ancestor of Roostum and Soohrab, who is compared in the Shah Namuh to the SUN shining, amidst the heavens.

چو خورشید تابان میان هوا

For "the light of the Sun and the light of the monarch, appearing "at the same place, no person knew which was the Sun, or which was "Jumsheed"—the blaze of glories which surrounded the King having been ascribed to divine irradiation. That irradiations of divine light distinguished certain personages eminent in ancient history, has been imagined from ages the most remote. "In Indian pictures," says Sir W. Ouseley, "we find not only the imaginary forms of deities, but the "actual portraits of living men, princes, and reputed saints(33) decorated "with circular glories—thus in the Codex Romanus, a glory encircles "the head of Æneas—and the glories, stars, and different devices on the "crowns of Persian Kings who venerated fire, seem evidently symbols "of the Sun."(34) Travels 2 vol. pp. 15 and 465.

NOTE XXV.

Vers. 181, p. 11.—*The King, on foot, proceeded with his suite*
Of civil bands and martial hosts to meet.

The word denoting this Ceremony of State in Asia, is استقبال Istiqbal, or progressing. In Sir Wm. Ouseley's Travels, 2 vol. 458, he has described a similar formality near Isphahan, in compliment to a British Envoy:—"A very numerous and brilliant cavalcade, and many thousands "of persons, *on foot*, with the Governor, Chief Magistrates, Merchants, "and all the principal inhabitants came out from Isfahan, to receive and "welcome the Ambassador; and after a ride of nearly eight miles, we "concluded our journey at the Royal Palace and Gardens of Saaduta-"bad, or the Mansion of Felicity." The Persian word پیشواز Peshwaz, or پیشباز Peshbaz, is equivalent to Istiqbal—meeting or coming before.

(33) Roostum was both Prince and Saint, like the Anius of Virgil's Æneid:
Rex Anius, rex idem hominum, Phœbique Sacerdos.—(See Genesis xiv. 18.)

(34) Tibullus in his XIII. Eleg. uses the simile thus:

"Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte in atra,
"Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

"Thou, solace of my woes, in blackest night,
"Thou art to me a SUN, a fount of light!
"And thou to me in lonely wilds and woods
"Appear'st a crowd amidst the solitudes."

NOTE XXVI.

Vers. 193 p. 11.—*His steps as far as Sumungan I have traced;*
But further than this realm lie wild and waste.

Elphinstone in his Account of Bulkh, of which Sumungan was a dependency, informs us, p. 463, that "The north towards the Oxus, is "*sandy and barren.* The east of the province, being near a moun- "tainous country, is better than the west, which borders on the *desert* "and partakes of its nature."

NOTE XXVII.

Vers. 204, p. 12.—*Let us in wine indulge this night, at least,*
And from our hearts cast sorrows, at the feast.

Virgil says (Buc. Ecl. 1. l. 80):

"Hictamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem.

"This night, at least, with me forget your care."—*Dryden.*

And thus Anacreon:

"Let us drain the circling bowl
"Bacchus gives to cheer the soul;
"For our goblets while we steep
"Heart-tormenting sorrows sleep."

NOTE XXVIII.

Vers. 205, p. 12.—*For rage and anger benefit no cause*
While mildness from his hole a serpent draws.

Sadi says (Apologue 28):

بشیرین زبانی ولطف وخوشی توانی که پیلی بموی کشی
که سهلی ببندد درکارزار

"By using sweet words, courtesy, and gentleness,
"Thou mayest lead an elephant with a single hair;
"For mildness will shut the door of contention."

NOTE XXIX.

Vers. 227, p. 3.—*And bade his sutlers and his cooks to lay*
Before each guest a viand furnished tray.

Chardin says in 1 vol. 188, of his Travels in Persia: "At noon dinner was served up; *each guest had only one bason set before him,* but of a much larger size than those that are made use of in our countries. These great dishes contained Pilaw, dressed after five or six different ways, with Capons, Lamb, Chickens, Eggs, Meat, Herbs, Salt-Fish, and over that a great quantity of several sorts of roasted meats. Fifteen men might without exaggeration, satisfy the sharpest hunger with one of these dishes. The dish that was served up to the King, was brought and placed before him, on a Hand-Barrow of Gold! A large porringer of sherbet was served up with each dish, as also a plate of sallad, and two sorts of bread."

NOTE XXX.

Vers. 231, p. 13.—*The Toorks of China passed the goblet round*
Brimful of woe-removing wine.

The Toorks of China are called in the Qissui Chuhar Durwesh, or Romance of the Four Religious Devotees, Zoohruh-Cheen, Venuses of Chinese Tartary, so beautiful as to excite the envy of the moon; lovely creatures, the delight of the heart, graceful in stature, rosy-cheeked and moon-faced, with looks like the timid glances of the fawn, black eye-lashes, softly closed lips; necks fair as silver, with ringlets dark and fragrant as musk, forming snares; mouths like the buds of roses, accents eloquent and sweet—Persian Miscellanies, 126. These Toorkish Ganymedes were called Saqees or Cupbearers, and it was from this name, that Dr. Hyde, in allusion to the excessive indulgence of northern nations, in drinking wine, derived the word *Sacæ*, a term of abuse which the Persians applied to the Scythians, as will be afterwards noticed at length. They were of a fair, lovely complexion. And in the Lexicon-Persico-Turcicûm, it is said of the Toorks, that "By this name are called the inhabitants of Chata or Chuten, (Kitahia or Great Tartary) who inhabit the Cupchak Plains. And, because all of them have *fair faces and black eyes and eyebrows*, therefore the Persian Poets call Lovers and gallants by comparison, Toorks." "The Cupchaks are a Scythian nation," says Prince Candemir in his History of the Toorks, p. 112, "near Usbek, on the confines of the Chagtœan Tartars, (See v. 763), beyond the Caspian Sea, "Eastward, whence the Toorks and Tartars deduce their origin. It is "perhaps, that country which is called Thibet, or Toorkistan."

NOTE XXXI.

Vers. 234, p. 13.—*With rosy cheeks, black eyes and musky curls.*

So much has already been written on the subject of Persian compounds, that any remarks on the same subject, are in this place inadmissible and unnecessary. Rosy-cheeked, is one of those epithets which the Persians, like the Greeks, were fond of applying to Beauty; but of all the compound epithets used by Anacreon, in his celebrated Ode addressed to the Rose, his Ροδοδακτυλος or rosy-complexion approximates most nearly to the گل رخ of Firdousee, and the گل عذار of Unwuree. In Anacreon's other distinguished Ode, commencing—

Αγε Σωγραφων αριστε
Γραφε, Σωγραφων αριστε, &c.

he tells the painter, to whom his instructions are given, that,

"The *rosy-cheek* must seem to glow,
"Amidst the white of falling snow:"

and in describing the charms of his mistress, he says that,

"The eye must be uncommon fire,
"Sparkle, languish, and desire."

Of the black-eyes of the Toorks of Chinese Tartary, who are mentioned in the text, Prince Candemir has taken some notice, as the passage we have quoted, from his history, demonstrates—but to add to the dark

hue of their eyes, the Toorks of China, as well as the Ladies of Persia, Turkey and Greece, used, in ancient as in modern times, to employ a cosmetic application, called Soormuh, or Collyrium: a sable composition introduced between the eyelids, or bedaubed on the eye-lashes by an instrument like a bodkin. "Soormuh," says Sir Wm. Ouseley, Travels, 3 vol. 565, "is chiefly used for the purpose of giving additional "beauty or brilliancy to the eyes: but it is reckoned also efficacious in "strengthening the sight. When judiciously applied to the eye-lashes "of a pretty woman, it produces an agreeable effect; and that the eyes "may appear of considerable length, a black line is drawn from the "corner of each." Darvieux observes, 3 vol. 297, that "grand yeux noirs," constituted the principal beauty of the Arabian women, and all females in the East. And Sanson also remarks, in his Voyage to Persia, p. 91, that "Les yeux bleus—sont les noirs," as we learn from the Persian Miscellanies, p. 124; where it is stated, that among oriental writers, "*black-eyed* seemed synonimous *with beautiful.*" Musky curls, though often mentioned by Firdousee, are not inserted in the line which we have translated and subjoin: but Bootani Tiraz are the terms introduced into the original:

صیدہ چشم گل رخ بتان طراز

"*Boot*," says Ouseley, "being used by the Persians in their amorous "compositions, to express the object of their love and admiration, as the "Italians use the word Idolo, on the same occasions." (Per. Mis. 126.) And Tiraz, says Sir John Richardson, signifies a rich and costly robe—one of those gorgeous garments covered with ornaments, which the Grecians imitated in their dress, and borrowed from the Persians, according to the Commentator, De Vestitu Mulierum Hebræarum, wherein it is written, that "magna luxus et *vestium orientalium* pars ex Persia ad Græcos perlata fuerunt." The words also denote an idol-figure, or sylphlike form.

NOTE XXXII.

Vers. 241, p. 13.—*A couch adapted to his rank was made,*
With musk and oil of roses o'er it laid;
And on it, he composed himself to rest,
By wine inflamed and travelling toils o'erpressed.

In the Song of Solomon, ch. 5, v. 13, it is said, "*His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers.*" And Burder remarks on this passage, 2 vol. 230, that the ancients by way of indulgence, used to rest themselves on large heaps of fragrant herbs, leaves, and flowers.(35) Among others, we may take an instance from Anacreon, in Ode iv. b. 1:

"Reclined at ease on this soft bed,
"With fragrant leaves of myrtle spread;
"And flowery lote, I now resign
"My cares, and quaff the rosy wine."—*Fawkes.*

(35) Milton says:

In close recess
"With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
"Espoused Eve first decked her nuptial bed."

Of the epithet, expressing a musky odour, used as in our version, we shall extract the following remarks on musk, and the essence or oil of roses. "Costly and most exquisite perfumes, are esteemed the first "among Asiatic luxuries: musk, ambergris and the wood of aloes, gene-"rally forming part of magnificent presents from one prince to another." In the original, Goolab, or Rose-water, is the compound used by Firdousee, and respecting it, Ouseley says: "So fond are the luxurious "Persians of the Rose's delightful odour, that they not only sprinkle "most profusely in their apartments, the water distilled from its leaves, "but having prepared it with cinnamon and sugar, they infuse it with the "coffee which they drink. The Rose of Sheeraz is reckoned the most "excellent in the East, and the *essence* of it highly esteemed in the fur-"thest parts of India, the pure essential oil, or thick substance, which "they call عطر گل Auturi Gool, or Essence of Roses, being more preci-"ous than gold."—*Pers. Mis. p.* 42.

NOTE XXXIII.

Vers. 251, p. 14.—*When—as he slumbered on his bed of state,*
Roostum, the Champion, dreamt with wine elate,
That Tuhimeenuh came in beauty's pride,
And stood with person graceful at his side.

Ariosto says of Alcina's visit to Rogero's couch:

"Now lay the Knight in sheets that breathed perfume
"And seemed the labour of Arachne's loom—
"The alluring fair, bedewed with odorous sweet,
"Prepared at length the longing Knight to meet;
"And when each eye was closed, with glowing charms
"She stole in secret to Rogero's arms."—*Hoole*, 1 *vol.* 216.

But Byron, in The Corsair, has a passage, which would almost create a suspicion, that he had copied it from Firdousee; if we were not aware, that plagiarisms are less frequent than literary coincidences, as they have been well and justly designated.

"He slept in calmest seeming—
"He slept—who o'er his placid slumber bends?
"His foes are gone and here he hath no friends.
"Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?
"No! 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face.
"Its white arm raised a lamp, yet gently hid—
—"his slumber breaks—
"How heavily he sighs—he starts—awakes—
"He raised his head and dazzled with the light
"His eye seemed dubious, if he saw aright."

This extract is considered to be an imitation of part of the Translation of Oberon, by Southey: but it might as truly be reckoned the copy of a portion of Shah Namuh by Firdousee. It appears that the Queen of Almanzoor entered the apartment of Huon, as Gulnare entered the cell of Conrad, Alcina the chamber of Rogero, and Tuhimeenuh the room of Roostum—to proffer their love, when:

" As with the Corsair, sleep
" The soother of all sorrows, deign'd descend
" And o'er his flinty couch in pity bend."

Southey's version of Oberon is as follows:

" When half the world lay rapt in sleepless night
" The iron door expands:—a paly light,
" Gleams through the vaults; at distance dim descried,
" He hears a step draw near—in beauty's pride,
" A female comes.
" Her hand sustains a lamp, her head a crown,
" Lo! the Sultana's self stands graceful at his side."

See Don Juan, Canto XVI. Stanzas XXVII and XXVIII.

NOTE XXXIV.

Vers. 245, p. 13.—*One watch of night had traversed, and the star*
Which guides the caravan, had led his car,
Up to the zenith of the circling spheres, &c.

Virgil says, in words very similar, (Æneid, VIII. l. 405):

" Inde, ubi prima quies medio jam noctis abactæ
" Curriculum expulerat somnum; cum fœmina," &c.

Trapp has thus translated this couplet:

" Night now was sliding in her middle course:
" The first repose was finished: when the dame" &c.

And the following is Dryden's version:

" Now when the night her middle race had rode;
" And his first slumber had refreshed the god,
" The time when early house-wives &c."

But they have both omitted to transpose the *Curriculum expulerat*, which corresponds precisely with the text of Firdousee.

NOTE XXXV.

Vers. 261, p. 14.—*He dreamt that from behind advanced, with grace,*
A female like the Moon who seemed in face,
In brightness like the Sun.

The comparison of a woman to the Moon is not peculiar to the east. Spenser says,

" Her spacious forehead like the clearest Moon,
" Whose full grown orb begins now to be spent."

But the idea, conveyed by this metaphor, to the mind of the Persian Poet, who employs it, is well described by Pope:

" So, when the Sun's broad beams have tired the sight
" All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light;
" Serene in virgin modesty she shines
" While, unobserved, the glaring orb declines."

Shakespeare says, as Atkinson has quoted,

" The noble sister of Poplicola,
" The Moon of Rome."

And Firdousee calls Roodabuh, Roostum's mother, (See Sha Name p. 282.)

"The Moon of Cabool," or ماہ کابلستان

While Hafiz in an ode, addressing a beautiful youth, styles him, like Joseph,

"The Moon of Canaan," or ماہ کنعان

Thus we see the metaphor applied to an Adonis, as well as to a Venus, and it is remarkable, that among the Arabs, the Moon is of the masculine gender, and the Sun of the feminine. Accordingly, Mouia Nubbee says, (Rich. Arab. Gr. p. 23):

"Neither is the feminine name a disgrace to the Sun,
"Nor the masculine an honour to the Moon."

But Boyce informs us in his Pantheon, p. 72, that the Egyptians worshipped the Moon, both as male and female; the men sacrificing to it as Luna, and the women as Lunus. It is also observable, that Pope has applied to Belinda, the metaphor of the Sun, at least, thrice, and Shakespear, to Juliet, equally often (v. Note xlvii).

"Not with more glories, in th'ethereal plain,
"The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
"Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
"Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames:
"Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike
"And like the Sun, they shine on all alike."
Rape of the Lock, Canto II.

NOTE XXXVI.

Vers. 263, p. 14.—*Who breathed perfume,*
Replete with fragrance and with odoured bloom.

Ford says of a beautiful woman:
"View well her face—for sweet perfume her breath."

Shakespeare also says (Cymbeline):
"The cricket sings, and man's o'erlaboured sense
"Repairs itself by rest:—Cytherea,
"How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily!
"And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
"But kiss; one kiss! rubies unparagon'd
"How dearly they do't. *'Tis her breathing that*
"*Perfumes the chamber.*"

NOTE XXXVII.

Vers. 265, p. 14.—*Who boasted of a figure full of state*
Tall as a cypress, and in stature straight.

Ovid says, (Met. Lib. xiii):

"Longo procernior alno.
"Erect as alders and of equal height."—*Dryden.*

And Solomon, in his Song; "Thy stature is like to a palm tree," ch. vii. v. 7.

NOTE XXXVIII.

Ver. 267.—*Who had two eye-brows curving like two bows;*

We must acknowledge that we have done an injustice to Firdousee, by thus inadvertently rendering his دو ابروکمان which signifies that her two eye-brows formed one bow, not a couple, separately, as we have translated the words in our text, and which ought to be transposed, more correctly, as follows:

" Who had two eye-brows, curving like a bow;
" Who had two curls, like snares, for friend and foe."

But we are not singular in this misinterpretation—(which is rectified at line 1026)—Moore having rendered Anacreon in a similarly erroneous manner, since it was in the union of the two eyebrows, that the beauty was considered to consist; For he says in his version:

" Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
" In jetty *arches* o'er her eyes;
" Gently in a crescent gliding,
" Just commingling, just dividing."

But this transposition, in the An. Or. Lit. p. 229. is more correct:

" Let her sable eyebrows bend
" And *in a single arch* extend
" As if fancied, more then seen,
" To darken o'er the space between."

Chardin says, 2 vol. 188: " Black hair is most in esteem with the Persians, as well the hair of the head as the eyebrows: the thickest and largest eyebrows are accounted the finest, *especially when they are so large that they touch each other.*"

NOTE XXXIX.

Vers. 268. p. 14.—*Who had two curls, like snares, for friends and foes.*

Chardin tells us, 2 vol. 187, that " the Persian women wear no veils in the house: but they cause *two tresses* of their hair to hang down upon their cheeks."—Pope says of Belinda, (Rape of the Lock, II. Cant. 19):

" This nymph to the destruction of mankind
" Nourished *two locks* which graceful hung behind
" In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
" With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
" Love in these labyrinths his slave detains
" And mighty hearts are held in slender *chains.*(36)

(36) Firdousee says of Roodabuh, in a similar style:

بر ان سفت سیمین دو مشکین کمند سرش گشته چون حلقه پای بند

" Two musky nooses on her silvery crest
" Like rings of chains, the hair-bound feet arrest."

" With hairy springes, we the birds betray
" Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey
" *Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare*
" And Beauty draws us with a single hair."

And in his Ode to his Painter, Anacreon says:

" Paint her *side-lock* curling hair
" Glossy black, as she is fair."

In Chardin's Travels, 2 vol. 184, the representations of five Persian Ladies are given; one of whom has the two locks over her left arm; another, on her cheeks; and two of them have the couple of tresses over their right shoulders.

NOTE XL.

Vers. 269, p. 14.—*For, bought in realms of paradise, these locks*
Were like two twigs of amber perfumed box.

At Furmud, near Toos, there was a cypress, celebrated among the Fire-worshippers, as, according to Ouseley, 1 vol. 38, it " had been *brought from Paradise*, by Zeratusht or Zoroaster himself." There was another planted at Kashmeer, near Tursheez in Khoorasan, which was likewise conveyed from Elysium, by Zoroaster. Spenser says of Prince Arthur, in the Fairy Queen:

" Upon the top of all his lofty crest
" *A bunch of hairs*, discoloured diversely
" With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dressed
" Did shake, and seem to dance for jollity;
" *Like to an almond tree*, ymounted high
" On top of green Salinis all alone
" With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
" Whose tender locks do tremble every one
" At every little blast that under heaven is blown."

On this subject, Ross notices, in the Annals of Oriental Literature, Part 2, p. 299, that her shock of hair, as braided into tresses behind the head [like Alcina's], and left dangling in loose tufts at the end, Firdousee compares to shumshad, or box—famous in its growing state in Persia, for its shumsheer, or fresh and verdant twigs, shooting from its boughs, and drooping, with much elegance and grace, towards the earth. On other occasions, he compares those tufted braids of hair to the soombool or spikenard. But we shall reserve further remarks for our Note on line 973, p. 43, at present only inserting an extract from Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters, 2 vol. 31: " Their hair hangs at full length behind, divi-" ded into tresses, braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great " quantity. I never saw in my life so many fine heads of hair. In one " lady's I have counted one hundred and ten of the tresses, all natural." —See Goguet's Origin of Laws, 2. vol. 99.

NOTE XLI.

Vers. 271. p. 14.—*Or black chained armoury, thou wouldst have said,*
Knot bound on knot, and braid entwined in braid.

Ariosto says of Alcina (Book VII. v. 73.)

" Bound in a knot behind, her ringlets rolled
" Down her soft neck, and seemed like waving gold."

But in the Song of Solomon (ch. IV. v. 4.) the meaning of Firdousee is well illustrated by these words: " *Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an* armoury *whereon they hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men ;*"(37) and by the following passage (in ch. vii. v. 5) *The hair of thine head is like* purple. The Vulgate says, "comœ capitis tui sicut purpurâ regis," or as Parkhurst proposes to read the version, " the hair of thy head is like the purple of a King :" that is, the purple robe of a King, which was denominated by the Ancients, Κατ'ἐξοκην, The Purple. Accordingly Milton says :

" O'er his lucid arms
" A vest of military purple flowed
" Livelier than Melibœan or the grain
" Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Heroes old."

NOTE XLII.

Vers. 273, p. 14.— *Who had two cheeks and temples like two roses, Commingling with a bed of lily-posies.*

Ariostoo says of Alcina, (Book vii. v. 75) :
" Her cheeks with lilies mix the blushing rose,"

And Spenser says of a beautiful woman, that

" In her cheeks the vermilled red did shew
" Like roses in a bed of lilies."

But Solomon compares the temples of his sister, his spouse, to a pomegranate : " *Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks* (Ch. IV. v. 3, and Ch. v. v. VI.). Atkinson says, that the Persian انار پستان a bosom like a pomegranate, is superior to Ariosto's " due pome acerbe," two unripe apples—(which Hoole has thus translated Book VII. v. 93) :

" Firm as the budding fruit, with gentle swell,
" Each lovely breast alternate rose and fell."

Yet Camoens has shown himself an admirer and imitator of this passage :

" The virgin's breasts, the gentle swell avow
" So the *twin* fruitage swell on every bough."

Thus also Solomon in his Song, Ch. IV. v. 5, and VII. v. 3. *Thy* two *breasts are like* two *young roes that are* twins, *which feed among the* lilies. Virgil has these lines in Æneis, XII :

" Thus ivory shews its white combined with red,
" And roses so, o'er beds of lilies spread."—*Dryden.*

(37) As Firdousee is illustrated by Solomon, so is Solomon by Virgil, in Æneis XII. v. 145, relative to Turnus' armoury :

" Propped *on a pillar*, which the ceiling bore,
" Was placed the lance Auruncan Actor wore."

But as we have seen and examined at Saugor, in Malwa, several coats of black chained-mail discovered in the Fort of Rathgurh, a strong-hold formerly in the dominions of Scindia: we can form a correct judgment of the propriety of the simile used in the text of the Shah Namuh.

NOTE XLIII.

Vers. 275, p. 14.—*Who had two rows of necklace thou might'st fancy*
A casket full of occult necromancy;
For in the double strings, the holes were wrought
As punctured by the diamond-cut of thought.

Chardin says of the Persian Ladies, 2 vol. 190: "Their *necklaces* are either chains of gold, or pearl, which they hang to their neck, and which fall below the bosom, to which is fastened a large *box* of sweets. There are of these boxes as large as one's hand; the common ones are of gold; the others are covered with jewels: and all of them are *bored through*, filled with a black paste very light, made of musk and amber, but of a very strong smell." These caskets were called by the Ancients Olfactoriola, or smelling boxes, and a full description of them is inserted in the Complete System of Geography, 2 Vol. 175. Chardin in one of his representations of the costume of Persia, has depicted one Lady with a perfume casket suspended from her neck, 2 vol. 184.

NOTE XLIV.

Vers. 279. p. 15.—*Who had ten fingers, each a silvery pen,*
An hundred fragrant lines traced o'er the ten.

Ariosto says of Alcina (Book VII. v. 99.)

"Her taper fingers, long and fair to see
"From every rising vein and swelling free."

But Moore has well illustrated the meaning of Firdousee, when he says, in Lalla Rookh, p. 55, of several Beauties in the Harem, that

"Some bring leaves of Henna to imbue
"The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue—
"So bright, that in the water's depth they seem
"Like tips of coral branches in the stream."

Thus, we are told in the Story of Prince Futtah in the Bahardanush, translated by Scott, "they tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resembled branches of coral." Chardin also observes, 2 vol. 188: that "they generally anoint their hands and feet with that orange coloured pomatum, which they call Henna, which is made with the seed or leaves of Woad or Pastel." But Mandrel observes in his Journey at March, 27, that it is prepared of another composition, by the operators who "taking two very fine needles, tied close together, and dipping them often, *like a pen*, in certain ink, compounded, I was informed, of gunpowder and ox-gall, they make with them small punctures all along the *lines*." It was owing to the practice of painting their hands and feet, as noticed by Chardin, with an orange coloured pomatum, that Homer used the expression, Ροδαδακτυλος (38) Ηωσ, in the second book of the Odyssey, and Anacreon, in his Ode to the Rose, used,

Ροδαδακτυλοσ μεν Ηωσ,
Rosy-fingered Aurora.

(38) Ροδοδακτυλοσ or Rosy-fingered is the Greek compound epithet which, owing to an error of the Press, the Reader will find to have been inserted in Note xxx, p. 37: but which ought to have been Ροδοχρωσ, signifying Rosy-complexioned.

And Pindar, though he has not mentioned the dawn sprinkling "roseate light," has, in his VI Olym. applied to Ceres, the epithet,

Φοινικοπεξα
Red-footed.

We must not, however, before closing this note omit to notice the particularity with which Firdousee mentions the number,(39) of Tuhimeenuh's fingers, like the ten darts held by Chaucer's Cupid (as we learn from the Romaunt of the Rose,)(40) of which "five were shaven well and dight" to produce virtuous affection, in the same manner that the Hindoo Cupid Camadeo was equipped with five shafts, according to Sir Wm. Jones, in his Hymn to the Deity;

"He with five flowrets tips the ruthless darts,
"Which through five senses pierce enraptured hearts,"

NOTE XLV.

Vers. 281, p. 15.—*Who from her lips dropped honey, from her tongue*
Shed sugary sweets and round her mouth had strung
Rows of transcendent pearls in rubies set,
Formed in proportion and in order met.

Solomon says, in his Song "*Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey comb: honey and milk are under thy tongue,*" ch. iv, v. 11. See ch.

(39) This minuteness of detail is only equalled by Sir Walter Scott, in Waverley, when Mrs. Mucklewrath exclaims: "I'll set my *ten* commandments in the first loon that lays a *finger* on him." And very similar to this extract is the following passage from the Sanscrit Drama, entitled Mrichchakati, or the Toy Cart, translated by Wilson: "With these good hands, *armed with ten nails*, and dexterous in inflicting punishment, I will drag you from the carriage," &c. An Hibernian lately advertized, that his wife who had eloped, "had better not show near to his door, the mark of her *ten toes;*" called, *par excellence*, foot-fingers!

(40) The following LITERARY COINCIDENCE is Extraordinary,

In a note to the Romaunt of the Rose, we find the following extracted passage: "This book was begun in French verse, by Wm. de Lorris, and finished 40 years afterwards by John Clopinell, (alias John Moone,) born at Mewen, upon the River Loyer, not far from Paris, as appeareth by Molinet, the French Author upon the morality of the Romaunt; and afterwards translated for the most part into English metre by Jeffrey Chaucer, but not finished. It is entitled the Romaunt of the Rose, or The Art of Love; wherein are shewed the helps and furtherances; also the lets and impediments that lovers have in their suits."

"It is the Romaunt of the Rose,
"In which all The 'Arte of Love I close."
Chaucer.

The coincidence which we discovered in 1825, between these two productions of imagination, is curious; and there are others of a remarkable nature in the body of the Indian work, of which we have nearly completed a translation with Notes.

In the Preface of Gooli Bukawulee, we find the following information: "This book was begun in Persian Prose and Verse, by Shuekh Izzut Oollah in 1124, A. H. and finished in Hindoostanee in 1218, A. H. or 94 years afterwards by Nihal Chand, (alias Nihal Moon,) born at Shahjihanabad, upon the River Jumna, as appeareth by Gilchrist the English Author on the Contents of the Romaunt, and afterwards translated for the most part into English Prose by Mr. Taylor, but not finished. It is entitled the قصہ گل بکاولي The Romaunt of the Rose of Bukawulee or مذہب عشق The Art of Love; wherein is showed a Legend of which each story is replete with accounts and descriptions of love." But we must refer the Reader to the Hindee version published at Calcutta in 1804, where he will find this line in the Introduction, p. 4.

قصہ ہي کہ جس کي ہرايک داستان عشق ہي سے بھري ہوئي ہي

v, v. 13 and 16. And Jamee says of Yoosoof, as translated by Waring, in his Tour to Sheeraz, p. 170-1:

" His lips smiling and shedding sweets, his words dropping honey;
" His pearly teeth between his ruby lips."

And Ariosto says of Alcina (B. VII, v. 85.)

" Her lips beneath, with pure vermilion bright,
" Present two rows of orient pearl to sight:
" Here those soft words are formed, whose pow'r detains
" The obdurate soul in love's alluring chains;
" And here the smiles receive their infant birth
" Whose *sweets* reveal a paradise on earth."(41)

We have chiefly confined ourselves to comparisons from Ariosto, because Hoole has said, (B. vii,) that the luxuriant description of Alcina, by Il Divino, is quoted at large by Dolce, in his dialogue on painting, as an idea of perfect beauty—but we are of opinion, that the delienation of Tuhimeenuh, by Firdousee, is superior, or equal, at least, to Ariosto's portraiture: Still, " *Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.*"

NOTE XLVI.

Vers. 285, p. 15.—*Who wore the tip and circle of each ear*
Refulgent as the sun, as bright and clear,
And had appended from them many a gem,
In clusters sparkling 'neath her diadem.

Chardin informs us, in his Description of the Ladies of Persia, 2 vol. pp. 187 and 189, that, " they dress their heads with plumes of jewels parted into the fillet of the forehead; or with knots of flowers instead of them: They fasten a crotchet of precious stones to the fillet, which hangs down between their eyebrows, a row of pearl, which is fastened *to the top of the ears* and goes under the chin. This Head-band or fillet, which is made of several colours, is small and light: the little fillet is embroidered in imitation of needle work, or covered with *jewels*, according to the quality of the people. This is, in my opinion, the ancient Tiara or Diadem of the Queens of Persia." This passage ably illustrates the text, which would have proved, without this explanation, difficult to comprehend precisely—but we shall further elucidate the subject, by an extract from Harmer, p. 205. " The head dress," says this traveller, in his account of the Persian Ladies;

(41) Firdousee speaks of Roodabuh, in a similar vein;

بهشتي است سرتاسر آرا سته پر آرا يش و را مش و خواسته

" Heaven in her centres, and in her abound
" Peace, joy, and bliss such as in Heaven are found."

Which recalls to mind this similar image in the English language:

" Heaven in her eye,
" In all her gestures majesty and love."

The head dress that the Persian Ladies use, consists of two or three rows of pearls, which are not worn there about the neck, but round the head, beginning at the forehead, and descending down the cheeks, and "under the chin; so that their faces seem to be set in pearls." But we must finish this picture of Tuhimeenuh, with the delineation of Juliet, by Shakespeare who says, in illusion probably to the fashion denoted in Firdousee's text:

"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
"Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
"Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear—
"But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
"It is the East and Juliet is the Sun!
"Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon.

NOTE XLVII.

Vers. 289, p. 15.—*But midst this blaze of beauty and of stones,*
Nocturnal jewel-stars forsook their zones.

Shakespear says, of Juliet:

"The brightness of her cheek would shame the stars
"As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
"Would through the airy region stream so bright
"That birds would sing, and think it were not night."

Ben Jonson has,

"The Starres that are the jewelles of the night,"

And Wilson in Megha Duta, p. 77:

"The gems bestrew each terrace of delight,
"Like stars that glitter through the shade of night."

But an anonymous writer has thus more beautifully said:

"When the bright stars, like jewels on the brow
"Of Æthiop Night are sparkling, O! ye sprites
"That watch our slumbers, weave delicious dreams
"And wind them round our thrones."

NOTE XLVIII.

Vers. 291, p. 15.—*Excepting Venus that alone that night*
Stayed as a friend administering her light.

Byron says of the Moon, in Childe Harold, Canto IV:

"A single Star is at her side and reigns
"With her o'er all the lovely heaven."

NOTE XLIX.

Vers. 293, p. 15.—*To her whose soul was intellect, whose frame*
Embodied spirit chaste as seraphs claim
And whose untainted nature from her birth
Thou wouldst have deemed too pure to hold of earth.

Gulcheen is of opinion, (Annals of Oriental Literature, p. 300) that روان in the original is "that part of the living principle, which orien-

"talists consider as divine"—and that جان is "what John Hunter "called the life of the blood:" though we are disposed to regard these terms as equivalent to the Ζωη και Ψυχη of the Greeks, and to the Vita et Anima of the Latins. The word خرد signifies intelligence, as expressed in this couplet of Milton's Paradise:

"How fully thou hast satisfied me, pure
"Intelligence of heaven, Angel!"

And the words تن پاک convey the same meaning, which transposed into پاک تن they extend to Fatimat-ooz-Zoohruh, the daughter of Moohummud—both of whom together with Ulee, his Son-in-law, and Husun and Hoosein, his Grandsons, are called by the Moosulmans,

پنج تن پاک

"Five immaculate bodies."

But Firdousee has preserved the propriety of keeping to the end of his gorgeous description of Tuhimeenuh's charms, which as the painters say, and Ross has observed, "comes down to the canvas"—by adding that she was unearthly; since intellectual creatures, according to his belief as a Moslim, were formed solely of the element of fire, and his text accordingly implies that the lovely and beautiful Tuhimeenuh resembled

"The rapt Seraph that adores and burns:"

or an Ærial Being who lives on perfume alone, rejecting all grosser nourishment, as Ouseley also remarks in the Pers. Misc. p. xxx. though Milton tells us in his Paradise, that

"Food alike those pure
"Intelligential substances require
"As doth your rational."

NOTE L.

Vers. 297, p. 15.—*Roostum, the lion-hearted, in amaze*
Beheld the spectre which opposed his gaze,
He started at the vision and awoke
And his creator hastened to invoke.

Firdousee, in order that no imputation may be cast on the valour of the Champion of his Shah Namuh, takes care in the text to style Roostum the lion-hearted, or شیر دل in the same manner, that Homer, in his Hymn addressed to Hercules, calls him by a corresponding title in Greek, Λεοντοθυμον or the lion-minded: And though the Bard of Toos had represented the Son of Zal, on a former occasion, as defying single-handed,(42) an army of Tooranians even if they amounted to

"An hundred thousand men, in mass," (Notes, p. 13.)

(42) In a parallel strain of bravado Achilles, after the death of Hector, was boasting before the walls of Troy, that he *singly* would take the city, as we learn from these words of Hyginus, a friend of Ovid: "Hectore sepulto, Achilles circa mœnia Trojanorum vagaretur, ac diceret se *solum* Trojam expugnasse." But Apollo, in a rage at his self-sufficiency, put him to death by wounding him in his vulnerable heel.

still he acknowledges, that Roostum from alarm remained confounded at the apparition: For in the words of Shakespeare, in Richard III,

" Shadows to-night,
" Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
" Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers."

NOTE LI.

Vers. 303, p. 15.—*She sought the shades of midnight gloom,*
To come on angel-visit, to his room.

Since the publication of Campbell's couplet which has been so much admired and so often quoted:—

" What though my winged hours of bliss have been
" Like Angels' visits, few and far between:"—

the expression of Angels' visits has become in our mouths as familiar as household words: but it is not generally known whence the Author of Gertrude of Wyoming " stole those balmy spoils." Some have thought that Campbell gained the idea for which he claims credit to himself, from these lines, in Blair's " Grave:"

" Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorned
" Stalked off reluctant, like an ill used ghost
" Not to return: or, if it did, *its visits*
" *Like those of Angels, short and far between:*
" Whilst the black dæmon with his hell scaped train
" *Admitted once into its better room, &c.*"

But in our own opinion it is not improbable that both of these writers may have borrowed the idea from a collection of Miscellanies published in 1717 by a Clergyman of the Church of England, at Sarum, who says:

" How fading are the joys we doat upon,
" Like apparitions seen and gone!
" But those which soonest take their flight
" Are the most exquisite and strong
" Like Angels' visits, short and bright."

Blair uses the exact word " short;" while Campbell employs the precise phrase " Angels' visits," comprised in the Miscellany, as well as the terms " far between" contained in the Grave: but " few and far between" being the same thing, Mr. Campbell by altering the expression has spoiled it, as Hazlitt has already somewhere remarked. In the Aubid, a very beautiful and affecting poem by Mr. Atkinson, we find the following lines which are energetic, though, as may be discovered, not original:

" *Short* was the meeting of that loving pair,
" A sun-beam midst the darkness of despair;
" A taste of that unspeakable delight,
" *Which angel-minds enjoy, in visions bright.*"

But if Byron committed a plagiarism from the Oberon of Sotheby, in his night scene, between Conrad and Gulnare, in the Corsair, he may with equal justice be accused of being a copyist of Firdousee, (as

Glover might be for saying, in his Leonidas, when Agis interrogates Ariana:

" Through the midnight shade
" What purpose draws your wandering steps abroad:"

in the night scene between Don Juan and Fitz-Fulke, in stanzas xxvii and xxviii of his xvi and last Canto:

" There couched, all snugly on his pillow's nook,
" With what he'd seen his phantasy he fed,
" And though it was no opiate, slumber crept
" Upon him, by degrees, and so he slept.

xxviii.

" He woke betimes; and as may be supposed
" Pondered upon his visitant or *vision*,
" And whether it ought not to be disclosed
" At risk of being quizzed for superstition;
" The more he thought, the more his mind was posed."

Yet Roostum, who flourished in a less polished age, supplicated divine aid from the Creator of the World, as Firdousee relates in a strain similar to a part of one of the prayers in Hidayut-ool-Islam, which all Moosulmans are directed to repeat on beholding a spectre: (See the Appendix, p. 8.)

أعوذ بالله من الشيطان الرجيم

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

ENTITLED THE DOXOLOGY.

" XLIX.—I celebrate thy Tusbeeh, O God! praising thee and " blessed is thy name, and exalted is thy glory. There is no God " besides Thee. *I fly unto God for refuge from the execrable devil:* " *In the name of God, the most merciful, the compassionate.*" This supplication they were enjoined to offer, by the following verse of the Coran, 2 vol. 179: " And say, *O Lord! I fly unto thee for refuge,* " *against the suggestions of the devils;* and I have recourse unto Thee, " O Lord! to drive them away that they may be not present with me," " that is," says Sale, " that they hurt me not." But, on this subject, Uboo Hooreruh informs us, that "The Prophet said, ' does the devil come to " ' any of you, and say who *created* this, and who *created* that, even " ' to say who *created* your *Creator?* When it comes to this, then tell " ' him to take protection with God, (by saying, God defend us from the " ' cast out devil) and tell him to keep on one side from the attempts " ' of the devil.'" Mishcat-ool-Masabih, 2 vol.

NOTE LII

Vers. 305, p. 15.—*She answered:* " *Tuhmeenuh is my name.*"

On this verse, Ross has observed in the Annals of Oriental Literature, Part 2, p. 15: " Upon being questioned by Roostum, who would seem to have taken her at first for some divinity, her speech is equally

appropriate in stating, that her name was تهمينه Tuhimeenuh, which having the same accent as Desdemōna, Belvidēra, Sophonisba, Carolina, &c. I wonder the Calcutta versifier, or "Calcutta paraphrast," as he uncourteously calls Atkinson, (see Note VI. and An. Or. Lit.) should have changed it into Tahmeena: but throughout all this fine description, he seems to trust more to his comments and notes, than to a full and faithful translation of his text." Tuhimeenuh is a compound signifying "unsophisticated as heaven,"(43) but Ross appears to have been the first European, who has expressed it with propriety. Lord Teignmouth calls her Tahmina, and Sir William Ouseley, Tahminah, but her name is not mentioned in the Boorhani Qatiu, or in D'Herbelot's Dictionary: Sir John Malcolm, Waring, and the Author of Sketches of Persia have, likewise, omitted the name of Tuhimeenuh, in their notices of this Episode.

NOTE LIII.

Ver. 305, p. 15.—"*The King of Sumungan as sire I claim.*"

Firdousee has not mentioned the name of this Prince, and on the subject of his suppression, or omission of the styles and titles of the petit potentates of states, and the mighty monarchs of empires, beyond the limits of Persia, and of Scythia, Malcolm has made an observation that merits attention. "It is remarkable" says Sir John, 1 vol. 511, "that Firdousee hardly records the name of any one King, or Hero of "Assyria, Greece, or of any nation except Iran and Tooran; the modern Persia and Tartary; and this fact will sufficiently account for all "his scenes being laid in these countries." It is only mentioned, that the Father of Tuhimeenuh was the Shah, or King of Sumungan, and with respect to the term, Shah, Sir Wm. Jones says, that, "a word which "signified *King* was applied by the Persians to every Governor of a "Province, and the lofty title, *King of Kings*, which their monarchs "afterwards assumed, was no more than *Ruler of Rulers*, or, *Chief of* "*Chiefs*." v. vol. 595. These Sovereigns were called ملكان Moolkan; شاهان Shahan; and تاجداران Tajdaran, or Possessors of Coronets, a compound which corresponds in signification with the Σκηπτουχοσ Βασιλευσ,(44) of Homer, the Σατραπη, or Satrap of Xenophon;(45)

(43) See Persian Miscellanies by Ouseley, p. 114, for mention of her modesty and simplicity, as quoted in Note LVI. *in seq.*

(44) Sceptres, both in the ancient and modern world are ensigns of great dignity. All authors agree, that they were borne by the Kings of Persia: we find that Persian noblemen were also distinguished by this mark of dignity, and Spelman looks upon the Σκηπτουχοι or sceptre-bearers to have been a kind of guard attending upon the persons of the Persian Kings.—*Spelman's Translation of Xenophon, Anab.*, 1 *c.* 1.

(45) Spelman says, that this word, though used by both Latin and Greek Authors, is Persian, and signifies a commander, a general. Ross, in the Asiatic Journal, has expressed it thus in Persian characters, شاه ترايپ but although Shah means a King, it would be difficult to interpret, or analyse ترايپ Trap. We are disposed to concur with Sir John Malcolm, who says 1 vol. 553, that this appears to be a corruption of Chattrapa, or Lord of the Umbrella of State, which it is probable that

and the " Sceptred Kings" of Milton, as well as the Alcaydes in the tributary governments of Morocco. They were called, after the reign of Alexander, ملوك الطوايف Moolook-oot-Toowayif, or Kings of the Tribes or Nations, according to Sir Wm. Ouseley 1 vol. 132, and 3 vol 179—but Ross says, (Asiat. Journ.) that they were denominated simply طوايف Toowayif, or members of a mixed race, the word *mongrel*, though a derogatory, being an expressive, appellation suitable to their class. Of these numerous federal Governors, many traces are still to be discovered, in Persia. Suetonius informs us, (C. 21.) that certain ambassadors, among whom was a Bramin named Zarmanochagas,(46) were sent to Augustus Cæsar, by a Sovereign of India, the King of six hundred Kings. Cyrus had a body-guard of three hundred, according to Xenophon, p. 1st: and we are told that on the day prior to the battle(47) of Actium, Anthony had thirteen Kings at his levee. Herodotus says, that Darius Hystaspes appointed twenty of these Governors: but we are not aware of the number that existed in Iran under Ky Kaoos, one of whose titles was Shahinshah, a contraction for Shahanshah, or King of Kings, (though we know, that in the reign of his grandson and successor, Ky Khoosroo, there were 120, as appears by the Register of Nobles in Iran, which he ordered to be prepared on his accession.) This title—Βασιλευσ Βασιλεων—was found to be inscribed on the tomb of Ky Khoosroo, or Cyrus, and it corresponds with the اسپهبد اسپهبدان or Ispuhbud Ispuhbudan of the Kings of Tubristan, in Hyrcania, the ملک ملکان or Moolk Moolkan of the Parsees, as they styled Shahpoor or the ancient Sapores, and as they entitle their chief pontiff or high priest, " Moobid Moobidan." But Ky, as well as Khoosroo, both titles of Kaoos, correspond with the Μεγαλοσ Βασιλευσ or Great King of the Greeks, and the بیگلر بیگ Beglurbeg of the Toörks which is preserved to this day in the " Grand Seignor" at Constantinople and the Miramolin of the Emperor of Morocco whose Alcaydes are often styled Kings, by Spanish and Portuguese historians. It is only necessary to add that about five hundred years posterior to the events recorded in the text, each of the six Kings of Bactria (of which Sumungan was an independent principality, included within the *arrondissement* of Bulkh) is said to have assumed the lofty title of GREAT KING which distinguished the Persian Monarchs in the days of their highest splendour. ROBERTSON'S Hist. Disq. on India S. I. p. 34.

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these provincial rulers were allowed to bear. And he adds, " that it was known in Persia is evident, from the sculpture of Persepolis, where the umbrella of state often marks the prince or chief in a group of figures."

(46) Mickle's Camoens, 2 vol. 207.

(47) Alcinous says to Ulysses, (VIII. Odyssey 425):
" Twelve princes in our realm dominion share,
" O'er whom supreme, imperial pow'r I bear."

Pope quotes these lines from Ti. Hom. 1. in Martinus Scribblerus:
" The King of Forty Kings and honoured more
" By mighty Jove, than ere was King before, &c."

NOTE LIV.

Vers. 309, p. 16.—*One of his daughters I am who ensures*
To tigers and to lions virgin cures.

Byron observes (Seige of Corinth):

" 'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
" From a maid in the pride of her purity."

But Milton (Lycidas) is more explicit on the subject of female modesty as well as chastity.

" She that has that is clad in complete steel
" And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen
" May trace huge forests and unharboured heaths,
" Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds
" Where through the sacred rays of chastity
" No savage, fierce banditti, or mountaineer,
" Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
" Hence hath the Huntress Dian her dread bow,
" Fair silver queen! for ever chaste,
" Wherewith she tam'd the brindled lioness
" And spotted mountain pard."

NOTE LV.

Vers. 309, p. 16.—*No mortal masculine alive has seen*
My modest countenance beyond my screen.

" I was informed" says Dr. Cooke in his Voyages and Travels, 2 vol. 443, " that the Persian women, in general, would sooner expose to public view any part of their bodies than their *faces!*" The word پردہ Purduh, which we have translated screen, signifies also a veil (See Note VI,) and in this place both interpretations are admissible, and appropriate. These screens, or curtains have been, from the earliest ages prevalent in the East, and were fastened with purple cords to silver rings, in the palaces of Persian Kings. Behind these hangings, the ladies of Persia were secluded from the view of all men, except their own immediate relations. Chardin says, 2 vol. 185, that " the women of Persia wear four veils in all; two of which they wear at home, and two more when they go abroad. The first of these veils is made like a kerchief falling down behind the body, by way of ornament; the second passes under the chin, and covers the bosom; the third is the white veil which covers all the body: And the fourth is a sort of handkerchief which goes over the face, and is fastened to the temples. The custom of these veils for the women, is the most ancient of any thing which their history speaks of: But it is difficult to know whether it was pride, vain-glory, or modesty, which induced them to wear them first." It appears that they are as tenacious of showing their dresses even as of exhibiting their faces: For Chardin says, 1 vol. 235, that a Eunuch, sent by a Princess of Persia mentioned to the Author, that 'it was not customary in Persia for the Ladies to let their clothes be seen.' This is true, he continues, and it would be considered an infamous thing. They say, moreover that by seeing a Lady's clothes, one

may guess thereby at her shape and make, &c. But Ariosto has a passage, relative to Malissa, which well explains the text:

" Her chastity more worth than all below
" Which gold can buy or honours can bestow,
" From human kind remote, the tender maid,
" He bred beneath the unfrequented shade
" Where this fair palace,(48) from the world apart,
" He caused the fiends to build by magic art.
" With ancient matrons bred, in ripening time
" His daughter here attained to beauty's prime.
" *He suffered not, in youth, her eye or ear*
" *The face of man to view, his voice to hear.*"—*Hoole, 5 vol.* 102.

The two concluding lines of this extract, closely assimilate to Firdousee's couplet; translated at v. 309:

کسي از پرده بيرون ندیده مرا نه هرگز کس او شنیدي مرا

NOTE LVI.

Vers. 311, p. 16.—*Nor can the man possessed of life be found*
Who ever heard before my voice's sound.

Sir Wm. Ouseley observes, on the original text of Firdousee, in the Persian Miscellanies, p. 114: " The seclusion of women in the Eastern countries, *from the conversation of men*, will in some measure account for the abrupt manner in which the fair one disclosed her passion, and for seizing on such an opportunity to obtain an interview with the object of her admiration. But the acknowledgment of her love was delivered, in terms, so simple, [her name, Tuhimeenuh, signifying Simple as Heaven, and modest, [her purity having obtained for her, from Firdousee, the praise of having been, as stated at v. 256,

بخوبي و پاکيزي آفتاب

" Fair as the Sun and like him undefiled,"]

her conduct so guarded [the slave, her duenna, having remained in attendance] and her demeanour so correct,—that Roostum was less affected by the splendour of her beauty, than filled with respect for her candour, her innocence, and virtue."

NOTE LVII.

Vers. 313, p. 16.—*Yet I am split from misery as in two.*

Objects of affection are in every country almost imagined to form one integer, but divided into two parts. To begin with Calidasa in Meghaduta, p. 90:

" And sad and silent shalt thou find my wife,
" Half of my soul and partner of my life."

(48) After the conquest of Mazindaran, Ky Kaoos compelled the Devs, or demons of Hyrcania, to construct two Palaces at Mount Ulboorz. See Note x. p. 11.

On this passage the translator has furnished several parallel passages; among these, we cite the two following instances. Milton makes Adam to exclaim to Eve:

"Part of my soul I seek thee and thee claim,
"My other half."

And Horace calls Virgil:

"Animæ dimidium meæ"
"Half of my soul:"

But Shakespeare is more explicit, though we quote this passage from memory:

"She is the half part of a better man,
"Left to be finished by such as he:
"And he a fair divided excellence
"Whose fulness of perfection lies in her.
"O two such silver currents when they join
"Do glorify the banks that bind them in!"

Of the identity of lovers, the following example will suffice, from The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"To die is to be banished from myself
"And Sylvia is myself—
"She is my essence and I cease to be,
"If I be not by her fair influence,
"Illumined, fostered, cherished, kept alive."

NOTE LVIII.

Vers. 315, p. 16.—*None of the potentates o'er sea and land.*
Is deemed a match deserving of my hand.

Thus Roodabuh, the mother of Roostum, exclaims:

نه قیصر خواهم نه فغفور چین نه از تاجدان ایران زمین
ببلای من پور سامست زال ابا بازوی شیر و با کتف و بال

"Nor Cæsar nor Fughfoor do I demand
"Nor crown-possessor in Irania's land:
"For Zal, the son of Sam, my bosom charms
"With his broad shoulders, chest, and lion-arms."

And this passage corresponds with the following, in Pope's Eloisa;

"Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
"Himself, his throne, this world, I'd scorn them all:
"Not Cæsar's Empress would I deign to prove,
"No! make me mistress to the man I love."

See Odyssey, XIX. v. 144.

NOTE LIX.

Vers. 321, p. 16.—*Admiring I have listened to the story*
Of your surprising, gallant feats of glory.

So Milton, in Samson Agonistes:

" Much I have heard
" Of thy prodigious might and feats performed,
" Incredible to me," &c.

NOTE LX.

Vers. 323, p. 16.—*How you encounter free from fear in fight*
Both crocodile and lion, pard and sprite.

The نهنگ of Firdousee is supposed to be " the crocodile of the Nile, or shark of the ocean," according to Ross, who says of the Nuhung, that " few animals are so formidable. And here," he adds, " a passage of Shakespeare, which has puzzled all his commentators, admits of a ready explanation:

" Won't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile;

Or;

" Will you drink up the Nile and *fight a crocodile.*"

But the crocodile of the Nile, which the Eyptians call champsæ, as we learn from Herodotus: Καλεονται δε, ου Κροκοδειλοι αλλα χαμψαι: is the Leviathan of the Book of Job, in the opinion of Bochart, who in proof of his assertion quotes a passage of the Talmud relative to the Ichneumon being the terror of that sea-monster, which is thus described in the sacred volume: " Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? " or his head with fish spears? Behold the hope of catching him " is vain: shall not a man be cast down even at the sight of him? " *None is so fierce as dare stir him up.* Who can open the doors " of his face? His teeth are terrible round about. His scales are his " pride, shut together as with a close seal; one so near to another, " that no air can come between them; they are joined one to an- " other, they stick together that they cannot be sundered. When " he sneezes the light flashes, and his eyes are like the eyelids of " the morning. *When he raises himself up the mighty are afraid.* " The sword of him that layeth at him, cannot hold; the spear, " the dart, or the breast-plate. He esteemeth iron as straw and " brass as rotten wood." It is with this terrific creature that Roostum is described as having encountered without apprehension, and Firdousee means by the Nuhung, the most formidable animal in creation, which he represents Roostum as having attacked and overcome, single-handed. Samson is stated in scripture, to have torn a lion to pieces with his hands, and David killed both a lion and a bear.

NOTE LXI.

Vers. 327, p. 16.—*How by yourself a male wild-ass you eat,*
After the pleasure of a hunting feat.

We learn from Wadd's recent clever work, [Et TU, Fidus Achates!] entitled Comments on Corpulency, that " it is recorded on the tombstone " of James Parsons, buried at Peddington, March 7, 1743, that he had " often eaten a whole shoulder of mutton and a peck of hasty pud-

" ding!"(49) but the exploit, though deemed worthy of record on a mural tablet, was far inferior to Roostum's gastronomical feat, which his mistress here commemorates, in allusion to his First Stage or First Herculean Labour on the day of his departure, alone, in the direction of Mazindaran, to rescue Ky Kaoos from thraldom by the Devs of Hyrcania. Firdousee tells us in the Shah Namuh, p. 433, that when Roostum, " the Champion of Neemroz," sallied forth from the presence of Zal, " the Hero who illuminated the World," he travelled at a rapid rate, and that when his appetite had been rendered keen, he beheld in his front a plain abounding with wild-asses, as he afterwards saw in his journey towards Tooran. Roostum pursued the herd, and entangled in his noose " a bold one, گورِ دلیر " a valiant ass" as Firdousee says: and Captain McMurdo, in his Account of the Province of Cutch, published in the Transactions of the Literary Society at Bombay, 2 vol. p. 216, has mentioned in his description of this animal, that " he shews a disposition to resist when " attacked; and in the famine of 1813, when the wild-asses were killed " by coolees, and other low tribes, for food, the wounded animals fre- " quently assailed the hunters." Roostum's sporting achievement is thus detailed: it had been predicted by the Astrologers:

" On Rukhsh upmounted, Roostum pressed his side,
" And found him swifter than a Gor in pace.(50)
" A Noose, a Roostum, and a Rukhsh to ride,
" Could any game escape them in the chase!
" The hunter round a valiant ass's hide
" His princely noose-loop pulled, with powerful brace:
" He jerked and laid it prostrate with his line
" And, like a lion, leapt on it, supine!

" With arrow-points he lighted up a fire,
" And soon ignited brambles, sticks and wood,
" And when he saw the exhausted beast expire
" He hung it o'er the flames to roast, for food.
" He ate the flesh, to satisfy desire,
" But threw the bones away, as they had stood,
" At his repast, in place of pot and plate, &c."

Shah Namuh, p. 433.

(49) Champion, thus, renders Firdousee's description of Roostum, in the Sha Namé, p. 312;

" Ten nurses cherished the amazing youth;
" The principle of lions, manly truth,
" And manly strength, first marked his infant years.
" When milk no more the mighty Rustem cheers,
" With bread the mighty boy FIVE SHEEP devours!" &c.

(50) Yet Xenophon says that the asses exceeded the horses in speed. See Note xiv, p. 22. And Sir Robert Porter corroborates Oppian in styling the wild ass Ελλοποδην in the following Notice of the Gor, 1 vol. p. 461 where a drawing of this creature will be found: " To the national passion for hunting so wild an object Persia lost one of its most estimable monarchs, Baharam, surnamed Gour from his fondness for the sport, and general success in the pursuit of an animal almost as *fleet as the wind*." The Hon'ble Mountstuart Elphinstone, names it Goorkhur, or گورخر in his Account of Cabool.—See Waring's Tour to Sheeraz, p. 111.

Atkinson has translated the original verses of the Book of Kings, respecting the production of flame by an arrow, in his second edition of Soohrab, vers. 31: but the lines are not inserted in this Episode:

"And, with his arrow's point, a fire he raised
"And thorns and grass before him quickly blazed."

For Roostum, being by himself, unattended, was obliged to perform offices for the specification of which a Reviewer in the Asiatic Journal for 1816, has reflected on Firdousee's taste. See Note xv. p. 23. Chardin has described at length, the mode of cookery which Roostum is represented, in our text, (v. 95), to have adopted: "To say somewhat of their roast-meat," remarks Chardin, 2 vol. 231, "they dress their large meat either in an oven or a stove; and I shall first of all observe that they have a way of roasting their Sheep, Lambs and Kids whole, in their own gravy; which is delicious eating. They hang up a mutton or lamb whole in the oven, hung by the neck to an iron spit, and every thing roasted after this manner eats very well. The Armenians have a way of roasting them in their own skin upon the coals, as they do chesnuts." But Chardin's account of Ass-soup must not be omitted! "They likewise make another sort of jelly-broth where the flesh is, as it were, dissolved in boiling or in a liquid paste. The Armenians especially are great lovers of it, though this broth is sometimes made of the flesh of a horse, camel or Ass." But it appears that Roostum, after having used the ass' bones as a pan and tray, was not put to the necessity of eating his dishes, like Æneas, who, as related by Virgil, in the Æneis vii. l. 158, devoured his plates, in conformity to the prophesy of Anchises:

"When on a foreign shore instead of meat,
"By famine forced, your trenchers you shall eat," &c.
Dryden.

And, on the occasion of the fulfilment of this prediction, Ascanius exclaimed, jocularly:

"See! we devour the plates on which we fed!"—*Dryden.*

This occurrence happened to Æneas, when the labours of his voyage were on the point of being ended: but since Roostum's sporting excursion, mentioned at the commencement of this Episode, was the beginning of an adventure, which as Milton says,

"Brought death into the world and all our woe,"

it appears to have been, in its termination, like that of Nimrod, or of the celebrated Earl of Northumberland, when,

"To drive the deer with hound and horn, Earl Percy took his way:
"For the child that's yet unborn may rue the hunting of that day."

NOTE LXII.

Vers. 329, p. 16.—*How when aroused you brandish your side-arms*
The atmosphere pours rain-floods in alarms.

So Spenser says, of the Shield of Arthur, in the Fairy Queen:

"The same to wight he never would disclose
"But when the flying *heavens he would affray*."

NOTE LXIII.

Vers. 331, p. 16.—*How when you poise your darts or hurl your spears*
The clouds from fright shed drops of blood in tears.

Thus Virgil, in Æneis, XII, l. 145:

" Propped on a pillar, which the ceiling bore,
" Was placed the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
" Which with such force he brandished in his hand
" The tough ash trembled like an osier wand.

And Blackmore:

" Up to the stars the sprawling mastives fly
" And add new monsters to the frighted sky."

Shakespeare has: " Tears of Blood."

NOTE LXIV.

Vers. 333, p. 16.—*How when your axe you wield or rapier draw*
Grasped by your hand they view and quake with awe,
The brindled lion bursts his heart with pain,
And spotted leopards rend their hides in twain.

So Spenser says, of the Shield of Prince Arthur, in the Fairy Queen, B. 1, c. VII.

" His warlike shield all closely covered was
" He might of mortal eye be seen—
" But when as monsters huge he would dismay
" Or daunt unequal armies of his foes."

NOTE LXV.

Vers. 337, p. 17.—*How when the eagle swoops in his career,*
He sees your naked catagan with fear—
He checks his speed in darting on his prey,
And leaves, unharmed, the quarry from dismay.

So Champion, in his Sha Name, p. 275:

" No bird could safely wing the ærial sky;
" No beast could move; the Kergush darting high,
" Sunk at his breath; e'en the interior ground
" Foamed at his motion, trembling at the sound.
" The water-dragon, frightened, fell his prey,
" And the black eagle dropped with sad dismay."

Thus also, Ariosto, on the exposure of Rogero's shield:

" Then from the shield the crimson covering raised,
" In every eye the flashing splendour blazed:
" The falconer tumbles, senseless, on the plain;
" The dog and palfrey fall; *the wings sustain*
" *The bird no longer in his airy way,*" &c.—*Hoole*, 1 *vol.* 138.

NOTE LXVI.

Vers. 341, p. 17.— *How Leo wears your fold*
Upon his neck and starry mane enrolled.

Leo was the representation of the Sun, as noticed by Ouseley, 1 vol. 438, and his devotion to Roostum, on this occasion, resembles that of

the Warrior Knight who had become the Slave of Venus, in the noose of Cupid, as Milton has thus observed:

" Sweet, rouse yourself and the weak wanton Cupid
" Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold
" And, like a dew drop from the Lion's mane,
" Be shook to air."

But Byron uses the figure of a lion, far more poetically, in his Island, x.; respecting a vessel:

" The anchor dropped, it lay along the deep,
" Like a huge lion in the Sun asleep,
" While round it swarmed the proas' flitting chain,
" Like summer bees that hum around his mane!"

NOTE LXVII.

Vers. 343, p. 17.—*Yes, tales like these I have of you received,*
And heard the story of your deeds achieved.

Thus Virgil introduces Dido, in the Æneis, IV:

" But anxious cares already seized the queen;
" She fed within her frame a flame unseen;
" The Hero's *valour, acts*, and birth inspire
" Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire."

But in a MS. copy of the Shah Namuh, now before us, there are five couplets inserted, which we have omitted to introduce into the Persian text, as they are considered to be apocryphal, though we subjoin a translation of them, since they conclude Tuhimeenuh's description of Roostum's achievements:

" How, in Mazindaran, from mountain-caves,
" You, with your ponderous mace, expelled the Devs,
" Such as Aulad Ghundee and Dev Soopeed,
" And Arzung, Sunjuh, and infernal Beed;
" How, in Hamawuran, a countless band
" You, with your arms, subdued to your command;
" How you, in Barbary and Egypt, left
" No cavalier by your sword's point uncleft;
" How you fear God alone, and how, in war,
" None is your equal, or, in peace, your par!"

Some account of the Devs, or demons here named, will be submitted in a future Note on Dev Soopeed, the principal, and redoubtable barbarian of Hyrcania.

NOTE LXVIII.

Vers. 345, p. 17.—*Oft for your sake by your exploits inspired,*
I gnawed the lip of ardour when retired.

Thus Shakespeare represents Desdemona:

" My heart's subdued
" Ev'n to the very quality of my Lord;
" I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
" And to his honour and his valiant parts
" Did I my soul and fortune consecrate."

NOTE LXIX.

Vers. 347, p. 17.—*And oft implored in prayer that Sun and Moon,*
In mercy would to you accord the boon,
Of fins and wings your persm to transport
To Sumungan to tarry at our court.

The Sun and Moon were symbols of the deity, whom Tuhimeenuh worshipped—but on the subject of her religious creed, and observances, we shall defer any remarks, until a more appropriate occasion. See Article II in the Appendix. At present it is sufficient to observe, that the meaning of Firdousee's text is illustrated by these lines of Homer relative to Achilles, preparing to proceed to battle:

" The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes;
" His arms he poises and his motions tries;
" Buoyed by some inward force, *he seems to swim*
" And feels *a pinion* lifting every limb."—*Iliad*, 2 *vol.* 416.

NOTE LXX.

Vers. 351, p. 17.—*Me Sun nor Moon hath seen in hall or bower,*
But I am your's, if me you wish, this hour,

In this couplet, Tuhimeenuh alludes to her close retirement within the precincts of the Palace of the King, her Father, who was so loving to his Daughter,

" That he permitted not the winds of heaven
" To visit her face too roughly."

Firdousee tells us the same elsewhere in nearly these words, and Jamee likewise. See the passages quoted by Waring, in his Tour to Sheeraz; p. 232. Ross, in the Asiatic Journal for June 1821, XI vol. p. 550, has thus translated the Original Persian Distich: " Do you not see " that I am either a fish or a bird, as best suits you as your prey?" But Moorgh مرغ as we learn from the Boorhani Qatiu, signifies the Sun, and Mahee ماهی denotes the Moon, as well as a Fish. Yet the precise meaning of the couplet admits of some doubt. That women in the East are fabled to have been converted into fishes and birds, is a tradition well known—it is sufficient to refer the reader to the case of Derceto, who, having thrown herself into a lake, on the birth of her daughter Semiramis, was changed into a fish, under which shape she was worshipped as a goddess by the Syrians. According to Lucian, she was represented as a woman to the waist, and from thence as a fish: and it might have been to some similar form, as that of a mermaid, that Horace alluded, in his Essay on the Art of Poetry, where he says:

" Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè."
" A pretty woman in the upper part terminates in a fish below."

And Gibbon says, IX vol. 421, that " the spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds."

NOTE LXXI.

Vers. 365, p. 18.—*He heard each word; admired the charmer's grace.*

See Ariosto's Description of Rogero and Alcina, (B. VII, l. 169).

NOTE LXXII.

Vers. 367, p. 18.—*Esteemed her for her varied lore and sense,*

See Aristo's Description of Malissa, (B. XLIII, l. 133).

NOTE LXXIII.

Vers. 373, p. 18.—*Like morning brought by night to-day.*

See Campbell's "Like morning brought by night," in Gertrude of Wyoming; Leyden's Epigram from Nabega; Byron's description of Neuha, in his Island; Pope's of Sylvia, and Cowley's of David. The scene, in the text of Firdousee strikingly resembles the passage, in Glover's Leonidas, representing Ariana, (a descendant of دارا or Darius), and Polydorus, her attendant, going by night to Agis.

NOTE LXXIV.

Vers. 376, p. 18.—*To hasten to the sceptred lord, her sire.*

"According to the customs of the Turcomans, at the time of the courtship, the bridegroom's people go to the Father of the future bride; and in a supplicating manner, request him to give his consent to the match." Richardson's Diss. LXV. See Bombay Transactions, 2 vol. 327, for an account of the Moobids or Priests.

NOTE LXXV.

Vers. 390, p. 18.—*A Marriage-Contract.*

"The importance of terminating feuds among the tribes of Tartary, is very great; this is often effected by intermarriages. To extend so desirable a practice, Chenghiz permitted two families to unite their deceased children *in a contract of marriage.* This is said to be still an usage in Tartary. They throw the contract into the fire, and conceive, that the smoke ascends to the departed children, who marry in the other world. Petit de la Croix, in his Life of Chenghiz, mentions this, and I find it stated in a Persian MS., written by a man of learning and information."—Malcolm, 1 vol. 255.

NOTE LXXVI.

Vers. 399, p. 19.—*At night the Rose-bud.*

Moore, in allusion to the belief, that drops of rain falling into the ocean become pearls, notices, (Lalla Rookh, 328):

"And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
"Which turns into pearls, as it falls in the sea."

Thus Shakespeare, in Midsummer Night's Dream:

"That same dew, which sometime on the buds
"Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
"Stood now, within the pretty flowret's eyes."

NOTE LXXVII.

Vers. 410, p. 19.— *his magic-working seal.*

This seal had belonged to Sam-Nureeman. Atkinson has translated بازو a bracelet; but we are supported by Malcolm, 1 vol. 28, in translating it a seal. "The afflicted and dying youth, (Soohrab,) tore open

his mail, and showed his father, (Roostum,) *a seal* which his mother, (Tuhimeenah) had placed on his arm, when she discovered to him the secret of his birth, and bade him seek his father. The sight of his own *signet* rendered Roostum frantic," &c. Still it is remarkable, that when, after his seducing her, Judah left Tamar, he deposited with her as a pledge, *both* his " signet," and his " bracelet." See Genesis, ch. xxxviii. v. 18. and 25.

LXXVIII.

Vers. 413, p. 19.— *if by heaven*
To your caress, a daughter may be given
Upon her hair, you must this charm entwine.

Thus Moore describes Zeleikha, in Lalla Rookh, 62:

" — A light golden chain-work *round her hair*,
" Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,
" From which on either side gracefully hung
" A golden amulet in the Arab tongue,
" Engraven o'er with some immortal line,
" From Holy Writ, or Bard scarce less divine."

Hanway says: " One of the head-dresses of the Persian women, is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold-plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheeks below the ear." This ornament for the hair is depicted, in Waring's Picture of Shakhnubat; Tour p. 61.

NOTE LXXIX.

Vers. 417, p. 19.—*But if a son be born, his arm around*
Let this insignium of his sire be bound.

Ouseley says of a Persian Female, 3 vol. 545: " The lady's dress, except her inner-garment is wholly composed of shawls; in her hair is an ornament of emeralds, pearls, and rubies; the same jewels constitute those Bajoo-bunds, which encompass her arms." The power of these charms is described by Sir Wm. Jones in Sacantola, 6 vol. 304: " whenever it (the amulet) fell on the ground, no human being but the " father or mother of the child could have touched it unhurt, it would " have become a serpent and wounded him."

NOTE LXXX.

Vers. 419, p. 20.—*That like Sam-Nureeman he may aspire.*

Sam-Nureeman signifies Sam, the Son of Nureeman. He was also named Sam-Suwar, the Rider on the Rainbow, or Sam the Chevalier; Sam-Suham-Suwar, or Sam the Rider on Suham (a fabulous salamander-like creature, with four eyes and the head of a horse): Sam Ekzukhm or Sam One-Wound, on account of his killing a dreadful serpent single-handed in a single attack; (v. Sha Namè, 274 and Waring 180): Sam Dil-Sungeen or Rock-Hearted Sam, that is, a man firm, with an inflexible purpose of mind, as Ovid thus describes such a person:

Durior et ferro, quod Noricus exocquit ignis,
Et *saxo* quod adhuc vivum radice tenetur :—Met. XIV.

Sam Nek-Dil, or Strong-minded Sam:(51) Sam-Dev or Sam, the valiant warrior, though D'Herbelot says, *voce* Sam, that Dev is a "mot qui signifie en langue Persienne, *Un Giant.*" Sir Wm. Ouseley, it is true, has translated Dev Soopeed, "the White Giant;" (Per. Mis. 98) but the Boorhani Qatiu and Jihangeeree, both render Dev "a valiant warrior;" and in allusion to its meaning likewise a fiend or demon, the facetious author of Sketches of Persia, explains the word to be "A Man who fought like a Devil!" Sam Dustan, or Sam, the Treacherous, because he perfidiously betrayed his son, Zal, by exposing him to destruction, near Mount Ulboorz. Sam was moreover styled Quhurman Sanee or Quhurman the Second, and was further entitled Sam Puhilwan do Jehan, or Sam, the Champion of both Worlds. He was the Father of Zal, and the Grand-Father of Roostum. He flourished B. C. 750, in the reign of Fureedoon, who appointed him to be a Military commander. He was worsted by Sheruwee: but he afterwards subdued Koos, surnamed Peel-dund or Elephant-tusked, an Æthiopian. In 720, under Minoochuhur, he was appointed Commander in Chief and Prime Minister, and obtained from his sovereign a patent to hold Cabool; Dumbur; and Mayee, Provinces in Hindoostan; and all the territory from the River Sinde to Bost, Zaboolistan and Sijistan included. Sijistan was his hereditary domain. Sir Wm. Jones says 5 vol. 590, that he was "THE BRAVEST HERO OF THE AGE." He conquered Mazindaran, Sugsar, and Koorgsar. He died in the year 695 B. C. in the reign of King Noudur.

NOTE LXXXI.

Vers. 421, p. 20.—*That Kureeman in strength he may outshine.*

Kureeman, according to the Boorhani Qatiu, was the father of Nureeman: but Richardson says, (*voce* نوریمان) that Nureeman was the son of Quhurman, while on the other hand, Malcolm says, that Gurshasp was the father of Nureeman. Sir John is supported by Mirza Aboo Talib Khan, in a MS. Compendium of the Shah Namuh in our possession, by this "Persian Prince," whose son, Mirza Hoosein Ulee, ("un Prince tres puissant")(52) became our Tutor, or Moonshee, in 1817! We

(51) Sir John Richardson informs us, that in allusion to Sam's agnomen of Dil-Sungeen, Soheili, speaking of the fierceness of Sooliman, says, that the fire of his rage would have melted the brazen body of Isfundiyar, and "changed the stony-heart of Sam, to a heart of flesh." He adds, that the Suham was conquered by "a famous Persian warrior, called Sam Nureeman."

(52) Moore's quotation from a French inscription on the tomb of a Prince, who died at the age of one year, in Paris! Among the MS. papers, in our collection, there is a curious document, relative to Mirza Aboo Talib Khan, in which he is amusingly styled "a Persian Prince," and we subjoin it, since it tends to illustrate a passage in the Mirza's Travels, 2 vol. 257, as translated by our Friend Major Charles Stewart; late Professor of Oriental Languages at the H. E. I. C.'s College, at Haileybury, Hertfordshire. It is the copy of a passport procured by the Traveller at Paris, in 1802.

"No. 522. Arms of the King of Great Britain.

By Anthony Merry, Esquire, His Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Republic.

may however add, that both Kureeman and Nureeman were titles corresponding with the Alexander of the Greeks—Cæsar of the Romans—Ptolemy, as well as Pharaoh of the Ægyptians—Ahasuerus of the Hebrews—Kesra of the Arabians—Khoosroo of the Persians—Afrasiyab of the Scythians—Khan of the Toorks—Beg of the Moghuls—Czar of the Russians, and the Fughfoor of the Chinese.

NOTE LXXXII.

Vers. 423, p. 20.—*That from its eyry or its starry nest.*
Seemoorgh, or Aquila the boy may wrest.

Seemoorgh, literally Thirty-Fowls, was a bird described by the Arabians as a creature,

مجهول الجسم its body being wanting,

معلوم الاسم its name being unknown.

Some suppose it to be the Phœnix; Meninski declares it to be the Griffin; and Sir John Malcolm pronounces it to be the Rokh. This fabulous fowl, whose name implies, that it was thirty times larger than any other bird, reigned as Queen on Qaf or Mount Ulboorz, where she conferred with Alexander the Great, and stated in a conversation with Qurhurman, "that she had lived to see seven floods, and that a perfect void succeeded each." For she was believed to be rational and endowed with the faculty of speech. And in the same manner, that an Eagle nourished Achæmenes, a Persian Prince, and supported Ganymedes, a beautiful boy of Phrygia, so did the Seemoorgh on Caucasus cherish

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These are to request and require, all those whom it may concern to allow, "Mirza Aboo Talib Khan, a Persian Prince," going to "Persia through France, and the countries which lead to Persia," to pass freely without Lett or Hindrance, and to afford "him" all Aid and Assistance.

Paris, the "Nineteenth" day of "June," One thousand Eight hundred and "Two."

(Signed)

Gratis. | L. S. *illegible.* | ANTHONY MERRY, Le Ministre des

(on the other side of the leaf.)

Ministre des relations exteriures certifié veritable la signature de Monsieur Merry, approvée de l'autre parte.

Paris, le 7 Messidor, An. 10.

L. S. Ministre des relations exteriures.
Arms
Repub. Franc.

(A line illegible: evidently hieroglyphics).

Par le Ministre.

(Signed) DHERMANY.

M. Wupar, le Commissaire General de Police, à Marseille, pour aller à Smyrne, par mer, le 27 Messidor, aux Repub^ain. No. 281, P^o. le Commissaire General.

C. P. M. | L. S. Commissaire General du Police. | Arms | Repub. Franc. allors elle | (Signed) PANDERVILLE.

Visto in Livorno, & transferissa à Napoli, questo di tredici. Agosto, 1802.

(Signed) DE LAVILETTE.

Zal, the father of Roostum, and the grandfather of Soohrab. But divesting the Seemoorgh of its fictitious character, we are told in the Dabistan, (See Appendix II.) that the Seemoorgh, was a Physician and a Philosopher, through whose instruction "Zal became acquainted with the occult Arts." It is observable, that Semiramis, (which signifies, in Syriac, a dove) was exposed like Zal and Achæmenes, by an unnatural parent—her mother Derceto—and was fed by a pigeon till a herdsman, who superintended the Royal flocks, discovered and protected her in his own abode, as we learn from Diodorus Siculus, though Lucian's version of this story is different. It might form an interesting subject of enquiry to trace an identity between the Seemoorgh and Semiramis: still when or where shall be found, as Shakespeare has enquired:

"The dove that would be mated by the eagle?"(53)

We may add, that Aquila was not only an emblem of God and a symbol of the Sun—θεον τε αυ ο ιεραξ: ο δε ιεραξ συμβολον ηλιου—as we learn from p. 671, Sect. VII. . of Clem. Alex. but was, as we find from Xenophon, the insignium of the Medes, a golden eagle borne on a buckler being displayed on their royal banners.

NOTE LXXXIII.

Vers. 425, p. 20.—*That Phœbus looking on the dauntless feat,*
Upon his head will not pour rays of heat.

These expressions prove the accurary of our statement in a former note, (p. 34) that Roostum was not considered to be the Sun by the Persians, whose religion would not admit such an apotheosis; and on this subject Sir Wm. Ouseley, in reference to the arguments offered by Ouvaroff to prove, that Hercules was not in the earliest times regarded as the Sun, informs us, 2 vol. 520: "Thus as Eusebius (Præp. Evangel. Lib. III.) asks what reference can the poisoned shirt of Hercules have to the Sun, or how Eurystheus (a mortal) could impose labourious tasks upon that luminary; I would ask how Hercules, if himself the Sun, *could suffer from its heat*, or aim an arrow against it in a transport of anger." Soohrab, it is true, in a subsequent passage says in bravado:

"I will in my ambitious soul advance
"Beyond the mansion of the sun, my lance:"—Conto 1, v. 577.

But we may remark, that in Roostum's fourth stage, or labour, he found the "heat so dreadfully intense, that his tongue was parched up, and his life hung upon his lips."—Asiat. Jour. vii vol. 260.

NOTE LXXXIV.

Vers. 427, p. 20.—*That he may deem a lion in a fight*
As game and sport to play with for delight.

Sir John Malcolm, 1 vol. 257, well illustrates this passage in his account of Chenghiz Khan, the Tooranian: "Every tribe was allowed to send some of its bravest youth, who displayed before their monarch; their courage and skill in combat with the most furious of the wild-beasts. Chenghiz sometimes amused himself with the chase, and at others allowed the princes of the blood to dispute, in the attack of the

(53) "Adulteretur et *columba miluo*."—*Hor.* 16, *Ode* 32.

Lion or Tiger, the prize of valour with the lowest of his subjects." In Somerville's Chase, allusion is made to the oriental Royal Hunt, but in Sir William Jones' Sacontala, the infant Prince, her son, is introduced playing with a young lion, and saying,

" Open thy mouth, lion's whelp, that I may count thy teeth, &c."

The passage is too long to be transcribed: but it is a curious exposition of the text of Firdousee.

NOTE LXXXV.

Vers. 429, p. 20.—*And that he may not turn his face or back,*
On bold wild-elephants in an attack.

We have already mentioned in Note 1, that when a child " Roostum first distinguished himself, in the reign of Minoochuhur, under whom he was born, by attacking and killing a White Elephant;"(54) and the reader will find, this achievement fully described in Lumsden's Shah Namuh, p. 265. Sir John Malcolm says, 1 vol. 26, in his Notice of the Battle of Mazindaran: " Roostum is said to have killed a number of elephants in this action. We must conclude from both the ancient history and the sculpture of Persia, that this animal once abounded there. Mazindaran is, from climate and richness of vegetation, more favourable for their support than any other province in the empire." Sir Wm. Ouseley acquaints us, 1 vol. 51, that Gurshasp, an ancestor of Roostum, " prepared " ed to attack SIXTEEN THOUSAND war Elephants, and two millions " of soldiers which Bahu, the ' Ceylon King' or ' Serandib Shah' " had assembled!" We happened to be present at the attack of ONE wild-elephant, at Goruckpoor, in 1819, but it is not likely that we shall repeat the exploit.

NOTE LXXXVI.

Vers. 437, p. 20.—*Roostum embraced her, strained her to his breast;*
And kissed her eyes and face, and much caressed.

Ariosto describes Jocondo, (B. xxviii. l. 115,) in a similar strain:

" On that black evening, which foreran the day,
" That her loved consort summoned on his way,
" Increasing grief her tender soul oppressed,
" And oft she fainted on her husband's breast.
" Not once they closed their eyes; no tongue can tell,
" How oft they kissed, how oft they bade farewell;
" 'Till breaking from her soft embrace, he fled
" And left her drowned in sorrow, on her bed."

NOTE LXXXVII.

Vers. 444, p. 20.—*The courteous monarch came to ask his guest*
How he had slept at night, &c.

This ceremony of politeness still obtains in Persia.—See Ouseley's Travels, 3 vol. 255.

(54) " Hercules, when an infant crushed a couple of Serpents, but Roostum, when a child, brained a furious Elephant."—Sketches of Persia, 1 vol. 220, (See Note XI. p. 20.)

NOTE LXXXVIII.

Vers. 454, p. 21.—*Hence Roostum sped towards Sijistan, like wind,*
And this adventure oft recalled to mind:
Thence tow'rds Zaboolistan, he turned his route.

Sir W. Jones in his description of Asia has thus mentioned, (5 vol. 564,) the geographical position of Sijistan as well as Zaboolistan. "*Segestan.* or *Sistan,*(55) the *Drangiana* of the Greeks, has part of the *Desert,* and *Kerman,* on the West, and on the East the country of *Gour,* famous for a rich mine of turkis-stones, between which and *India* lies the territory of *Raver;* it touches also, at its eastern boundary, the province of Multan, which makes a part of *Sind:* it has another desert and part of *Mocran,* south, and joins on the north to *Zablestan.* The country of *Segestan* consists chiefly of plains, and is very fruitful in palm-trees; it is also rich in mines of gold, the ore of which is uncommonly pure. Its chief cities are, 1. *Bost,* whence a moral poet of great reputation in *Persia,* was named *Bosti;* and, 2. *Zerenge,* which was a populous and commercial town during the reign of the *Soffarian* princes. This province, and *Zablestan,* the ancient *Arachosia,* were considered as one principality by the old *Persians;* and ROSTAM, the commander under *Cyrus,* held it as a fief from the King of *Iran.* The cities of note in *Zablestán* are, 1. *Cabul,* which, indeed, is generally reckoned the capital of another province, named *Cabulistan,* and no man, as the Indians say, can be called the ruler of *India,* who has not taken possession of *Cábul.* 2. *Meimend,* an agreeable town, surrounded with meadows, watered by fresh streams, and with gardens, that produce excellent fruit. 3. *Gazna,* or *Gaznin,* from which the family of *Mahmúd,* who conquered these provinces in the tenth century, were called *Gaznevis;* it is an unpleasant city, and its inhabitants are forced to send to *Meimend* for their fruit and herbage: this city, as well as *Cábul,* was under the dominion of the *Indian* Emperor in the present century, but they were an easy conquest to the *Persians.* 4. *Bamian,* which *Genghiz* took by storm in the year 1224, and almost ruined, in the violence of his grief for the loss of his grandson, who was killed during the siege."(56) But Kinneir's description, in his Memoir of Persia, p. 189, is more acceptable. "The province of Seistan, formerly called Nimroze, and comprehending part of Arriana, and the country of the Sarangæans is bounded on the N. and N. W. by Khorasan; E. by Candahar and Zablestan; and S. and S. W. by Mekran and Kerman. Doshak, the capital of Sijistan, is situated in Lat. 31° 8' N., and Long. 63° 10' E. Firdousee in many passages mentions, that his heroes go from Seistan, to Zablestan. Gisnee is situated in Zabul, but not in Seistan." The people of Sijistan were the Sarangæans of Xerxes'

(55) Seestan was formerly called Neemroz, as an ancient tradition reports, that this province was once entirely under water; but having been drained in the space of half a-day by the genii, hence it received the name of Neemroz.

(56) The conduct of Genghiz on that occasion was not unexampled. Tuhimeenuh destroys the Palace of Soohrab after his death, in her mania, v. 4175: and Alexander the Great nearly desolated Ecbatana on the death of Hephæstion, v. Plutarch, 1 vol. pp. 500-513.

army, and they received from Cyrus the distinguishing title of Euergetæ or Benefici. In 1810, Captain Christie visited Sijistan, and travelled through the "valley of Soohrab," but we must refer the reader to Malcolm, 1 vol. 547, Elphinstone, p. 492, and to Ouseley's Travels. Milton thus refers to Zabool:

"The flower and choice
"Of many provinces from bound to bound
"From ARACHOSIA, from Candaor east,
"And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs,
"Of Caucasus."

Sijistan was also called Sigistan, Sigzeestan, Seestan and Sikhistan; and Zaboolistan was also called Zawoolistan.

NOTE LXXXIX.

Vers. 463, p. 21.— *or Neerum, son of Kureeman,*

Neerum and Nureem were contractions of Nureeman, the father of Sam, and correspond with the title of Cæsar among the Romans. Thus Sam-Nureeman is equivalent to Augustus Cæsar, but Neerum, according to D'Herbelot, may be interpreted, "Le Preux." Richardson says, that Nureeman was the son, not of Kureeman, but of Quhurman: "Nureeman, the name of a famous hero of Persia, son of Caherman, father of Sam, grandfather of Zalzar, and great-grandfather of Rostam; all distinguished Champions in the ancient Persian Histories, Poems and Romances." Arabic and Persian Dict, in loc. Sir Wm. Jones erroneously calls Sam-Nureeman the "père de Rustem" in his Traite sur la Poesie Orientale 5 vol, 452.

NOTE XC.

Vers. 464, p. 21.—*And as his face looked cheerful, when he smiled*
His mother named the laughter-loving child,

Soohrab.

Soohrab, or the "Laugher" was also called "Soorkhab," or "Ruby Wine," as we learn from the Boorhani Qatiu, in the following passage:

سهراب پسر رستم را نیز سرخاب میگفته اند و شراب لعلی را نیز گویند

We must not, however, dismiss the name of the Hero of our Romance without some particular notice. In the Pudma Puran of the Brahmins, it is said, that Charma, who is believed to be the Canaan of Scripture, received his title, like Soohrab, for being a laughter-loving child, from his father Satyavarman, who is supposed to be the Noah of Holy Writ, as appears by the following extract from the Asiatic Researches, 3 vol. 465, and Life of Sir Wm. Jones, 367. (Satyavarman) "having recovered his intellect, and perfectly knowing what had passed, he cursed Charma, saying, 'Thou shalt be the servant of servants. And *since thou wast a laughter in their presence, from laughter shalt thou acquire a name.*'" See Genesis, ch. ix. and Burder's Orient. Cust. 1 vol. 8. But Soohrab was so designated, like Ευδαιμον, from having smiled at his birth; and this practice of calling a child by a name commemorative of its

first look has been noticed by many writers, sacred and profane.(57) Virgil says in his Fourth Pastoral, 60:

" Incipe, parve puer, *risu* cognoscere matrem;
" Incipe, parve puer, cui non *risere* parentes
" Nec Deus hunc mensa, Dea nec dignata cubili est."

Dryden has thus translated the quotation.

" Begin, auspicious boy! to cast about
" Thy infant eyes, and, *with a smile*, thy mother single out.
" Thy mother well deserves that short delight—
" Then smile! the frowning infant's doom is read:
" No God shall crown the board, nor Goddess bless the bed."

Scaliger has somewhere stated, that " the infants who smiled not at their birth were always sullen:" and Dryden has remarked in a note on the lines above cited, that " the Jews were so superstitious as to observe, not only the first look and action of an infant, but also the first words which the parent spoke after the birth, and from hence they gave a name to the child alluding to it." Accordingly, a similar custom obtained among the Persians: For Tuhimeenuh called Soohrab by that appellation, " as his face looked cheerful when he smiled." And it is most deserving of notice to mention on this occasion, that Roostum was actually denominated by that name from the first word which Roodabuh, his mother, happened to say after his nativity, namely, رستم " Roostum," or " I am delivered" from travail. See Lumsden's Shah Namuh, page 31, where it is related in the Index, that Roodabuh exclaimed,

اکنون از غم رستم چنانچه بدان سبب آن فرزند را نام نهادند

" *I am delivered* now from pain!" In conformity to this exclamation they named that child Roostum. The curious reader will find the whole details in the Shah Namuh, p. 255, and Champion's Sha Namé, 310:

" Rodahver smiled, and in her son she viewed
" Majestic grace and thus the theme pursued.
" ' CLOSED ARE MY LABOURS!' And from this the name
" Of RUSTEM rose" &c.(58)

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(57) See Lord Teignmouth's Memoirs of Sir W. Jones p. 206, who has elegantly translated these well-known lines of Catullus:

Torquatus volo parvulus
Matris e gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus
Dulce *rideat* ad patrem,
Semi-hiante labello.

And soon to be completely blest,
Soon may a young Torquatus rise;
Who hanging on his Mother's breast,
To his known sire shall turn his eyes,
Outstretch his infant arms awhile,
Half ope his little lips and smile!

(58) " Roodabuh" " says Waring, p. 182," is delivered of Roostum, as Semele was of Bacchus. She is relieved, however, by the Seemoorgh whose assistance alleviates the pain of the operation." Cæsar and Macduff were born in a similar manner.

NOTE XCI.

Vers. 469 p. 21.—*And when one month had passed the boy appeared*
As though for twelve he had been fondly reared.

But Firdousee says, that at his birth, Roostum appeared like a boy of two years of age, and thus Champion renders the Persian couplets:

" The lovely boy, whose skin was heavenly fair,
" Roseate his cheeks, and black his infant hair.
" His breast like jessamine, the boy appears,
" As if two summers saw his infant years."

NOTE XCII.

Vers. 471, p. 21.—*When three years old he practised sports of fields.*

Firdousee's سازمیدان corresponds with the *campestribus armis* of Horace, who specifies the athletic exercises alluded to in the text: they were like those prevalent among the Greeks:

Αλμα, ποδωκειην, δισκον, ακοντα, παλην.

Leaping, running, throwing disks, hurling darts, and wrestling.

But ساز alone resembles precisely the τα οπλα of Xenophon and " instruments" of Shakespeare where he says so beautifully:

" The Powers above put on their Instruments of War."

NOTE XCIII.

Vers. 472, p. 21.—*At five he exercised with swords and shields.*

In Persia the title of صاحب شمشیر or Master of the Scymitar is held in the highest esteem, as a mark of honorable distinction. But what says Homer, of the giants Otus and Ephialtes, in his XI Odyssey, 381, when they were only nine years old?

" The wond'rous youths had scarce *nine winters* told
" When high in air, tremendous to behold,
" Nine ells aloft they reared their tow'ring head
" And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
" Proud of their strength and more than mortal size
" The Gods they challenge and affect the skies!"

NOTE XCIV.

Vers. 473, p. 21.—*At ten, no man with him in warlike feat,*
Would dare throughout the empire to compete.

Jupiter found himself sufficiently strong, at one year of age, to make war against the gigantic Titans, who had imprisoned his father: but Soohrab may rather be compared to Gargantua, who a short time after his birth became " a fine boy, and had a burly physiognomy: he monochordized with his fingers, and barytomised with his tail!" Rabel. B. I. C. 7. The wit of this quotation we leave to the Sages.

NOTE XCV.

Vers. 475, p. 22.—*For he an elephantine form possessed,*
And showed like Roostum Zal, an ample chest.

The compound epithet of پیلتن elephantine-bodied which Firdousee applies to Roostum and Soohrab, is remarkable: but it was given to Roostum for a most wonderful reason, the Champion, in his person, having possessed the strength of one hundred and twenty elephants! Thus are we gravely told in a Commentary, on the Sekundur Namuh of Nizamee, that

رستم نام پہلوان کہ زور صد و بیست پیل داشت

Roostum was the name of a Champion who had the power of cxx elephants! The Author of Sketches of Persia, has noticed this circumstance in his 1 vol. 220: (See Note, xi. p. 20): but Moses of Chorene, in his History of Armenia, p. 96, has with some warmth branded the statement with falsehood! "*Vilia vanaque* mendacia," says the Historian, "*quasi Persæ de Rostomo Sazico*(59) *memorant, quem* cxx. *elephantis viribus fuisse superiorum tradunt.*" It is a curious fact that the surname of Cæsar was given to the Julian Family at Rome, because one of them was the Lord of an Elephant, the word Cæsar signifying an Elephant in the Punic tongue! Hence Julius Cæsar means Elephantine Julius, or Julius the Lord of the Elephant.

NOTE XCVI.

Vers. 477, p. 22.—*With florid vision of incardined hue,*
And with two arms that columns seemed to view.

This description resembles that of Boodhah, by Sir Wm. Jones, 1 vol. 291, the God having had "a body of a colour between white and ruddy, with two arms, &c." or that in Solomon's Song, Ch. v. 15. "*His legs are as* pillars of marble, *set upon sockets of fine gold.*

NOTE XCVII.

Vers. 481, p. 22.—*Whilst thou might'st say at wrestling and chicane*
No man of fame would meet him in the plain.

The Persians reckon no less than three hundred and sixty-one tricks in the art of wrestling. The game of chicane we have cursorily noticed, at page 22; but it may be added, that Dr. Hyde pronounced it to resemble the Stow-Ball of England, and that Pietro della Valle considered it to be like the Calcio of Florence, the chief difference being that Chougan is always played in the Hippodrome. Sir Wm. Ouseley has written a learned dissertation on this game, in his Travels, 1 vol. 345, and has given a representation of the sport(60) which was fit "Βασιλευσι και παισι Βασιλεων, for kings, and the sons of kings."

(59) This is obviously an error for Sigzeeco, Roostum having been called Roostum Sigzee, but not Sazee. See Notes I and X.

(60) We are personally acquainted with a Raja, or Nobleman in Hindoostan, whose ancestor obtained, as a fief, the whole district of Azimgurh, in return for his having presented to Shah Jihan, Emperor of Dihlee, a club or stick with a semi-circular head, by which the Sooltan won a game of Chougan at Court. The fortunate donor was a

NOTE XCVIII.

Vers. 484, p. 22.—*And forming war-plans as his pastime held.*

Sir Walter Scott informs us, in his Life of the late Emperor of France, 3 vol. 12, that " in the time of winter, Buonaparte on one occasion engaged his companions in constructing a fortress out of the snow, regularly defended, by ditches and bastions, according to the rules of fortification. It was considered, as displaying the great powers of the juvenile engineer, in the way of his profession, and was attacked and defended by the students, who divided into parties for the purpose, until the battle became so keen, that their superiors thought it proper to proclaim a truce."

NOTE XCIX.

Vers. 485, p. 22.—*He ran in race with coursers fleet as gales.*

See Potter's Archæologia Græca, for the importance attached to fleetness of foot. It was one of the praises of Saul and Jonathan, that they were *swifter than eagles, stronger than lions;* and Homer distinguishes Achilles as Ποδωκυς, or Swift-footed, exclaiming in his Odyssey, viii. l. 161. Τι Ποσσιν τερεξει, &c.

" To fame arise! for what more fame can yield,
" Than the swift race or conflict in the field." Pope.

NOTE C.

Vers. 493, p. 22.—*Tell whence the origin, the line I claim,*
And whom the father as my sire to name,
If questioned of my birth.

So Fureedoon enquires of Firanuk, his Mother, as Champion has thus translated the words of Firdousee, in his Sha Namé, p. 92:

" Say from what race I sprung? from whence I came?
" Should strangers question, I should sink with shame.
" To me the secret of my birth reveal,
" My sire, my origin, no more conceal," &c.

NOTE CI.

Vers. 511, p. 23.—*And you descend from Zal.*

Zal, was the son of Sam, the Father of Roostum, and the grandsire of Soohrab; he was called Zalzur, because according to D'Herbelot, " il vint au monde couvert d'un poil blond et doré," but Richardson says, that Zalzur means " golden hair;" hence Sir Wm. Jones styles him, " the Prince with the golden hair." The Boorhani Qatiu says, that Zal is a word, which means a decrepid old man with white locks; that Zal was born with " candid tresses;" and that it was in con-

Hindoo of the Goutum caste of Rajpoots, and had proceeded to the capital to obtain redress in some case. He happened to be standing near the Monarch when his club broke, and was able, luckily, to supply another by which his sovereign succeeded to beat his Nobles. The King delighted at his success, asked the giver if he had aught to desire. He begged to receive the Chukluh, or Division, of Azimgurh in appanage: —his request was approved! But on condition of his becoming a Moosulman. He complied, and assumed the name of NADIREE CHOUGAN. The family are still Moohummudans, and, in 1826, we assisted at the ceremony of installing the present Raja, according to the customs of both Hindoos and Moslims: and it is a fact extremely curious, perhaps singular, that many Hindoos in Azimgurh, in the Pulwaree, and in the Rajcoomaree boast, though Goutum-Rajpoots, of their relationship to this Moosulmanee young Lord.

sequence of the colour of his hair and his ruddy complexion, that he received the agnomen of Zalzur,(61) and D'Herbelot says, Zalzerzal. Thus Julius was surnamed Cæsar, on account of having been "born with a thick head of hair," as stated by Lemprierre, in his Class. Dict. and Pyrrhus, or Πυρρος, received his name, like Zal, from his yellow curls, as well as his florid complexion; while William, the son of the Norman Conqueror, as every one knows, was styled Rufus on account of his red-locks. Zal was also entitled Zal Dustan, or Zal, the Heroic, from his warlike achievements, or Zal the Betrayed, because his father Sam Dustan, or Sam the Treacherous, perfidiously betrayed his paternal trust, by exposing his son to perish in a waste, under the supposition, that the infant, from being born with white hair, must have sprung from a fiend, or what is more probable under a suspicion, that the child was the offspring of some northern chief. See Sir John Malcolm, 1 vol. 25, relative to the White Demon's colour. Zal was sometimes simply called Dustan, without any prefix or postfix; and hence Roostum was entitled Roostum Dustan, or Roostum the son of Dustan, or the Hero, though D'Herbelot erroneously imagined, that Roostum Dustan signified, "Le Rostam des Histoires Fabuleuses." See Note XVI. p. 24. Zal was exposed immediately after his nativity, on Mount Ulboorz, the Idus or Olympus of the Persians, where he was nurtured by the Seemoorgh or Griffin, in the same manner that Achæmenes was nourished by an Eagle and Semiramis by a Dove. It was owing to this event, that Sir John Malcolm appears to have identified Sam with Perseus; Zal with Achæmenes, and Roostum with Artabanus. We have already identified, in some particulars, the histories of Soohrab and Theseus, Prince of Athens. Zal was born in the reign of Meenoochuhur. But he first distinguished himself about the year 695 B. C. under King Noudur, the sire of Toos and Goostuhum, who are mentioned in this Episode, by compelling Afrasiyab to retreat across the Jihoon into Transoxonia or Tooran. The Tartar Tyrant, enraged at the success of Zal, over 30,000 Toorkish horse, doomed Noudur to death, and slew him with his own hand. In the year 637 B. C. Zal placed Zev, the son of Tuhmasp, on the Throne of Persia: but both Zev and his son and successor Gurshasp, who are likewise mentioned in the text (v. 4047) were merely nominal monarchs, as, during their administration, Iran was overrun by the Toorks of Tooran, and not by "the Scythians of the North," as Sir Wm. Jones has noticed in his Works, 5 vol. 591. This eminent Orientalist also observes, in his account of the Kyanides, who began to reign, B. C. 610, that "while ZALZUR, the most powerful Prince of Persia, was encamped in his province of Seistan, the Drangiana of the Greeks—Afrasiyab, who had subdued all Media, considered himself as Sovereign of the Empire. By this time another son of Zev, named Cobad began to distinguish himself in his engagements against the Tooranians, and being assisted by ZALZUR, (whose son Roostum was very young at this time), he was

(61) Moore adduces Zal, in his Lalla Rookh, p. 5: "the fair-haired Zal, and his mistress Rodahver (Roodabuh), not forgetting the combat of Rustam, with the terrible White Demon." Moore appears from a Note in p. 353 of Lalla Rookh, to have read "Champion's Translation" of the Shah Namuh.

enabled to drive the invaders from Iran." We shall have occasion elsewhere to notice the Romantic Loves of Zal and Roodabuh: at present it is sufficient to observe, that when Ky Kaoos determined to invade Mazindaran, the sovereign wished Zal to accept the charge of the Government, during his absence, but Zal declined the honor, and dissuaded the King from proceeding on so perilous an expedition. Ky Kaoos in indignation told Zal, that "if he were afraid, he might return to Sijistan and live in ignoble ease with Roostum his son."(62) Accordingly, the Prince withdrew in disgust from Court. About the year 464 B. C. Zal was confined in an iron cage, by Bahman, the Artaxerxes Longimanus of the Greeks, and though he escaped, according to D'Herbelot, to espouse Roodabuh, (to whom he had been married upwards of 200 years before!) still he was ultimately put to death with his whole family, by the conqueror, to avenge the blood of Isfundiyar, or Xerxes, whom Roostum as Artabanus had slain, in a duel.

NOTE CII.

Vers. 521, p. 23.—*Thus Tuhimeenuh to Soohrab and brought*
From Roostum, warfare-coveting, a note
With three bright rubies, and three bags of gold,
Him from Iran his sire had sent when told,
That unto him a man-child had been born.

The passage at which we have arrived, is one of the most important in this Episode, and one of the least understood. But before we proceed to correct an error, which has, so generally prevailed, relative to this part of the Tale; we shall submit a few extracts, respecting the ceremonies observed in Persia on the birth of a son: "When a male-child is born into the world," says Sir John Chardin, in his Travels in Persia, 2 vol. 147: "it is the custom for the father to give every thing that he has upon him, to him who brings him the news. They come to him with their turbans off their heads, and say to him, '*you have a male-child born:*' and he must straight make a present for this good news, and as it were to buy his clothes again, and what he has upon him." Morier also informs us, in his Travels in Persia, p. 103, that "among the common people, the man who brings the Muzduh (مژده) or good news, frequently seizes on the cap, or shawl, or any such article belonging to the father, as a security for the present to which he holds himself entitled. These circumstances may tend to illustrate the passage in Jeremiah, ch. xx. v. 15: *cursed be the man who brought the tidings to my father, saying,* a man-child *is born unto thee, making him very glad.* There are no rejoicings," Morier adds, "at the birth of a daughter." In accordance with this custom in Persia, Tuhimeenuh deputed a messenger to announce to Roostum the birth of a male-child, as appears from the text which we quote, and from the passage immediately

(62) Sir Walter Scott mentions an anecdote, precisely similar, in his Notes on a passage of Marmion, p. 468; "Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement: and on the eve of the battle of Flodden remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the King said to him, with scorn and indignation 'if he was afraid, he might go home.' The Earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly."

following, as well as from v. 1518 to v. 1536; and from v. 1555 to v. 1564, inclusive. And it was in consequence of these مژده or glad tidings, that Roostum forwarded the present, specified by Firdousee. After the notices taken by Ross, in the extract inserted in our Advertisement, p. x: it would be supererogatory to comment, in this place, on the erroneous statements made by Lord Teignmouth, or Sir Wm. Jones, and by Waring,(63) respecting the imputation which they have attached to Tuhimeenuh, in representing her to have deceived Roostum, by informing him of the birth, not of a son, but of a daughter! Still as Atkinson has more recently misrepresented the words of the Bard of Toos, we shall quote the original expressions, referring to the point under discussion. Firdousee says,

من از دخت شاه سمنگان یکي پسردارم و هست او کودکي

Persian Text, p. 30.

" I, by the daughter of the King of Sumungan, one
" SON possess, and he is a youth, or an adult."

But Atkinson has strangely paraphrased the distich :(64)

" He cannot be my son unknown to me;
" Reason forbids the thought—it cannot be!
" At Sumangan, where once affection smiled,
" To me Tahmeena bore her only child,
" That was a DAUGHTER!"—Soohrab, Second Ed. p. 36.

Our version has been rendered almost verbatim:

" Yet it is true, that I a SON possess
" By Tuhimeenuh, pure and fair princess!
" The daughter of the King of Sumungan;
" But HE is still a BOY, too young to scan, &c.

Canto Third, v. 1518.

NOTE CIII.

Vers. 541, p. 24.—" *But more," she added; " be it our concern*
Lest your memoir Afrasiyab should learn,
Since he is far-famed Roostum's fiercest foe,
And fills the regions of Tooran with woe.

Afrasiyab, the son of Pooshung, was a Toork by birth, notwithstanding his having been a descendant of his grand paternal uncle Toor, one of the sons of Fureedoon, King of Iran. He commenced warlike operations against the Iranians, B. C. 720, in the reign of Meenoochuhur, whom he compelled to retire into Mazindaran—but agreed to the restoration of the fugitive, on condition that the Oxus should be allowed to form the natural boundary between the kingdoms of Persia and of Scythia. However, under the administration of Noudur, Afrasiyab

(63) Sir John Malcolm has committed a similar mistake. See Advertisement, p. 6, where it has been rectified.

(64) Yet Atkinson in his First Edition of Soohrab thus transposed the Persian:
" There" (in Scythia) " once affection smiled
" And there Tahmeena trains my darling child,
" But tender youth forbids HIM yet to share, &c."
And to these lines, Atkinson has appended the note subjoined: It ought to be remarked that in the abridged Shahnamu, by Shumsheer Khan, there is an important

crossed the Oxus again with a formidable army; and having defeated the Monarch, killed him with his own sword. (v. Note C.) "This invader," says Sir W. Jones, 5 vol. 591: "reigned twelve years in Persia, but was forced by Zalzur, or the Prince with Golden Hair, to pass the Oxus and return to his own dominions." Afrasiyab was reckoned the ninth King of Persia, and in 639, B. C. the Tooranians under him again overran Iran, and kept Zev, the grandfather of Ky Kaoos, in continual alarm. In 633, B. C. Afrasiyab left to Gurshasp, the paternal uncle of Ky Kaoos, merely the name of a King; and at length compelled him to flee, with his brother Ky Qoobad, to Mount Ulboorz. In 610 B. C. Afrasiyab, who had subdued all Media, considered himself as Sovereign of the Empire of Iran. Zal and Roostum maintain themselves in Sigistan, (not in Caboul), and the latter, says Waring, p. 184, after a variety of adventures, discovers Ky Qoobad near Mount Ulboorz: For when Zal found Gurshasp, the elder son of Zev, to be unequal to the duties of sovereignty, he sent Roostum to invite Ky Qoobad to mount the throne. After the coronation of Ky Qoobad, the young King committed the administration into the hands of Zal, while Roostum, says Sir John Malcolm, 1 vol. 23, was appointed to lead the Persians against the dreaded Afrasiyab, who had again crossed the Oxus and invaded Iran. The first field of Roostum is a theme of glory with his countrymen: For armed with the cow-headed mace of his ancestor Sam, he slew in this engagement no less

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deviation from the original in this part of the story. In that work, Tahmeena in acknowledging the receipt of the jewels which Roostum had sent to her, fearful of being deprived of her child, denies the birth of *a Son*. This sets his heart entirely at rest, as daughters are never looked upon with much regard in the East, and have been frequently destroyed amongst several tribes and nations, as the Rajapoots,(g) Hindoos, and the ancient Arabians. Perhaps this alteration without authority, was made with the idea of giving greater probability to the texture of the story. But here Roostum recalls to his mind, and dwells upon the promising qualities of HIS SON, in a very natural strain of reflection and tenderness. His suspicions are evidently excited, but his own reasoning shews to him the impossibility of the invader of Iran being HIS SON.

"I sent to his mother FOR HIM gold and jewels; she informed me of HIS rapid growth and improvement. But the beloved of my soul is not yet equal to the fatigues of battle."

The abstract of this tale given by Lord Teignmouth, at the end of his Life of Sir Wm. Jones, is taken from the abridgment just mentioned.

Soohrab, First Ed. p. 73.

(g) Mr. Atkinson alludes to the Rajbunses and Rajcoomars of Hindoostan, who entered into an agreement with the late Jonathan Duncan, Esq, of the Bengal Civil Service, to relinquish the practice of destroying their Daughters (by forcing salt into their mouths at their birth): And during our residence of seven years among these people no charge of female infanticide was ever preferred to us, as Magistrate, against any Rajbuns or Rajcoomar. The custom has been happily abolished in Juanpore and Azimgurh, in the Honourable Company's dominions: but it still obtains, across the border, in the Territory of Oude. It affords us sincere gratification to bear this testimony, founded on personal experience, to the administration of the British Government in India. And as we have traversed the regions from the Bay of Bengal S. to the vicinity of Huridwar N. and from the confines of the Himalaya in Nipaul E. to the State of Saugor in Central India W.—as we have travelled in the foreign countries of Oude, Rewah and Bhurtpoor, and in the kingdom of Scindia, and in the Districts of many Independent Chieftains in Boondilkhund,—as we have visited about seventy of the principal cities in the provinces of Bengal, Behar, the Deccan and in Hindoostan (including Dilhee, Agra, Lucknow, Ajoodia, Benares, Jubbulpoor, &c. &c. &c. and as we are acquainted with the Chief colloquial languages of these realms, we may be permitted to record our assertion, that the Natives of India, living under the sway of the British Government, were, in general, loyally contented with the policy of their European Governors, so far as our attentive observation, our official situations, and elicited information afforded us opportunities to judge of the popular opinion on this particular subject, during a sojourn of thirteen years, among various tribes of Hindoos and Moosulmans.

than eleven hundred and sixty men; and with his noose, he dragged Afrasiyab himself from his saddle, but the cord breaking Afrasiyab became disentangled, and his troops rushing to the rescue, he escaped from Roostum's grasp. In this action, Afrasiyab lost 160,000 men, and was driven across the Oxus, into Tooran. Peace ensued. In 600 B. C. Ky Kaoos ascended the throne. He commenced military operations first against Mazindaran, then against Mahawuran, and afterwards he carried his arms into the Empire of the West, Arabia, Egypt and Barbary: but the ancient enemy of Iran, Afrasiyab, again crossed the Oxus on an incursion into Persia, as we have particularly related in Note x. We may further observe, that he was delighted at another opportunity of prosecuting an offensive warfare against the Iranians, and hence the exultation with which he hailed the tidings of Soohrab's projected expedition. Afrasiyab fell by the sword of Ky Khoosroo to avenge the blood of Siyavoosh, his Father, whom the Tyrant at the instigaton of his brother Gurseewuz, (گرسیوز) directed his Uncle Gurvee, or Gurvee Ruzuh,(65) (گروي یا گروي رزه) to murder.

NOTE CIV.

Vers. 557, p. 25.—*Of warlike Toorks can I not raise a band*
And levy hosts of hordes at my command.

Sir John Richardson states, in his Dissertation, p. 46, that among the Tooranians, a celebrated warrior had only to proclaim his intention of invading some neighbouring state, or more distant country, and "he was immediately joined by the chiefs of many hordes."

NOTE CV.

Vers. 559, p. 25.—*Can I not make, on vengeful projects bent,*
Upon Iran, incursion and descent.

Respecting the boundaries of Iran, the account furnished by Sir John Malcolm appears to be more correct, than that afforded by Sir Wm. Jones in his Description of Asia: "The boundaries of Iran, which Europeans call Persia,"(66) says Malcolm, 1 vol. 1, "have

(65) Sir John Malcolm has erroneously called "Goorooz, the murderer of Siavush." Hist. of Pers. 1 vol. 39, and Waring mis-calls Gurseewuz by the name of Kershooz. Tour to Sheeraz, 189. Gurseewuz accompanied his brother Afrasiyab to Auzurbijan or Media, whither they had fled after a battle, and were captured by Cyrus, or Ky Khoosroo.

(66) This word is generally supposed to be derived from Fars, or Pars, a division of the empire of Iran, and applied by Europeans to the whole. It is certainly unknown, in the sense we use it, to the present natives of Iran, though some Asiatic writers contend that Fars formerly meant the whole kingdom. In proof of this, a passage of the Koran, is quoted, where one of Mahomed's companions, who came from a village near Isfahan, is called Selman of Fars or Pars. We have also the authority of the Scripture for the name Paras(h) or Phars. The authors of the Universal History,(i) on what authority we know not, state, that Iran is not a general name of Persia, but of a part of that country. This is certainly erroneous: Iran has, from the most ancient times to the present day, been the term by which the Persians call their country; and it includes, as they understand it, all the provinces to the east of the Tigris, Assyria Proper, Media, Parthia, Persia, and Hyrcania or Mazenderan. The whole of this country has probably been styled Pars or Persia, in the Bible, and by Greek and Roman writers since Cyrus.

(h) It is so named in Daniel, Esdras, &c. (i) Vol. V. p. 50.

undergone many changes. The limits of this kingdom, in its most prosperous periods, may however be easily described: the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean(67) to the south, the Indus and the Oxus to the east and north-east, the Caspian Sea and Mount Caucasus to the River Euphrates to the west. Some have derived Iran from Eeruj, the name of the third son of Fureedoon: but Herodotus states, that the Medes were originally called Arii, from the word "Aria," which signifies "Reputable," in Sanscrit, while "Anaria" means "Disreputable." Shahpoor accordingly styled himself:

Βασιλευσ Βασιλεων Αριανων
Και Ανανριανων

which Sir Wm. Ousley has erroneously translated, 2 vol. 535, thus: "King of the Kings of Iran and of Tooran (Persia and Scythia):"(68) But the words, which are taken from the inscription on the tomb of Sapores, ought to be rendered, according to Moola Firoz of Bombay, by "King of Kings of Believers and Disbelivers," the terms Iran and Aniran, being equivalent to the Greeks and Barbarians of the Classics: to the Jews and Gentiles of the Scriptures; and to the عرب و عجم of Oriental Literature.

NOTE CVI.

Vers. 561, p. 25.—*Up to the Moon can I not volumes whirl*
Of my vindictive spirit's dust.

Thus Shakespeare in the First Part of Henry iv.:

"By heaven
"Methinks it were an easy task to leap,
"To pluck bright Honour from the pale-faced Moon;
"Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
"Where fathom-line could never reach the ground,
"And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks."

NOTE CVII.

—*and hurl*

Vers. 563, p. 25.—*Down from his thrown the Emperor Ky Kaoos.*

Ky Kaoos, or Kaoos, the adjunct Ky being a title signifying Great King, was the eldest son of Ky Qoobad, the son of Zev, and brother of Gurshasp, sovereigns-paramount of Persia. Ky Kaoos had three brothers, Urish, Room, and Urmin, according to Malcolm, 1 vol. 25, and, agreeably to D'Herbelot, one Sister named Gouhur Naz, or Chuhur Naz, who married Roostum: but the Dabistan, (Appendix XXII.) mentions, that Ky Kaoos had a brother called Ky Nusheen. Ky Kaoos' mother was the daughter of Gishwad, the son of Gawuh, the

(67) Persian geographers assume more magnificent limits for their ancient empire: they say it included four seas and six great rivers: the Black Sea, the Red Sea, the Caspian Sea, and the Persian Gulf; the Euphrates, Tigris, Araxes, Phasis, Indus, and Oxus.

(68) On the authority of D'Herbelot, we find, that Persia and Scythia comprehended in the opinion of Eastern geographers, the whole of higher Asia, excepting Ind and Cheen, or India and China. In the Asiatic Researches, v. Discourse, it is said, that; "Iran is the true general name for the Empire of Persia."

celebrated blackmith of Isfahan. Ky Kaoos had at least eighty sons,(69) for he lost no less than that exact number at the battle of Ladun (درجنگ لادن) or, as it was also designated, the battle of Pooshun (جنگ پشن): but the names of two only of his sons are known: one was called Fureeboorz, and the other Siyavoosh. Ky Kaoos is represented by Firdousee to have been irascible, brainless, foolish and insane, and both Malcolm, 1 vol. 27, and Waring, p. 185, have denounced his want of sense: yet Æschylus describes him to have been a wise Prince, when, in enumerating the Kings of Persia, he says, in allusion to Ky Qoobad, "He who first led the army was a Mede," and he adds:

"Αλλος δ'εκεινου παις τοδ' εργον ηνυσε
"Φρενες γαρ αυτου θυμον οικοστροφουν:

"The next, his son, (Ky Kaoos), completed the work,
"His mind being directed by wisdom!"

Ky Kaoos, according to Sir Isaac Newton, Chronol. 309, was "Darius the Mede," the son of Cy Axares, the First; and Sir Wm. Jones, 5 vol. 593, also pronounces Ky Kaoos to have been Darius the Mede; while Sir John Malcolm entertains an opinon 1 vol. 516, that "Firdousee comprises the two reigns of Cyaxares and Astyages under one head," namely, that of Ky Kaoos. He made Istukhr his capital, as Sir Wm. Ouseley has satisfactorily proved, 2 vol. 352, (though Malcolm asserts, 1 vol. 26, that Isfahan was his seat of government). Istukhr, the Persepolis of the Greeks, was denominated by the Persians, "شهر کاؤس شاه The City of Kaoos, the King." He abdicated his throne about the year B. C. 568 in favor of his grandson Ky Khoosroo, the Cyrus of the Ancients, and the son of Siyavoosh:(70) But he did not long survive his resignation of regal power; and died at his metropolis, where he was interred in the sepulchre of his father, according to the Moojmil-oot-Toowareekh:

کي کاؤس باصطخر از دنيا رفت وانجا بستوده ان پدرش نهاد ند

(69) Herodotus notices (1.136) that next to bravery in war, the Persians most highly esteemed the possession of a numerous progeny of children: and Johnson mentions in his Journey to Persia, p. 162, that "the king had at least sixty boys and "sixty girls living, and many persons add, that there are an equal number deceased, "so that their total must have been TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY!"

(70) An accdunt of the Murder of Siyavoosh, is inserted in Malcolm's History 1 vol. 28; but Sir John has erred in stating in p. 39, that GOOROOZ was "the murderer of Siawush." The reader will find some particulars of this Prince in the Bombay Transactions, 2 vol. 123, wherein, however, we beg to notice an error of importance. The Writer says "Kai Kaus had married a daughter of Afrasiyab, whom beholding, Siavush became enamoured of him." It is true, that Ky Kaoos had married a *niece* of Afrasiyab, a Princess who had arrived in Iran as a fugitive from Tooran: but the Queen Consort of Ky Kaoos, who entertained a passion for Siyavoosh was Soodabuh (سودابه) the daughter of Zoolzughar (زوالذغار) King of Humawur, or Humawuran, the Nineveh of the Ancients. And as Siyavoosh afterwards espoused Furingeez (فرنگيز) the daughter of Afrasiyab, he, if he had been the son of "a daughter of Afrasiyab," must have married his aunt, instead of his cousin, contrary to the usage of his nation. See Advertisement, p. IX.

CVIII.

Vers. 564, p. 25.—*And from Iran extirpate signs of Toos.*

Toos was the son of Noudur, King of Iran, and the grand-uncle of Ky Kaoos: but owing to imbecility he was pronounced to be incapable of succeeding to the throne of Persia, by the voice of a national Congress of Nobles, called among the Toorks, CAROULTAI.(71) At this assembly of chiefs, Zal presided. When Noudur was invested by Afrasiyab in the Fort of Amool, in Mazindaran, B. C. 695, Toos and his brother Goostuhum were removed to Mount Ulboorz under the charge of Qarun, the son of Gawuh, as we learn from Firdousee's Shah Namuh, 346: but after Zal had succeeded in wresting Persia from the grasp of the Tooranian Usurper, B. C. 639, Toos was not elected to be King—Zev, the son of Thamasp, having been called by the aristocratical council to the throne. Toos never appears to have resisted this choice of the grandees or to have advanced any pretensions to the crown of Persia:—on the contrary, he was appointed to hold an important military command, which he continued to possess at the time of the occurrences stated in this Episode:—But when Ky Kaoos nominated his own grandson Ky Khoosroo, to succeed, in preference to his own son Fureeboorz, Toos thought proper to evince disaffection until reduced to acquiescence by the appearance of a martial force. On his subjection, he was appointed to be a commander-in-chief, and directed to accompany an expedition against Afrasiyab; but an accident on the march destined him to removal from his office with disgrace. In his progress, Furood, the brother of Ky Khoosroo, opposed his division of the army, and fell in single combat with Beezun, the son of Gev, Ky Kaoos' first cousin and grandson-in-law. Toos was, in consequence, imprisoned and manacled, until liberated by the intercession of Roostum. When Cyrus, or Ky Khoosroo, abdicated in favor of Loohrasp, about 530 B. C. and retired to a holy spring, like Numa to the fount of Egeria, Toos attended the monarch, but on the fatal disappearance of Ky Khoosroo, in an abyss, Toos, Fureeboorz, Gev, and Beezun perished in the snow on a Mountain of Dilem, near the Caspian Sea.

NOTE CVIII.

Vers. 565, p 25.—*For I will leave not Goodurz nor his train,*
Of great and good compeers in their domain.

Goodurz was the son of Gishwad, the uncle of Ky Kaoos; and the Father of Gev, Hujeer, Shidosh, Buhram and Ruham, as well as of seventy five other sons, whose names are unknown. Of this numerous off-

(71) See Malcolm 1 vol. 253, where describing the election of Genghiz Khan, Sir John says: "SEVEN Khans (or Nobles) lifted up Temugin, (Genghiz Khan's original name), and carried him to a high throne in the midst of the Assembly. The moment he was seated on this throne, he was saluted as Khakan, or Emperor. The same number of Councillors composed an Assembly in Persia. We often find a council of SEVEN mentioned by the writers who treat of the affairs of Persia; which council seems to have been instituted in memory of the seven Persian Noblemen, who put the Magi to death: of whom Darius Hystaphes, afterwards King of Persia was one. Accordingly, when Orontas, mentioned in Note CIV. p. 85, committed treason, Xenophon says that Cyrus caused Τους αριστους των περι αυτον ΕΠΤΑ, SEVEN of the most considerable Persians to form a Court Martial for his trial. And thus when Ky Kaoos convened his Council of War (v. 1377) he summoned SEVEN noblemen: Toos, Gishwad, Goodurz, Gev, Buhram, Firhadzad and Goorgeen.

spring no less than seventy were slain in one day, at the battle of Ladun or Pooshun. Goodurz was a distinguished military commander in the campaigns against Mazindaran and Hamawuran, where he shared the misfortune of captivity with Ky Kaoos, until released by Roostum: but he principally signalized himself, in the contest between the دوازده رخ Twelve Towers or Heroes, though the number of the Champions did not exceed twenty two, on both sides, Ky Kaoos having chosen eleven Persian, and Afraisyab eleven Tooranian warriors, to engage in fight for the purpose of deciding the boundaries of their respective dominions. Goodurz led the Persian Champions, of whom as well as of the Toorks, we subjoin a list which though different to that furnished by Malcolm, 1 vol. 39, is believed to be more correct.

IRANIANS.	TOORANIANS.
فريبرز Fureeboorz, son of Ky Kaoos, who killed	گلباد Goolbad, son of Weesuh.
گيو Gev, son of Goodurz.	گروي Girwee, uncle to Afrasiyab. (72)
گرازه Goorazüh, son of Gevgan.	سيامک Siyamook.
فروهل Firoohil.	زنگله Zunguluh. (73)
رهام Ruham, son of Goodurz.	بارمان Barman, son of Weesuh.
بيژن Beezun, son of Gev.	رويين Rooyeen, son of Peeran.(74)

(72) Malcolm says, 1 vol. 39, that "Geeve" killed "Goorooz," the "murderer of Siawush," but the murderer was Girwee, called also گروي زره Girwee Zuruh, as stated by the Boorhani Qatiu. See Note CIV, p. 79. where Ruzuh ought to be Zuruh.

(73) Malcolm has placed Firoohil among the Tartars, and Zunguluh among the Persians, but Zunguluh was a Tooranee and Firoohil an Iranee, as we are told by the compiler of Boorhani Qatiu, *voce* زنگله

(74) The Boorhani Qatiu says, that "Rooyeen is the name of a son of Afrasiyab who was killed in the battle of the Twelve Towers, or Champions by the hands of Beezun, the son of Gev: and it is the name of the son of Peeran-Weesuh, who was also slain by the hands of Beezun." Malcolm says, that Beezun killed "Choubeen the son of Peeran": but Choubeen was only the surname of the celebrated Buhram who was styled "Buhram Choubeen." The Boorhani Qatiu moreover informs us, that Beezun likewise killed Hooman, (the brother of Peeran and the son of Weesuh), in the battle of the Champions.

IRANIANS.	TOORANIANS.
هجیر Hujeer, son of Goodurz.	سپهرم Siphirim, a relation of Afrasiyab.(75)
زنگاه Zunguh, son of Shawuran.	خواست Khwast.(76)
گرگین Goorgeen, son of Milad.	اندیمان Andireeman.
برتة Burtuh, son of Toowabuh.	کهرم Koohrum.(77)
گودرز Goodurz, son of Gishwad, commander of the Persians.	پیران Peeran, son of Weesuh, commander of the Toorks and Scythians.

Sir Wm. Jones says, 5 vol. 595, in his History of Lohorasp, the successor of Cyrus, that "he had a General named Guderz, (گودرز) who according to the oriental writers, pushed his conquests very far into the west: this conqueror is supposed by Mirchond and others to be Nebuchadnezzar, who, we know invaded Syria and Judea; but he seems to have been the prince whom the Greeks called Xerxes, and who might, perhaps, have had the title of King,(78) after his victories, &c." This is confirmed by D'Herbelot; the Edinburgh Review for June 1816: by Atkinson and other writers: but Malcolm has affirmed, 1 vol. 42, that "Raham Gudarz, [that is to say, Ruham, the son of Goodurz] more commonly known by his title of Bukht-ul-Nasser, or Fortune of Victory, the Governor of Irak, was commanded to extend the Empire to the West, and we are told by a Mahomedan Author that an army was detached by him against Jerusalem, then ruled by a descendant of David, &c." Waring has erroneously stated, that Goodurz perished in the snow at the same time with his son Gev, &c. in Dilem or Gilan.

NOTE CIV.

Vers, 566, p. 25.—*But Roostum seat on their Kyanian throne,*
Their crown confer and treasures make his own.

The Kyanian dynasty, was founded by Ky Qoobad, the Father of Kaoos who together with Ky Khoosroo were entitled, per excellentiam,

(75) Malcolm says, that Hujeer killed "Scherhen," 1 vol. 39.
(76) Malcolm calls him Aukhast.
(77) Malcolm has erroneously placed "Bawta" among the Tooranians, and "Gehroom" among the Iranians: but "Burtuh," says the Boorhani Qatiu, "was the name of the son of Toowabuh (توابه) who was a lord of the marches among the Iranians;" and he says, that "Koohrum (pronounced like Roostum) was the name of a warrior of Tooran who was killed in the battle of the Twelve Towers, by the hand of one of the Iranian Champions."
(78) When Cyrus, with a design to reward his favourite generals with the government of cities and provinces, directed a record of the chiefs of Iran to be prepared, "he commanded," says Firdousee, "that to Goodurz should be given a written assignment, not only of Room, but of Isfahan."

the Kyanides, or Great Kings of Persia, like the Maharajas of Hindoostan. The following table, extracted from Sir John Malcolm's Persia, 1 vol..516, is furnished, to show at one view the names and extent of the reigns of the founders of the Kyanian dynasty; according to the testimonies of various authorities:

Herodutus	*Moses of Chorene*	*Ctesias*	*The Jews*	*The Persians*	*Probable period of reign.*	*Authority*
Dijoces,	Dijoces,(79)	Artæus,	Arphaxad of Judeth,	Ky Qoobad or Arsh	A. C. 40 years 696—656	Ctesias
Phraortes	Artunes,	Artynes,	.....	Aphra	22 years 656—634	Herodotus
Cyaxares	Cyaxeres,	Astibares.	.....	Ky Kaoos	40 years 634—594	Ditto
Astyages,	Astyages,	(80)Asytigas	Darius the Mede.	Azdehac	35 years 594—559	

NOTE CV.

Vers, 577, p. 25.—*I will in my ambitious soul advance,*
Beyond the mansion of the sun, my lance.

Hanway says, that the fire worshippers suppose "the throne of the Almighty is seated in the Sun, and hence their worship of that luminary." Thus as Sir Wm. Ouseley has remarked, 2 vols. 468, the passage in the xix. Psalm, "in them, (the heavens) hath He set a tabernacle," ought to be read, "In the Sun hath He placed His tabernacle," according to The Greek Septuagint;

Εν τω ηλιω εθετο το σκηνωμα αυτου.

The Latin Vulgate:
In sole posuit tabernaculum suum.
And the Arabic version

جعل مسكنه في الشمش

(79) Herodotus assigns to Dijoces a reign of fifty three years. The reign of this monarch is reckoned from the death of his ancestor Noudur or Sosarmes.

(80) Sir John had previously remarked, 1 vol. 515, that "the history of Ky Kaoos, as we read it in Firdoosee, seems to include that of Cyaxares and Astyages." According to D'Herbelot, the following is a correct list of the whole Kyanian dynasty.
First, Ky Qoobad, son of Zev, son of Thamasp, son of Meenoochuhur.
Second, Ky Kaoos, son of Ky Qoobad.
Third, Ky Khoosroo, son of Siyavoosh son of Ky Kaoos.
Fourth, Lohorasp, son of Orond Shah.*
Fifth, Kishtasp, son of Lohorasp, son of Kishtash or Gishtasp.
Sixth, Urdisheer Buhmun, son of Isfundiyar.
Seventh, Homai, daughter of Urdisheer Buhmun.
Eight, Darab, son of Buhmun.
Ninth, Darab, the 2d, son of Darab.

* Orond Shah appears to be a corruption of Ourung Shah اورنگ شاه which is probably the name of the person called Orantas, by Xenophon, and doomed to suffer death by the war council of Cyrus. See Spelman's Trans. p. 28 and Note CVIII. In this case, Cyrus, like Brutus, must have directed the execution of his own son.

But Soohrab alluded to that mansion in the sun called Meenoo مینو which was appropriated to those, heroes who should distinguish themselves by, their virtuous deeds, and glorious achievements.—See Appendix, xxiv.

NOTE CVI.

Vers, 579, p. 25.—*Roostum, the Sire, and I, the son, none dare,*
As potentate on earth; a crown to wear.

So Shakespear, in the first part of Henry v.

" The Douglas and the Percy both together,
" Are confident against the world in arms."

NOTE CVII.

Vers, 581, p. 25.—*For when the Sun by day, and Moon by Night,*
Display their faces in their orbs of light,
How can a Star before their dazzling blaze,
Presume to glimmer with its twinkling rays?

Horace flatters Augustus, by saying, that the Julian constellation was the first in splendour:

velut inter ignes
Luna minores. Lib. 1 Carmen. 12.

Since our text was written, we have discovered a line, in Dryden, corresponding almost word, for word with 581, which we notice, lest we may be accused of plagiarism: (v. 8 Æneis 34):

" So *when the Sun by day, and Moon by night,*
" Strike on the polished brass," &c.

NOTE CVIII.

Vers, 589, p. 26.—*I burn in secret with a glowing fire,*
To journey to Iran to see my sire,
And hence to bear me to the Iranian land,
A barb with hoofs of break-rock stell demand.

Thus Telemachus, in the assembly of the Nobles of Ithaca, requests a vessel to bear him to Pyle and Sparta, there to enquire after his sire.

" Yet this I ask (nor be it asked in vain),
" A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
" The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
" And seek my royal sire from shore to shore."
Pope's Iliad B. ii. l. 241.

The expression of ایران زمین or Land of Iran, like ایران شهر or country of Iran, signifies the Persian Empire, in general, and comprehends the territory which is situated between the Euphrates and Oxus, according to Umeerkhoond in his Rauzit-ool-Suffa:

ایران شهر که عبارت از کنار آب فراتست تا شط جیحون

Ariosto says, of the famous charger Bayardo, that,

" Such dreadful force was in the chargers heel,
" The stroke had burst a mount of solid steel."

NOTE CIX.

Vers, 628, p. 27.—*He is like Hor.*

The Boorhani Qatiu says, that Hor, or, هور is one of the names of the Sun, and also the name of a Star, which is seen to shine once in the course of one thousand years. See Porter's Travels, 1 vol. 300.

NOTE CX.

Vers, 630, p. 27,—*Whose hard hoofs bruise the Tortoise and the Bull.*

These are the Taurus and Cancer of astrologers. For some account of the sacred Bull and Tortoise, see Mickles' Camoens, 2 vol. Bombay Transactions, 2 vol. Ouseley's Travels, 1vol. and Sir W. Jones's Works, 1 vol.

NOTE CXI.

Vers, 631, p. 27.—*A Mountain-colt, in valley of the sky.*

See Ariosto, 1 vol. 180, 237 and 247. 3 vol. 93, 123, and 124.

NOTE CXII.

Vers, 634, p. 27.—*And like a diver plunges in the deep, &c.*

We are disposed to think, from the concluding words of this sentence, that Firdousee does not mean diving in the ocean. Deserts we know are metaphorically called, seas, by oriental writers, and to these wilds, as well as to caverns and dens, in hills, we also know that rebels were in the habit of retiring, in the East. On the passage in Scripture, *Flee ye, turn back, dwell deep, O inhabitants of Dedan!* (Jerem. xlix. v. 8.) Burder has made the following observations, which tend to illustrate the passage in the text: "When the Arabs have drawn upon themselves the resentment of the more fixed inhabitants of those countries and think themselves unable to stand against them, they withdraw into the *depths* of the great wilderness where none can follow them. (Diodorus Siculus xix. and Niebhur, 2 vol. 8.) Thus also, very expressly, Mr. Savary: 'always on their guard against tyranny, on the least discontent that is given them they pack up their tents, load their camels with them, ravage the flat country, and loaded with plunder, *plunge* into the burning sands whither none can pursue them.' Is it not then most probable," continues Burder, 1 vol. 204, "that the dwelling, *deep*, mentioned in these words, means their *plunging* far into the deserts?"

NOTE CXII.

Vers. 629 p. 27.—*His body is a mountain large and full.*

Williams, in his New Translation of Solomon's Song, p. 172, has furnished the following remarks on Solomon's comparison of his love, to a company of horses. "The qualities, which form the beauties of these horses, are tallness (*v.* 2384), proportionable corpulency (*v.* 84) and stateliness of manner (*v.* 2534), the same qualities which they admire in their women, particularly corpulency, which is known to be one of the most esteemed characters of beauty in the East. It is remarkable that the elegant Theocritus, in his Epithalanum (xviii. v. 29,) for the

celebrated queen Helen, whom he described as *plump* and large, uses exactly the same image, comparing her to the horses in chariots of Thessaly." Wiliams most probably alludes to the following words of Theocritus:

Η ἁρματι θεσσαλος ιππος.

END OF THE NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

APPENDIX

TO

Roostum Zaboolee & Soohrab.

No. I.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER OF THE MOSLIMS.

HIDAYUT-OOL-ISLAM; (1) or A GUIDE TO FAITH AND PRACTICE, being the Book of COMMON PRAYER *of the MOOHUMMUDANS. Translated from the Arabic, Persian and Hindoostanee languages. By W. T. ROBERTSON, Esq. Bengal Civil Establishment.*

GOD IS GREATEST.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

Praise be to God, who hath emancipated us from the darkness of infidelity, and illuminated our hearts with the light of faith. Blessings be upon that immaculate prophet through whom we have received the divine scripture, and by whose direction the way of Islam became manifest to us—who declared unto us the legal ordinances, and taught the rituals of fast and prayer: and upon his family and companions: for without doubt these are the archetypes of religion, and the accepted in the pure tabernacle of the Lord. Wherefore it is incumbent upon us, that we believe in the Moohummudan religion, and attend with purity and sincerity of heart in the service of God.

Volume First. (a)

(1) Hidayut-ool-Islam or a Guide to Faith and Practice compiled, for the use of Members of Islam or Religion of the Moslims in India; under the reign of the Emperor Shah Aulum, Defender of the Faith, may God eternize his dominion! during the administration of the Cream of Nobles eminent in dignity, a Privy Councellor of the Saturnine Court of the King of England, Marquess Wellesley, Governor General, may his shadow be perpetual! and at the desire of the munificent Mr. John Gilchrist, may his prosperity for ever endure! by Mouluwee Umanut Oollah.

Almighty God hath said:

"*I have not created genii and men for any other end than that they should serve me.*" (b)

In the year of Jesus 1804 corresponding with the year of the Hijruh or Flight 1218. Printed at the Hisdoostanee printing-office of Moonshee Muhtab-ood-Deen and Qoodrit Oollah.

(a) The following work, compiled by Mouluwee Umanut Oollah, from books which are received by those who profess the Moohummudan faith, as of high authority; comprises a brief system of the principles of that religion, and a collection of the forms and ceremonies which constitute its ritual.

The first article is the Moosulman confession of faith, the two grand points of which, viz. the unity and indivisibility of the Deity, and the apostolic mission of Moohummud, are contained in certain forms entitled *Char Kulimu*. Under the title *Sifut-i-Eeman* are enumerated several points which are considered as comprehended in, or branching out from, the former.

Being delivered in the vernacular language of the country, it will enable the unlettered Moosulman to comprehend the meaning of the forms which he has been accustomed to repeat. And the Philosophical reader, who is desirous of knowing what the doctrines of *Islam* are at the present day, will find in the perusal of these pages, an easy and compendious mode of satisfying his curiosity.

Extract from GILCHRIST'S PREFACE.

(b) Coran 2 vol. 385.

Although the legal ordinances, which are the axes of worship, be in another language, still the pronunciation of them in that language produces no detriment to the propriety of performance; nay, if their signification be even understood, then "*This is light added unto light,*" (2) and a means of approach to the presence of our Deity.

Under this consideration, the illustrious in dignity, the exalted in station, the index to the volume of happiness, the celebrator of God's praise, Mr. John Gilchrist, —may his prosperity be everlasting!—summoned me unsolicited into his resplendent presence, and said, with the tongue, eloquent in expression, that as the majority of the common people of India are precluded, owing to their engagement in temporal affairs, from acquiring an acquaintance with Arabic literature, and that as they are stedfast in the fear of God, and observance of their creed, and are employed in his service night and day, there ought to be translated, on their account, into the Rekhtuh, (or mixed dialect of the Hindoostanee,) several of the legal ordinances; such as, for example, the *Char Kulimu* and *Sefuti Eeman*, (the *Four Confessions* and *Essentials of Faith*,) and the vows of prayers, as well as other requisite articles, in order that they might thereby comprehend with ease, and guard against error and misconception. Whereupon I, *Umanut Oollah*, considering this speech to be a reprehension of negligence, adduced the following anecdote for the purpose of illustrating the propriety of his suggestion.

It is related, that once upon a time, a certain student entertained an ardent desire to obtain knowledge; but he was possessed of an exceedingly dull understanding. Having frequently requested the sages to instruct him in some supplication, by which his faculties might become expanded; a wit at length waggishly told him an Arabic verse, (so extremely obscene, that its repetition in this place is not allowable,) and assured him, that by repeating it constantly in an exclamatory tone, after each morning prayer, by way of doxology, he would gain intuitive science, ere the expiration of forty days. The dunce, full of longing impatience, arose at dawn, and, on finishing his prayer, commenced rehearsing it, with loud continued vociferation, by way of doxologies, when the congregation, who were aware of its meaning began to exclaim in astonishment, "What is this superlative blockhead reciting? "How! he is making fun of God!"(3) In short the assembly laughed excessively.

Know, O true believers! that repeating the confessions, and practising fast and prayer, without comprehending them, is analagous to the above story. And I have heard, on veritable authority, that until the precepts of the Bible, and New Testament, had been translated from the Latin, into the vulgar tongues of the natives of Europe, the same apathy and mischief, which prevail in Islam at present, similarly obtained among Christian sects. Indeed the individuals of every sect must assuredly be exposed to injury and delusion, until they know well the commandments of God and his Apostle, (which are the sources of beatitude in this world and the next,) in their own peculiar speech, and until they act in conformity to them with unanimity.

Wherefore, O true believers! know of a truth, that by the command of the above-mentioned gentleman, I have selected and arranged the contents of this little work, with considerable accuracy, from the *Mookhtusir Wuqaee*, (4) the *Kunz-ood-duqaeeq*, (5) and the *Zuroor-ool-Mookullif*, (6) besides having made numerous verbal enquiries; and that I have written my version under the Arabic text, and entitled it the *Hidayut-ool-Islam*, or a Guide to Faith and Practice. If ye inspect and digest it,

(2) Coran 2 vol. 287. The Edition of the Coran to which reference is made was printed in London, A. D. 1812, in two volumes quarto.

(3) Coran 1 vol. 155.

(4) Compendium of the Wuqaee composed in the 7th century of the Hijruh by Boorhan-oos-Shureeoot Muhmood, son of the first Sudr-oos-Shureeoot.

(5) Composed by Hafiz-ood-Deen, author of the Kafee and Wafee.

(6) We are not aware of the name of the compiler of this work: its title signifies Requisites for the Adult and Sane, as well as all persons, accountable to the law for their actions. Harington's Anal. pp 238-251.

and act up to it, verily is there a hope of redemption, and an expectation of felicity, from the Lord God Almighty: accordingly Almighty God hath said, "*And if they repent and amend, surely God is easy to be reconciled, and merciful.*" (7)

HIDAYUT-OOL-ISLAM, OR A GUIDE TO FAITH AND PRACTICE.

I.—In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

ENTITLED THE GOOD WORD.

II.—There is no God but the God: Moohummud is the apostle of God.

ENTITLED THE WORD OF TESTIMONY.

III.—I bear witness, that there is no God but the God, one, to whom there is no partner; and I bear witness that Moohummud is his servant and his messenger.

ENTITLED THE PROFESSION OF UNITY.

IV.—There is no God but thee; thou art one; to thee there is no equal. Moohummud is the evangelist of God, the coryphæus of the righteous, the apostle of the Lord of all creatures.

ENTITLED THE GLORIFYING CONFESSION.

V.—There is no God but thee; thou art the Light; God directeth unto his light, whom he pleaseth. Moohummud is the messenger of God, the coryphæus of apostles, the seal of the prophets.

ENTITLED THE PARTICULAR CREED.

VI.—I believe in God, as he is with his names and attributes; and I acknowledge all his ordinances, and his institutions.

ENTITLED THE GENERAL CREED.

VII.—I believe in God, and his angels, and his scriptures, and his apostles, and the last day, and the decree from Almighty God of good and evil, and the resurrection after death.

ENTITLED THE PROTEST IN REPULSION OF INFIDELITY.

VIII.—O God! I seek protection with thee, lest I associate any one with thee; and I put faith in thee, and I ask forgiveness from thee, for what I know, and for what I know not: I repent and believe; and I confess, that there is no God, but the God; Moohummud is the apostle of God.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM ABLUTION.

IX.—I have vowed for the removal of uncleanness, and propriety of prayer, and for an approach near to Almighty God, to perform ablution in the name of God the high, the great. Praise be to God, who hath bestowed upon us the religion of *Islam*: *Islam* is orthodox, and infidelity heterodox.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON USING THE MISWAK. (8)

X.—O God! Let the using of this *Miswak* be for an obliteration of my sins, and for thy good pleasure, O my Lord! and herewith whiten my face, as herewith thou whitenest my teeth.

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(7) Coran 1 vol. 91.

(8) Miswak. A kind of tooth-brush made of the twig or root of a tree. Mishcat-ool-Masabih, 1 vol. 88. The Edition of the Mishcat-ool-Masabih to which reference is made was printed in Calcutta, A. D. 1809, in two volumes folio.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON RINSING THE MOUTH.

XI.—O God! Send down blessings on Moohummud, and on the family of Moohummud,. O God! Give me grace, that I may read thy scripture, and remember thee frequently; that I may be grateful to thee, and worship thee excellently.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON DRAWING WATER INTO THE NOSE.

XII.—O God! Make me odoriferous with the odour of paradise, and be pleased with me.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON WASHING THE FACE.

XIII.—O God! On that day when the faces of thy friends shall be white, whiten my face with thy light, which pervades this world and the next, and blacken not my face on that day when the faces of thine enemies shall be blackened.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON WASHING THE RIGHT HAND.

XIV.—O God! Give me my book into my right hand, and make my account an easy account.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON WASHING THE LEFT HAND.

XV.—O God! Verily I seek protection with thee, lest thou may give me my book into my left hand, and behind my back.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON STROKING THE HEAD.

XVI.—O God! Cover me with thy mercy, and preserve me from thy punishment, and send down on me thy favours, and shade me under the shade of thine empyrean.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON RUBBING THE EARS.

XVII.—O God! Include me among those who hearken to thy word, whereby they follow righteousness. O God! cause me to hear the voice of the herald of paradise along with the virtuous.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON LUSTRATING THE NECK.

XVIII.—O God! Keep my neck from the fire: and with thee do I seek protection from the chains and collars.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATIONS ON BATHING THE RIGHT FOOT.

XIX.—O God! Confirm my foot, and the feet of my parents, upon *Sirat*, (9) together with the feet of the faithful.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON BATHING THE LEFT FOOT.

XX.—O God! I seek protection with thee, lest thou mayest make my foot to tremble upon *Sirat*, on that day when thou shalt make the feet of the hypocrites to tremble. O God! Make my endeavours praise-worthy.

*** After the performance of ablution, let the person stand up, drink a little of the over-remaining water of ablution, and say:

XXI.—Praise be to God, who created the heavens without columns as ye see. I bear witness that there is no God, but the God, one, to whom there is no partner; and I bear witness that Moohummud is his servant and his messenger. I celebrate thy Tusbeeh, O God! and laud thee. I bear witness that there is no God but thee;

(9) Sirat. The bridge suspended above the gulph of hell.

thou art one; to thee there is no partner. I have committed a crime, and dealt unjustly with my own soul. I ask thy forgiveness, and turn unto thee with repentance; wherefore forgive me, and turn unto me. Verily thou art the approver of repentance, the merciful. O God! Number me among the penitent, and number me among the pure, and number me among thy sanctified worshippers, and number me among the patient, the grateful, and number me among those who remember thee with a frequent remembrance, and celebrate thy *Tusbeeh* (10) in the morning and the evening. O God! Verily I beg of thee to render my ablution complete, and my prayers perfect, and my pardon consummate: and I implore thee for entire health, and beseech thy good pleasure, O most merciful of the merciful.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON SMOOTHING THE EYEBREWS.

XXII.—O God! Decorate me with the decoration of people of piety. O God! Verily I solicit thee speedily to give me health and patience to surmount thy trials, and let me depart from this world accompanied by thy mercy.

*** After smoothing the eyebrows, let the person say:

XXIII.—O God! Guard me from the calamities of this world, and the punishment of the future.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON COMBING THE BEARD.

XXIV.—O God! Defend me from melancholy and sorrow, and the machination of the devil. I celebrate his *Tusbeeh* who adorned men with beards, and women with ringlets.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM PRAYER PREPARATORY TO ABLUTION.

XXV.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of prayer, preparatory to ablution. God is greatest. (11)

PASSAGE TO BE REPEATED IN THE FIRST RUKAT, AFTER THE CHAPTER OF THE CORAN ENTITLED THE PREFACE OR INTRODUCTION.

XXVI.—" But if they, after they have injured their own souls, come unto thee, and ask pardon of God, and the apostle ask pardon for them, they shall surely find God an approver of repentance, and merciful." (12)

PASSAGE TO BE REPEATED IN THE SECOND RUKAT AFTER THE CHAPTER OF THE CORAN ENTITLED THE PREFACE OR INTRODUCTION.

XXVII.—" And who, after they have committed a crime, or dealt unjustly with their own souls, ask pardon for their sins from God, they shall surely find God easy to be reconciled, and merciful." (13)

ENTITLED SUPPLICATION TO BE SPOKEN BY THE MOOUZZIN (14) BEFORE THE CALL TO PRAYER.

XXVIII.—O God! Give my soul continence and abstinence, and purify it; thou art the best purifier; thou art the master of possession and lord of aid. O God! Thou art unto me as I desire: wherefore make me unto thee as thou desirest, and be pleased with me. O God! Make my interior better than my exterior, and make my character honourable. O God! Endow me with an upright propensity, and proper reverence, and sincere humility, in thy mercy, O most merciful of the merciful!

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(10) Tusbeeh signifies the celebration of the divine praise by repeating the words Soobhan Ulluh, lauded be God! Mish. 1 vol. 510. v. 287.

(11) Rukat. " In every Rukat there is one standing up, two prostrations and one Rukoou; and in each of these postures the praise of God and passages of the Coran are repeated." Mish. 1 vol. 164.

(12) Cor. 1 vol. 100.

(13) Cor. 1 vol. 75.

(14) Moouzzin. The caller to prayer.

ENTITLED THE CALL TO PRAYER.

XXIX.—God is greatest. God is greatest. God is greatest. God is greatest. I bear witness that there is no God but the God, and I bear witness that there is no God but the God: and I bear witness that verily Moohummud is the apostle of God, and I bear witness that verily Moohummud is the apostle of God. Be alive to prayer! Be alive to prayer! Be alive to redemption! Be alive to redemption! God is greatest. God is greatest. There is no God but the God: Moohummud is the apostle of God.

*** In the Call to Morning Prayer, let the *Moouzzin*, after the words, Be alive to redemption! Be alive to redemption! exclaim twice, "Prayer is better than sleep: Prayer is better than sleep." (15)

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION AFTER THE CALL TO PRAYER.

XXX.—O Lord God! Perfecter of this supplication and confirmer of prayer, confer upon Moohummud a near approach, and excellence, and an exalted station, and send him to that blessed place of abode which thou promised him: assuredly thou dost not act contrary to thy promise. O Lord! Verily I petition thee for pardon and health, and immunity in the present and the future world.

*** The *Tukbeer-ool-Ikamit*, (16) or formula of magnification, ejaculated in a standing posture, resembles the Call to Prayer, except that after the words, Be alive to redemption! Be alive to redemption! the *Moouzzin* must exclaim twice, "Truly prayer is at hand: Truly prayer is at hand."

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION TO BE SAID ON STANDING AT THE DOOR OF THE TEMPLE.

XXXI.—O God! Thy servant is at thy door; a sinner is at thy door; a criminal is at thy door, hopeful of thy mercy, and fearful of thy punishment. O bestower of benefits! And if there be with us any worker of righteousness, verily him hast thou commanded to forsake his wickedness: wherefore command me to forsake my wickedness, for the sake of thine own glory, O beneficent being!

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION TO BE SAID ON PLACING THE RIGHT FOOT IN THE TEMPLE.

XXXII.—In the name of God, the most merciful, the compassionate. In the name of God, and praise be to God. And benediction and peace be upon the apostle of God. O God! Pardon me my transgressions, and open for me the gates of thy grace and thy mercy.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION TO BE SAID ON HAVING ENTERED THE TEMPLE.

XXXIII.—In the name of God I came in, and I have put my trust in God.

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION ON PUTTING THE FEET UPON THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

XXXIV.—"Verily I direct my face unto him who hath created the heavens and the earth: I am orthodox, and am not one of the idolators." (17)

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM MORNING PRAYER.

XXXV.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of morning prayer, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of God. God is greatest. (I.)

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(15) v. D'Ohosson p 475.

(16) Tukbeer-ool-Ikamit signifies the celebration of the divine praise by repeating the words Allaho Akbur, God is greatest. Mish. 1 vol. 510. v. 313.—D'Ohosson p 371.

(17) Cor. 1, vol. 158.

XXXVI.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of morning prayer, as ordained by the commandment of Almighty God. God is greatest. (II.)

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM NOON PRAYER.

XXXVII.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, four *Rukats* of noon prayer, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of Almighty God. God is greatest. (I.)

XXXVIII.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, four *Rukats* of noon prayer as ordained by the commandment of Almighty God. God is greatest. (II.)

XXXIX.—I vow that turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of noon prayer, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of Almighty God. God is greatest. (III.)

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM SUPEREROGATORY PRAYER.

XL.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of supererogatory prayer. God is greatest.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM AFTERNOON PRAYER.

XLI.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, four *Rukats* of afternoon prayer, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of Almighty God. God is greatest. (I.)

XLII.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, four *Rukats* of afternoon prayer, as ordained by the commandment of Almighty God. God is greatest. (II.)

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM EVENING PRAYER.

XLIII.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, three *Rukats* of evening prayer, as ordained by the commandment of Almighty God. God is greatest. (I.)

XLIV.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of evening prayer, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of Almighty God. God is greatest. (II.)

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM NIGHT PRAYER.

XLV.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, four *Rukats* of night prayer, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of Almighty God. God is greatest. (I.)

XLVI.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, four *Rukats* of night prayer, as ordained by the commandment of Almighty God. God is greatest. (II.)

XLVII.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of night prayer, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of Almighty God. God is greatest. (III.)

XLVIII.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of supplementary prayer, as rendered indispensable by the commandment of Almighty God. God is greatest.

ENTITLED THE DOXOLOGY.

XLIX.—I celebrate thy Tusbeeh, O God, praising thee and blessed is thy name, and exalted is thy glory. There is no God besides thee. I fly unto God for refuge from the execrable devil. In the name of God, the most merciful, the compassionate.

ENTITLED TUSBEEH-OOR-RUKOOU, ([18]) OR FORMULA OF GLORIFICATION REPEATED IN A PROSTRATE POSITION. TO BE SAID THREE TIMES.

L.—I celebrate the divine praise of my Lord, the great.

ENTITLED TUSBEEH-OOS-SUJOOD, ([19]) OR FORMULA OF GLORIFICATION REPEATED IN A PROSTRATE POSITION. TO BE SAID THREE TIMES.

LI.—I celebrate the divine praise of my Lord, the most high.

ENTITLED THE DEVOTION.

LII.—O God! Of thee do we beg assistance, and from thee do we ask forgiveness, and in thee do we believe, and on thee do we put our trust; and we duly glorify thee, and are grateful to thee, and deny thee not; and we reject and abandon those who offend against thee; and towards thee we strive and hasten, and are hopeful of thy mercy, and fearful of thy punishment: thy punishment certainly awaiteth the unbelievers.

ENTITLED THE BENEDICTIONS.

LIII.—Benedictions, and prayers, and charities, are due to God. Peace be upon thee, O prophet, and the mercy of God, and his blessings: and peace be with us, and the virtuous servants of God. I bear witness that there is no God but the God; and I bear witness that Moohummud is his servant and his messenger. O God! Peace be with Moohummud, and with the family of Moohummud; and blessings be with Moohummud, and the family of Moohummud; and compassion be with Moohummud, and the family of Moohummud, in the manner that thou didst bestow peace, and blessings, and compassion upon Abraham, and upon the family of Abraham, in both worlds: for verily thou art lauded and glorified. O God; Verily I have tyrannized over my own soul, cruelly, grievously; and verily none pardoneth iniquities but thee: then pardon me with the forgiveness from before thee, and have mercy on me: for verily thou art easy to be reconciled and merciful.

Peace be with you, and the mercy of God. Peace be with you, and the mercy of God.

ENTITLED THE VERSE OF THE THRONE. ([20])

LIV.—"God! There is no God but he, the living, the self subsisting; neither slumber ner sleep seizeth him; to him belongeth whatsoever is in heaven and on earth. Who is he that can intercede with him, but through his good pleasure? He knoweth that which is past, and that which is to come unto them; and they shall not comprehend any thing of his knowledge, but so far as he pleaseth. His throne is extended over heaven and earth, and the preservation of both is no burthen unto him. He is the high, the mighty. Let there be no violence in religion. Now is right direction manifestly distinguished from deceit: whoever therefore shall deny *Tagoot*, ([21]) and believe in God, he shall surely take hold on a strong handle; he shall lead them out of darkness into light; but as to them who believe not, their patrons are *Tagoot*; they shall lead them from the light into darkness; they shall be the companions of hell-fire; they shall remain therein for ever."

*** The *Tusbeeh*, or glorifying doxologies, to be repeated one hundred times at each of the five hours of prayer.

([18]) Tusbeeh-oor-Rukoou, v. D'Ohosson 323.
([19]) Tusbeeh-oos-Sujood, v. D'Ohosson 324.
([20]) Cor. 1 vol. 45.
([21]) Tagoot. This word properly signifies an idol, or whatever is *worshipped* besides God, and also the devil, or any seducer. Sale's note in loc.

AT MORNING PRAYER.

LV.—He is the living, the eternal!

AT NOON PRAYER.

LVI.—He is the high, the mighty!

AT AFTERNOON PRAYER.

LVII.—He is the most merciful, the compassionate!

AT EVENING PRAYER.

LVIII.—He is the pardoner, the clement!

AT NIGHT PRAYER.

LIX.—He is the gracious, the wise!

ENTITLED THE RECOMMENDATIONS.

LX.—O Lord! Give us good in this world, and also good in the next world; and deliver us, O Lord, from the torment of hell-fire. O God, pardon me and my parents, and my preceptor, and my spiritual guide, and all the faithful men and the faithful women, and the resigned men and the resigned women, the living among them and the dead; for verily thou art an approver of supplications, in thy mercy, O most merciful of the merciful!

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM THE PRAYER OF DOOKHOOL-IL-MUSJID OR ENTRANCE INTO THE TEMPLE.

LXI—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of the prayer of entrance into the temple, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of Almighty God. God is greatest.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM PRAYER BEFORE FRIDAY.

LXII.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform for the sake of Almighty God, four *Rukats* of prayer before Friday, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of Almighty God. God is greatest.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM THE DIVINE PRAYER OF FRIDAY.

LXIII.—I vow, in order to be exonerated from the obligation of performing divine noon prayer, that turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of Friday prayer, as ordained by the commandment of Almighty God. God is greatest.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM PRAYER AFTER FRIDAY.

LXIV.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God four *Rukats* of prayer after Friday, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of Almighty God. God is greatest.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO KEEP THE FASTS.

LXV.—I vow that I will keep the fast, on the morrow, of the month of the sacred Rumzan,(z) as ordained by the commandment of Almighty God: wherefore accept of it from me; for verily thou art the hearer, the knower.

(z) Rumzan. The ninth month of the Moohummudan year.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO BREAK THE FAST.

LXVI.—O God! I kept the fast for thy sake, trusting upon thee for daily bread; and I break the fast by thy mercy, O most merciful of the merciful!

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM THE PRAYER OF EASE, OR TURAWEEH. (23)

LXVII.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of the Prayer of Ease, as enjoined by the precept of the apostle of Almighty God. God is greatest.

ENTITLED THE FIRST SUPPLICATION TO BE SAID AFTER THE TWO RUKATS.

LXVIII.—This is from the bounty of my Lord. O benefactor of favours, O eternal conferrer of benefits! Confer upon us benefits out of thy benefits of old, confirming our hearts in thy religion, in thy mercy. O most merciful of the merciful

ENTITLED THE SECOND SUPPLICATION TO BE SAID AFTER THE FOUR RUKATS.

LXIX.—I celebrate his *Tusbeeh* who is the lord of dominion and the intelligent world. I celebrate his *Tusbeeh* who is the lord of honour, and dignity, and reverence, and power, and greatness, and the kingdom of heaven. I celebrate the *Tusbeeh* of the living king, who neither sleepeth nor dieth: the most pure and most holy, our Lord, the Lord of the angels and of the spirit. O God! Reward me, and release me from the fire, O protector! O protector! O protector.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM PRAYER ON THE FESTIVAL OF BREAKING THE FAST, OR EED-OOL-FITR. (24)

LXX.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of *Eed-ool-Fitr* prayer with six *Tukbeers*, as rendered indispensable by the commandment of Almighty God. God is greatest.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM PRAYER ON THE FESTIVAL OF SACRIFICE, OR EED-OOL-UZHA. (25)

LXXI.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform for the sake of Almighty God, two *Rukats* of *Eed-ool-Uzha* prayer, as rendered indispensable by the commandment of Almighty God. God is greatest.

LXXII.—O God! This is my sacrifice; its flesh is of my flesh, its blood of my blood, its hair of my hair, its skin of my skin, and its bone of my bone. "Verily my prayers, and my worship, and my life, and my death, are dedicated unto God, the Lord of all creatures; he hath no companion. This have I been commanded: I am the first Moslim." (26) O God! accept it from me in the manner that thou accepted it from thy friend Abraham, on whom be peace! for verily thou art the hearer, the knower. In the name of God, God the greatest.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM SLAUGHTER, OR ZUBH. (27)

LXXIII.—I vow that I will slaughter this animal, whereby shall issue from it the blood flowing, and its flesh shall become lawful for all the faithful men, and faithful women. In the name of God, God the greatest.

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(23) Turaweeh. v. D'Ohosson p 407. and Mish. 1 vol. 277.

(24) Eed-ool-Fitr: v. D'Ohosson p 404 and Mish. 1 vol. 8 and 312. The day of Fitr is that succeeding the month of Rumzan, being the first of Shuwal, on which the Moslims break their fast. It is kept as a solemn festival by the Toorks, who call it Beiram. v. D'Herbelot voc. Aid and Beiram.

(25) Eed-ool-uzha. v. D'Ohosson p 404. The tenth day of Zoo'l-Hijjih when the sacrifices are slain at Mecca. Mish. 1 vol. 313.

(26) Cor. 1 vol. 172. (27) Zubh, is cutting the throat of an animal after repeating the Tukbeer. Mish. 1 vol. 315.

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN TO BE REPEATED IN PRAYER, ENTITLED THE PREFACE OR INTRODUCTION.(28)

Revealed at Mecca, and containing seven verses.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

LXXIV.—" Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the king of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray."

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN, ENTITLED THE ELEPHANT. (29)

Revealed at Mecca, and containing five verses.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

LXXV.—" Hast thou not seen how thy Lord dealt with the masters of the elephant? Did he not make their treacherous design an occasion of drawing them into error, and send against them flocks of birds, which cast down upon them stones of baked clay, and render them like the leaves of corn eaten by cattle?"

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN, ENTITLED THE COREISH.(30)

Revealed at Mecca, and containing four verses.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

LXXVI.—" For the uniting of the tribe of Coreish, their uniting in sending forth the caravan of merchants and purveyors in winter and summer: let them serve the Lord of this house, who supplieth them with food against hunger, and hath rendered them secure from fear."

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN, ENTITLED THE NECESSARIES. (31)

Revealed either at Mecca or Medina, and containing six or seven verses.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

LXXVII.—" What thinkest thou of him who denieth the future judgment as a falsehood? It is he who pusheth away the orphan, and stirreth not up others to feed the poor. Woe be unto those who pray, and who are negligent at their prayer; who play the hypocrites, and deny necessaries to the needy."

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN, ENTITLED *Ul-Cousur*.(32)

Revealed at Mecca, and containing three verses.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

LXXVIII.—" Verily we have given thee *Ul-Cousur*. Wherefore pray unto thy Lord, and slay the victims. Verily he who hateth thee shall be childless.

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(28) Cor. 1 vol. 1.
(29) Cor. 2 vol. 500.
(30) Cor. 2 vol. 502.
(31) Cor. 2 vol. 503.
(32) Cor. 2 vol. 504. Sale says, in loco, that Ul-cousur (or Al Cawthar) signifies abundance, especially of good, &c. but it is generally expounded of a River in Paradise of that name, whence the water is derived into Moohummud's pond.

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN, ENTITLED THE UNBELIEVERS.(33)

Revealed at Mecca, and containing seven verses.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

CIX.—"Say, O unbelievers, I will not worship that which ye worship; nor will ye worship that which I worship. Neither do I worship that which ye worship; neither do ye worship that which I worship. Ye have your religion, and I my religion!"

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN, ENTITLED ASSISTANCE. (34)

Revealed at Mecca, and containing three verses.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

CXX—"When the assistance of God shall come, and the victory, and thou shalt see the people enter into the religion of God by troops; celebrate the praise of thy Lord, and ask pardon of him; for he is inclined to forgive."

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN, ENTITLED UBOO LUHIB.(35)

Revealed at Mecca, and containing five verses.

In the Name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

CXXXI.—"The hands of Uboo Luhib shall perish, and he shall perish. His riches shall not profit him, neither that which he had gained. He shall go down to be burned into flaming fire: and his wife also, bearing wood, having on her neck a cord of twisted fibres of a palm tree."

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN, ENTITLED THE DECLARATION OF GOD'S UNITY.(36)

Revealed either at Mecca or Medina, and containing four verses.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate

CXXXII.—"Say, God is one God, the eternal God: he begetteth not, neither is he begotten: and there is not any one like unto him."

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN, ENTITLED THE DAY-BREAK.(37)

Revealed either at Mecca or Medina, and containing five verses.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

CXXXIII.—"Say, I fly for refuge unto the Lord of the day-break, that he may deliver me from the mischief of those things which he hath created, and from the mischief of the night, when it cometh on, and from the mischief of women blowing on knots; and from the mischief of the envious, when he envieth."

(33) Cor. 2 vol. 505.
(34) Cor. 2 vol. 505.
(35) Cor. 2 vol. 506.
(36) Cor. 2 vol. 507.
(37) Cor. 2 vol. 508.

CHAPTER OF THE CORAN, ENTITLED MEN.(38)

Revealed either at Mecca or Medina, and containing six verses.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful the Compassionate.

LXXXIV.—" Say, I fly for refuge unto the Lord of men, the King of men, the God of men, that he may deliver me from the mischief of the whisperer who slyly withdraweth, withdrawing evil suggestions into the breasts of men; from genii and men."

ENTITLED THE FRIDAY *Khootbuh*, OR ORATION.(39)

In the name of God, the Most Merciful the Compassionate.

LXXXV.—Praise be unto God; praise be unto God; for no one discloseth difficulties but He: and no one removeth abominations but He: and the desire of the lovers, in both worlds, is but He: and the wish of the reconcilers of the beginning and of the end, in this life and the next, is but He. All servants are weak; no one is strong but He. All men are poor; no one is rich but He. There is no patron or helper but He: the forgiver of sin, and the acceptor of repentance; severe in punishing; long suffering. There is no God but He. Is there any creator besides God, who provideth food for you from heaven and earth? There is no God but He: and he is the ruler of hearing and seeing. There is no God but He: and he is the knower of things public and private. THERE IS NO GOD BUT HE. (40)

When he called to Moses(41) on Mount Sinai, he said, There is no God but He when he liberated Jonas(42) from the belly of the fish, he said,(43) There is no God but He: when he released Joseph(44) from the bottom of the well, he said, There is no God but He: when he freed Abraham(45) from the flaming fire, he said, There is no God but He: and I bear witness that there is no God but the God, one, to whom there is no partner. He is the living God: there is no God but He. And I bear witness that Moohummud, his servant and his messenger, is my coryphæus and my leader: the mercy of God be with him, and with his family and companions peace and blessings.

Know that the world is revolving, and its enjoyment transitory; and that his worship is durable; and that its acquisition is victual, and its finale death. My brethren! The flesh is weak, and the provision slender, and the gulph deep, and the fire flaming, and the *Sirat* narrow, and the balance equitable: and the resurrection is nigh, and the Judge a glorious Lord.

And Adam,(46) the pure in God, will say, My own soul! my own soul! and Abraham, the friend of God, will say, My own soul! my own soul! and Noah(47) the prophet of God, will say, My own soul! my own soul! and Ishmael,(48) the sacrifice of God, will say, My own soul! my own soul! and Joseph, the faithful witness of the truth of God, will say, My own soul! my own soul! and Moses, the word of God, will say, My own soul! my own soul! and Jesus,(49) the Spirit of God, will say, My own soul! my own soul!(50) and our apostle, our intercessor,(51) the mercy of be with him and peace, will say, My own sect! my own sect!(52) and the Glorious, the Omnipotent, the Majestic, the Most High, and the Universal Provider, will say, My own servants! my own servants!(53) and there shall no fear come on them, neither shall they be grieved.

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(38) Cor. 2 vol. 509.

(39) Khootbuh is an oration containing expressions of adoration towards God and in praise of the Prophet, with exhortations. Mish. 1 vol. 301. v. Note on verse 3070 p 129. of Roostum Zaboolee and Soohrab.

(40) Cor. 1 vol. 55.

(41) Cor. 1 vol. 195. 2 vol. 134 and Mish. 1 vol. 550.

(42) Cor. 2 vol. 157. and 303. (43) Mish. 1 vol. 545. (44) Cor. 2 vol. 35.

(45) Cor. 2 vol. 153. (46) Mish. 2. vol. pp 604 and 605. (47) Cor. 1 vol. 117.

(48) Cor. 2 vol. 301. (49) Cor. 1 vol. 60 and 143 (50) Cor. 2 vol. 89 and 474. (51) Mish. 2 vol. 607. (52) Mish. 1 vol. 74. (53) Cor. 2 vol. 349.

May God bless us and you by the great Coran, and benefit us and you by its verses and its wise admonition. Verily he is the Almighty, the Munificent, Beneficent, King, Benefactor, Benign, Merciful.

Here let the Officiate sit down.

Praise be unto God, praise be unto God; we laud him, and beg his assistance and ask his forgivness, and believe in him, and trust on him, and fly unto God for refuge from the wickedness of our souls, and from the guilt of our actions: and he whom God shall cause to err, shall have none to direct him; and he whom God shall direct, shall have none to mislead him. And I bear witness that there is no God but the God, one, to whom there is no partner: and I bear witness that Moohummud, my coryphæus and my leader, is his servant and his messenger, the mercy of God be upon him and upon his family, and companions peace and blessings: espicially upon the first of the companion and most excellent in truth, the commander of the faithful, ABOO BUQR,(54) the sincere, may God be pleased with him! and upon the most just of companions, the paragon of friends, the reverend expounder in veracity and rectitude, the commander of the faithful, OMER,(55) the son of KHITTAB, may God be pleased with him! and upon the collector of the verses of the Coran, the perfect in modesty and faith, the commander of the faithful, OSMAN,(56) the son of UFFAN, may God be pleased with him! and upon the manifestation of miracles and prodigies, the friend of the prophet in his trials and misfortunes, the lion of God, the victorious over every victor, the commander of the faithful, ULEE,(57) the son of ABOO TALIB, may God be pleased with him! and upon the two coryphæis the two heroes, the two princes, the two martyrs, the two elect, the forgiven, ABOO MOOHUMMUD HUSSUN(58) and ABOO ABDOOLLAH HOOSSEIN,(58) and upon their mother, the queen of women, FATIMAT-OOZ-ZOOHRUH,(59) may God be pleased with them! and upon his two uncles, the noble, the distinguished among men, HUMZUH(60) and ABAS,(61) may God be pleased with them! O God, pardon me, and the faithful men and the faithful women, and the resigned men and the resigned women, in thy mercy, O most merciful of the merciful!

Here let the Officiate descend.

O God! Assist those who assist the religion of Moohummud, and weaken those who weaken the religion of Moohummud.

Here let the Officiate ascend.

Be just, O servant of God! "for verily God commandeth justice, and the doing "of good, and the giving be unto kindred what shall be necessary; and he forbideth "wickedness, and iniquity, and oppression: he admonisheth you that ye may remember,"(62) and by all means remember God, the Almighty, the highest, and the best, and most venerable, and most glorious, and most magnificient, and most perfect, and most great.

ENTITLED THE KHOOTBUH, OR SERMON ON THE FESTIVAL ON BREAKING THE FAST.

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

LXXXVI.—Praise be unto God, praise be unto God, and honour be unto God, and might be unto God, and power unto God, and adoration be unto God: glorified be God. God is greatest, God is greatest. There is no God but the God: and God is greatest, God is greatest; and for God is praise. Glorified be he who hath illuminated the hearts of the fasters with the rays of the lights of knowledge and faith,

(54) Ubdoollah Ibn Abi Kohafa, surnamed Aboo Buqr, was a man of authority among the Coreish. Sale's Prel. Disc. p 57. (55) Omer. v. Sale's Prel. Disc. p 59. (56) Osman. v. Sale's Prel. Disc. p 57. (57) Ulee. v. Sale's Prel. Disc. 57. Mish. 1 vol. 770. (58, 58) Hussun and Hoosein were the sons of Ulee. v. Fatimat-ooz-Zoohruh, (59) The daughter of Moohummud (60) Humzuh, an uncle of Moohummud, Sale's Prel. Disc. p 59 (61) Abas, an uncle to Moohummud. (62) Cor. 2 vol. 84. and D'Ohosson p 199.

and illumined the hearts of the prayers with the light of direction and understanding; who informed the faithful servants of the gifts of the paradises, and opened on the fastors the doors of grace, and mercy, and good pleasure. God is greatest, God is greatest. There is no God but the God: and God is greatest, God is greatest; and for God is praise. Glorified be he who sent down the Coran on the most noble night of the nights of the month of *Rumzan* and made the watchfulness of it better than a thousand months of periods and cycles; and delegated therein angels, in order to send his peace upon the chief of people of truth and veracity, and pardoned them their offences, great and small, from his excessive beneficence and benevolence. God is greatest, God is greatest. There is no God but the God: God is greatest, God is greatest; and for God is priaise. Glorified be he who promised to the fasters to introduce them into paradise by the door which he said was *Reiyan*:(63) no one shall be entered through it except the fasters on the month of *Rumzan*; and they shall be distinguished by numerous kinds of the gifts of the paradises, with girls, and palaces, and boys. God is greatest, God is greatest. There is no God but the God: God is greatest, God is greatest; and for God is praise. Glorified be God, who hath preferred the saliva of the mouths of the fasters to the fragrance of musk and of saffron, and made it incumbent on himself to reward the fasters, out of his excessive beneficence and graciousness. Wherefore beatitude is to him who shall obtain the reward of his good actions, on meeting the merciful; and glad tidings is to him who shall fortunately receive the reward of his virtues, from among men and genii. And I bear witness that there is no God but the God, one, to whom there is no partner, a testification which is a conductor towards the house of eternity and the paradises. And I bear witness that Moohummud is his servant and his messenger, the mercy of God be upon him, and upon his family and companions peace and blessings.

Know, O true believers! that this day is the day of valediction to the month of *Rumzan* and the day of separation of this month, exalted in dignity. Wail at the going of the month of *Rumzan*. Oh woe, and Oh alas, on thy separation and thy departure, O month of *Rumzan*! alas! alas! that its lights should indeed be hidden from you! alas! alas! that its signs should be gone from yon!

Peace be upon you, O month of protection and immunity! Peace be upon you, O month of forgiveness and satisfaction! Farewell, farewell, O month of forgiveness and repentance, and liberaton from the fires! Adieu, adieu, O month in which were sent down mercy and grace from the King, the Guardian, the Benignant!

And verily Almighty God hath made this a festival for the faithful, and a means of hope for repentant sinners. Confer favour on orphans, and beggars, and paupers. The prophet, on whom be the blessing and peace of God, hath said that it is incumbent upon every free Moosulmah, man and woman, to give, as alms of Fitr, or the festival on breaking the fast, half *Saa* of wheat or raisons, or a *Saa* of dates or barley.(64)

Our Lord! Pardon us, and absolve us from our iniquities, and let us die with the righteous. And ask forgiveness of God for me, and for you, and for all the present congregation of prayers: for verily he is the Almighty, liberal, beneficent, king. benefactor, immaculate, merciful.

Here let the Officiate sit down.

Praise be unto God, praise be unto God; we laud him, and beg his assistance, and ask his forgiveness, and believe in him, and trust on him, and fly unto God for refuge from the wickedness of our souls, and from the guilt of our actions. He whom God shall cause to err, shall have none to direct him; and he whom God

(63) Reiyan. Moohummud said according to a tradition received from Suhul Ibn Sad. "There are eight doors in Paradise, one of which is called Raiyan; by "which none enter but Keepers of the fast." Mish. I vol. 462. (64) A Saa is a measure containing about six or seven pounds weight v. Sale's Prel. Disc. p 147. Mish. I vol. 421.

shall direct shall have none to misled him. I bear witness that Moohummud is his servant and his messenger, the mercy of God be upon him, and upon his family and companions peace and blessings :(65) especially upon the first of the companions, and most excellent of worthies, and most perfect of the Moohajirs, or fugitives, and of Ansars, or auxiliaries and the confidant of the secrets of the prince of saints, the second of two, when they were both in the cave, and who, in truth, is the best of men, after the prophets, the commander of the faithful, the coryphæus, ABOO BUQR,(66) the sincere, may Almighty God be pleased with him! and upon the most just of companios, the paragon of friends, the master of the pulpit, and of the temple, and of the altar, the reverend interpreter and orator in rectitude and worth the commander of faithful, OMER,(67) the son of KHITTAB, may Almighty God be pleased with him! and upon the lord of the two lights, and the manifestation of the lights of the prince of men and spirits, the narrator of evidence and collector of the Coran; a friend of the merciful, and enemy of the devil, and the consummate in modesty and faith, the commander of the faithful, OSMAN,(68) the son of UFFAN, may Almighty God be pleased with him! and upon the lion of God, the conqueror, the desired of all desirers, the manifestation of miracles and prodigies, the Sun of the East, and Moon of the West, the friend of the prophet in his misfortunes, the commander of the faithful, ULEE, the son of ABOO TALIB, may Almighty God be pleased with him! and upon his two sons, and two lights of his eyes, the two coryphæi, the two heroes, the two paragons, the two excellors, the two superiors, the two martyrs, the two oppressed, the accepted, the forgiven, the leaders of the youths, inhabitants of paradise, the commanders of the faithful, ABOO MOOHUMMUD HUSSUN, and ABOO ABDOOLLAH HOOSSEIN, may God be pleased with them both! and upon their mother, the queen of women, FATIMAT-OOZ-ZOOHRUH, daughter of the apostle of good, (on whom be peace !) may God be pleased with her! and upon his two uncles, the noble among men, HUMZUH and ABAS, and upon the *Aashurah Moobushshuruh*,(69) or ten persons predicated, in several sections (of the traditions,) to be possessors of paradise, may Almighty God be pleased with them all!

Let the Officiate say, on the right hand.

O God! Send down blessings, as numerous as there are prayers and fasters, upon Moohummud, and upon the family of Moohummud.

Let the Officiate say, on the left hand.

O God! Send down blessings, as numerous as there are standers and sitters (in prayer,) upon Moohummud, and upon the family of Moohummud: and send down blessings upon all the prophets and apostles, and upon the approximate angels, and upon the virtuous servants of God, in thy mercy, O most merciful of the merciful!

Here let the Officiate descend.

O God! Supporter of Islam and of Moosulmans, establish the empire of thy servant, who is hopeful of the intercession of Moohummud the Meccan, the father of assistance to the warriors fighting for religion; the emperor SHAH AULUM, defender of the faith, may Almighty God perpetuate his kingdom and his dominion, and make him triumphant over the universe, and cause him to practice virtue and beneficence.

O Ood! Assist those who assist the religion of Moohummud, and weaken those who weaken the religion of Moohummud. (70)

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(65) For an account of the Moohajirs and Ansars, vide Cor. 1 vol. 238, and Mills History of Islam p 40. (66) Mish. 2 vol. 760 and 768. (67) Mish. 2 vol. 760 and 768. (68) Mish. 2 vol. 753 and 768. (69) These were ten of his most distinguished followers to whom Moohummud announced their certain entrance unto Paradise. These were ABOO BUQR; OMER; OSMAN; ULEE; TULHAH, surnamed Kurushee; ZOOBER, cousin-german of the Prophet; SAD-BIN-ABI-WUKUS, the *seventh* proselyte to Islam; ABDOOL-RUHMAN BIN-AAF, one of the companions; ABOO-UBIEDUH-BIN-OOL JURRAH; and SUYID-BIN-ZEID who married the sister of Omer, the son of Khittab. Mish. 2 vol. 774. and 1 vol. 6. 428. 141. and 93. (70) D'Ohosson p 400.

Here let the Officiate ascend.

Be just, O servants of God! for verily God commandeth justice, and the doing of good, and the giving unto kindred what shall be necessary; and he forbiddeth wickedness, and iniquity, and oppression: he admonisheth you that ye may remember. Remember God, he will remember you; and supplicate him, he will approve of your supplication: and by all means remember God, the Almighty, the best, and highest, and most venerable, and most glorious, and most magnificient, and most perfect and most great.

ENTITLED THE KHOOTBUH, OR SERMON ON THE FESTIVAL OF SACRIFICE (EED-OOL-UZHA.)

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Compassionate.

LXXXVII.—God is greatest, God is greatest. There is no God but the God: God is greatest, God is greatest; and for God is praise. Praise be unto God, who hath made the day of festival one of the signs of *Islam* for the assembling of men, and who distinguished it with honour among days, as he distinguished our prophet Moohummud, the elect, (on whom, and on his family, be peace and blessings!) among dignified prophets and apostles. God is greatest, God is greatest: there is no God but the God; and for God is praise. I bear witness that there is no God but the God, one, to whom there is no partner: and I bear witness that Moohummud is his servant and his messenger. God is greatest, God is greatest. There is no God but the God: God is greatest, God is greatest; and for God is praise. Glorified be he who tried Abraham, the friend, as to sacrificing his nobleson, and endued his son with steadfast patience. God is greatest, God is greatest: There is no God but the God; God is greatest, God is greatest; and for God is praise. Almighty God hath said: "and when he had attained to years of discretion, and could join in acts of worship "with him, Abraham said unto him, O my son, verily I saw in a dream that I "should offer thee in sacrifice; consider therefore what thou art of opinion I should "do. He answered, O my father, do what thou art commanded: thou shalt find me, "if God please, a patient person. And when they had submited themselves to the "divine will, and Abraham had laid his son prostrate on his face, we cried unto "him, O Abraham, now hast thou verified the vision. Thus do we reward the "righteous. Verily this was a manifest trial. And we ransommed him with a noble victim.(71)" God is greatest, God is greatest. There is no God but the God: God is greatest, God is greatest; and for God is praise.

Know, O ye who are here present! that this day of yours is one of festival for the chaste, and of denunciation for the unbelievers and devils; a blessed day among the known months, in which the pilgrims are endowed with blessings. Glad tidings to him who may receive benefits from compassing on it the holy house of God; and woe to him who may be precluded from this paladium. Glad tidings to him who may obtain advantage by tarrying on it at *Arafat*;(72) and woe to him who may not partici-

(71) Cor. 2 vol. 300. (72) Cor. 1 vol. 34. Mish. 1 vol. 623 Sale's Prel. Disc. p 159 *Arafat* was a Mount near Mecca and Sale says: "Pilgrims being arrived at Mecca immediately visit the temple and then enter on the performance of the prescribed ceremonies which consist chiefly in going in procession round the Caaba; in running between the mounts Sufaand Murwa; in making the station on mount Arafat; and slaying the victims, and shaving their heads in the valley of Mina. On the ninth of Zoo'l-Hijjih, after morning prayer, the pilgrims leave the valley of Mina, whither they come the day before and proceed in a tumultuous and rushing manner to Mount Arafat (See Cor. 1 vol. 34) where they stay to perform *their* devotions till Sun-set, then they go to Mozdalifa, an oratory between Arafat and Mina; and there spend the night in prayer. The next morning by day break they visit Al Masher al Haram or the sacred monument (See Cor. 1 vol. 36.) and depart thence before Sun rise, haste by Batn Mohasser to the valley of Mina, where they throw seven stones at three marks or pillars in imitation of Abraham who, meeting the devil in that place and being by him disturbed in his devotions or tempted to disobedience when he was going to sacrifice his son, was commanded by God to drive him away by throwing stones at him."

pate of this felicity. Glad tidings to him who may labour on it between *Sufa*([73]) and *Murwa*;([74]) and woe to him who may not take hold of this handle. Glad tidings to him who may proceed, on the day of the vision, towards *Mina*; and woe to him who may not partake of this treasure. Glad tidings to him who may bear witness on it to the throwing of the stones; and woe to him who may not arrive to be present.

It is indispensable on this day to use the *Miswak*, and to perform lustration, and to anoint with sweet perfume, and to wear the best apparel, and to abstain from food until after prayer, and to pronounce the *Tukbeer* ([75]) aloud, in the high way, out of doors: and it is incumbent to exclaim God is greatest, God is greatest: there is no God but the God: God is greatest, God is greatest; and for God is praise, from the morning of *Arfat*([76]) until the end of the days of *Tushreek*,([77]) after all the divine worship has been performed by the congregation, which verily is commendable upon a resident in a city, and upon a traveller following him (in the service:) and it is incumbent on all free Moosulmans, who may have means exceeding their necessary expenditure, to sacrifice.***

[*Here there is an omission in the MS.*]

Let each person, or seven persons between them, give one sheep, or cow, or camel. He may sacrifice an animal without horns, mad or castrated; but may not, one that is lean or lame, nor one that has lost more than a third of an ear, or tail, or eye. He may eat of its flesh, or give it to whom he chooses; but he ought to give a third of it in charity. Let him slaughter it with his own hand, if he knows how; and if not, let him desire another. The prophet, on whom be the peace and mercy of God, said, Slay fat victims; for verily they will be your beasts of burthen on *Sirat*.

May God bless us and you, by the great Coran, and benefit us and you by its verses, and its wise admonition: verily he is the Almighty, the munificent, beneficent, king, benefactor, benign, merciful.

Let the Officiate sit down, and repeat this supplication.

Praise be unto God, praise be unto God; we laud him, and beg his assistance, and ask his forgiveness, and believe in him, and trust on him, and fly unto God for refuge from the wickedness of our souls, and from the guilt of our actions: and he whom God shall cause to err, shall have none to direct him; and he whom God shall direct, shall have none to mislead him. And I bear witness that there is no God but the God, one, to whom there no partner: and I bear witness that Moohummud is his servant and his messenger, the mercy of God be upon him, and upon his family and companions peace and blessing: especially upon the first of the companions, and most excellent in veracity the commander of the faithful, ABOO BUQR, the sincere, may Almighty God be pleased with him! and upon the eloquent in truth and rectitude, the commander of the faithful OMER, the son of KHITTAB, may Almighty God be pleased with him! and upon the collector of the verses of the Coran, the commander of the faithful, OSMAN, the son of UFFAN, may God be pleased with him! and upon the lion of God, the victor, the commander of the faithful, ULEE, the son of ABOO TALIB, may Almighty God be pleased with him! and upon the coryphæus, the two heroes, the two paragons, the martyrs, the commanders of the faithful, ABOO MOOHUMMUD HUSSUN, and ABOO MOOHUMMUD HOOSSEIN, may Almighty God be pleased with them both! and upon their mother, the queen of women FATIMAT-OOZ-

([73]) *Sufa*. v. Cor. 1 vol. 27 and 75. Mish 1 vol. 600 and 310, Sale's Prel. Disc. pp 7. 26. and 159.

([74]) *Murwa*. Sale's Prel. Disc. p 159 and Cor. 1 vol. 27.

([75]) *Mina*. Cor. 1 vol. 24 and 229. Cor. 2 vol. 101 and 373. Mish. 1 vol. 611

([76]) *Arfat* is the ninth day of Zool-'l-Hijjih. Cor. 1 vol. 195 Cor. 2 vol. 300 and Mish. 1 vol. 623.

([77]) Tushreek, signifies the three days following the festival; that is, the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth of Zoo'l-Hijjih: and these days are also called the Feast of God. Mish. 1 vol. 84. v. D'Ohosson 358.

Zoohruh, may Almighty God be pleased with her! and upon the two immaculate among the sons of men, Humzuh and Abas, and upon the remaining six of the *Aashurah Moobushshuruh*, (or ten predicated saints,) may Almighty God be pleased with them all!

O God! Send down blessings, as numerous as there are prayers and fasters, upon Moohummud, and upon the family of Moohummud.

O God! Send down blessings, as numerous as there are standers and sitters (in prayer,) upon Moohummud, and upon the family of Moohummud. And send down blessings upon all the prophets and apostles, and upon the approximate angels, and upon the virtuous servants of God, in thy mercy, O most merciful of the merciful!

Here let the Officiate descend.

O God! Endue the emperor of this reign and time with justice, and liberality, and beneficence, and graciousness; and cause him to dispel the darkness of infidelity, and lewdness, and enmity.

O God! Assist those who assist the religion of Moohummud, and weaken those who weaken the religion of Moohummud.

Here let the Officiate ascend.

Be just, O servants of God! for verily God commandeth justice, and the doing of good, and the giving unto kindred what shall be necessary; and he forbiddeth wickedness, and iniquity, and oppression: he admonisheth you that ye may remember. Remember God, he will remember you;(78) and supplicate him, he will approve of your supplication: and by all means remember God, the Almighty, the highest, and most venerable, and most glorious, and most perfect, and most magnificent, and most great.

ENTITLED THE VOW TO PERFORM THE FUNERAL PRAYER.

LXXXVIII.—I vow that, turning my face towards the point of the holy Caaba, I will perform, for the sake of Almighty God, four *Tukbeers* of the funeral prayer, which is ordained as satisfactory, by divine command, for the praise of God, and blessing on the prophet, and supplication for this corpse. God is greatest.

*** If the corpse be that of a female, say *Lihazhilmeyuti*, instead of *Lihazulmeyuti*.

ENTITLED THE SECOND *Tukbeer*.

LXXXIX.—I celebrate thy *Tusbeeh*, O God! praising thee; and blessed is thy name, and exalted is thy glory. There is no God besides thee.

ENTITLED THE THIRD *Tukbeer*.

XC.—O God! Send down peace upon Moohummud, and upon the family of Moohummud, and blessings and compassion, in the manner that thou didst bestow peace, and blessings, and compassion upon Abraham: for, O our Lord! verily thou art lauded and glorified.

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(78) D'Ohosson has thus rendered this passage: "O God! exalt those who exalt religion, and vilify those who vilify religion. God certainly commands equity and benevolence; he ordains and recommends the care of near relations: he forbids things unlawful, sins, prevarications: he advises us to obey his precepts and to keep them religiously in our memories." 1 vol 400.

ENTITLED THE FOURTH *Tukbeer*.(79)

XCI.—O God! Pardon our living and our dead, our present and our absent, our small and our great, our men and our women. O God! Him whom thou keepest alive of us, keep alive in Islam: and him whom thou causest to die, cause to die in the faith, in thy mercy, O most merciful of the merciful!

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION FOR THE CORPSE OF A CHILD.(80)

XCII.—O God! Constitute him our forerunner, and constitute him our preparer of rewards and provisions, and constitute him our intercessor and mediator, in thy mercy, O most merciful of the merciful!

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION TO BE SAID ON SEEING A BIER.(81)

XCIII.—God is greatest. God is greatest. This is what God and his apostle promised us. O God! increase our faith and resignation. There is no God, but the God, one, to whom there is no partner: his is the kingdom, and to him be the praise: he bringeth to life, and he causeth to die; and he is the living one, who dieth not: in his hand is every thing good; and his power extendeth over all. O God! bless us in death, and make us afterwards happy.

*** On placing the corpse in the grave, say,

XCIV.—In the name of God, and by God, and in the road of God, and upon the people of the apostle of God!(82)

ENTITLED *Tulkeen*, ON INSTRUCTION TO THE DEAD OVER THE GRAVE.(83)

XCV.—O Servant of God! When the two angels come to you from God, fear not, and neither be thou grieved, but rejoice. Say, with a dulcet voice and firm belief, I bear witness that there is no God but the God, one, to whom there is no partner; and I bear witness that Moohummud is his servant and his apostle. Say, God is my Lord, and Islam is my religion, and Moohummud, the peace and mercy of God be upon him, is my prophet, and the Coran is my *Imam*, or guide, and the *Cuaba* is my *Kiblu*, and the faithful are my brethren, and the lawful things of God are my account, and the forbidden are my punishment, and paradise is my reward, and the fire my torment: and the hour of judgment will surely come, there is no doubt therefore; and God will raise again those who are in their graves.

*** If the corpse be that of a female, say, *Ya Umma-tillahi*, instead of *Ya Abdolluhi*.

ENTITLED THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE SEPULCHRE.(84)

XCVI.—Peace be with thee, O A. B. son or daughter of C. D. may God forgive thee as he forgave thy prophet, upon whom, and upon his family, be peace!

ENTITLED THE SUPPLICATION FOR THE FORGIVENESS OF THE DECEASED, TO BE REPEATED BY THE VISITORS OF THE TOMB.(85)

XCVII.—Praise be unto God: no countenance will remain but his, and no kingdom will endure but his. I bear witness that there is no God but the God, one to whom there is no partner; a God, sole, singular, eternal, individual, and alone. He taketh not unto himself a consort nor a son. And I bear witness that Moohummud is his servant and his messenger. May God reward us according to our deserts, for the sake of Moohummud, the illiterate prophet!

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(79) v. D'Ohosson 1 vol. 450 and Mish. 1 vol. 379.
(80) Mish. 1 vol. 382. (81) Mish. 1 vol. 581. (82) v. D'Ohosson 1 vol. 454. (83) 2 Cor. 376 and 379. (84) v. D'Ohosson 465. (85) 1 Cor. 207.

APPENDIX

TO

Roostum Zabooler & Soohrab.

No. II.

Compendium of the Religious Tenets and Ceremonies of the Gilshahyan Princes.

From the time of Mahahbad, down to Yeassan Ajam, there is nothing in their writings repugnant to reason; and when an allegory occurs, they (the Fireworshippers) explain it. There are also figurative expressions, in the accounts of the Gilshahyan monarchs, of which they (the Parsees or Ignicolists) give expositions. They say, that what is related of Syamek having been slain by the Deos, has the following meaning: In the combat which he had with his passions, during his ignorance of the deity, and want of knowledge of human nature, his elementary form was destroyed: That, in the language of this sect, whenever the word Deo is used, it signifies one who is a slave to his passions, as will be shewn in the book called *Pyman Ferheng*. And they say in some places, that to tame and kill the Deos, signifies a victory over the corporal nature, and expulsion of evil inclinations. That what is related of angels having appeared to great and good men, signifies a vision or appearance, in a dream or trance, whereby some mystery is revealed to a pure sole; or else by throwing off the body, which three states shall be explained in this book. They say, that Zohac, to whom they give the epithets Dumar, or two snakes; and Deh Ak, or ten vices, is figurative of anger and concupiscence; and Eblis, (or the Devil) is expressive of his spirit. As a punishment for his wickedness, Zohac was afflicted with a disease, when two excresences grew from his shoulders; which, in the eyes of men, had the appearance of snakes; and the pain which these swellings occasioned was alleviated by the application of human brains. They say, that Seemoorgh (or the griffin) is the name of a philosopher, who retired from the world, and lived at his ease in the mountains; on which account they gave him this appellation. He was the preceptor of the great hero Dustan the son of Sam, and through his instruction Zal became acquainted with the occult arts. They also say that the vulgar story of Kykaoôś, having attempted to mount up to heaven, and of his fall, is only what he saw in a dream, and not what happened whilst he was awake. Kai-nisheen, the brother of Kykaoos, who secluded himself from the world, gave the following interpretation of this dream. The four eagles are the four elements, and the throne represents the senses, which bear sway; the spears indicate their strength and vehemence over inflaming desire; the thighs of flesh imply their propensity to anger, lust, avarice and envy; their ascent, signifies, that under proper restraint, they may be so tempered as to become the means of arriving at the sublime abodes in the upper world: and their fall, instead of reaching the celestial mansions of eternity, signifies that if we are but a little negligent in restraining, them, and omit the performance of proper discipline, they revolt to their own nature and temperament, and fly away from everlasting paradise, the soul's native place. "I was negligent a moment, and my journey was prolonged an hundred years," applies to the subject. Roostum recovering Kykaoos, from the wilderness where he had fallen, and bringing him back to his capital, denotes the union of reason, and sense and his deliverance from the dominion of inordinate desires. Therefore, the fact is Kykaoos, by the direction of Kai-nisheen, his brother, younger in years, but older in the theory and practice of philosophy, remained in retirement for the space of forty days, when his heart being awakened, this heavenly vision appeared before him

in a dream. They also add, that what the moderns say about Khyzir and Secunder going into the land of darkness, where the former found the water of immortality; signifies, that Secunder, or instinct, through the power of Khyzir, or reason, amidst human darkness, acquired the water of immortality; by which is meant, the rational sciences. Secunder coming back without his errand, implies that immortality is not attainable in this evanescent world; and therefore he returned, disappointed in his pursuit, and departed for futurity. It being said that Khyzir tasted thereof, signifies that the acquisition of perfect knowledge is not aided by the operations of the body, neither stands in need of it, either necessarily or accidentally. In some places they have given the following explanation. By Khyzir is meant the rational faculty; and by Secunder, natural instinct: all the faculties arrived at the fountain of knowledge, and obtained immortality; whilst Secunder, or natural instinct, returned empty-handed. It is necessary to be observed, that with this sect, whatever exceeds the bounds of reason, and cannot be weighed in the scale of human comprehension, they consider as allegorical, and explain it accordingly. They say, that *Ameighy*, or purity is of two kinds, real and apparent; the first is that state, wherein the heart is unpolluted by any earthly ties or inclinations; apparent, is the rejection of any evil appearance, which kind of purification may be obtained by water that is clear, and sweet to the smell and taste; but in case it wants this quality, rose water and such like are preferable. Every animal requires it's particular *kur* or quantity of lustral water. The Kur for a man is as much as he can immerse his head in; an elephant requires enough to cover his body; and for a flea a single drop is sufficient.

They think it proper to commence their daily devotions with prayer: and verses out of the *Russati* on the unity of the Deity, the sublimity of intellects and souls, and praises of the superior and inferior bodies: They proceed with the adoration of the planets, especially on their own days, when they offer the incense appointed for each. After these ceremonies are performed, they worship the guardians of the month of the day: for instance, if it is the month of Ferverdeen, they first pray to the guardian thereof, and then address themselves to the guardian of the day, and when they both happen to be the same, that day is a festival. For example, Ferverdeen is under the tutelage of the cherubic angel of that name, and on the first day of this month, which they call *Hormuz roze*, they address themselves to *Hormuz*, its presiding angel, and in like manner for the other months and their days, every one bearing the name of its respective guardian angel. And just as I have described this manner of worshipping the guardian of the month, so on the festivals of the days which bear the same names as the months to which they belong, they worship the angels who are the guardians of both; for the Abadyans do not believe that the corresponding month and day belong solely to the guardian of the month, but there are distinct guardian angels for each, although both bear the same name; and therefore they think it necessary to celebrate a festival when they occur together. On the other days of every month they pray in the morning to its guardian angel; and and when there occurs a *Soodyar* or *Penjah doozdedah*, (one of the five additional days in a month, to make the lunar year correspond with the solar) they worship these five angels.

They say that the angels who preside over the day, are subordinate to the angels who are guardians of the months, and that they are all under the dominion of the Sun, and that the planets have also their subservient angels. The angels who are under the command of the planets, are innumerable. Those which have been enumerated as belonging to the Sun, are of the highest rank. They also observe as a festival the duty on which a planet moves from one sign of the zodiac to another, calling it *Needyar*, or joyful. When the Moon has completed her monthly revolution, on the first day of the new Moon, according to astronomical calculation, they make great rejoicings. And in like manner there is a grand festival when any other of the planets completes its revolution; and such a day they stile *Owram*, or the ornament of the banquet. Besides these festivals, daily service is performed at one of the idol temples: on Friday at that of Venus; and on Sunday there is a general congregation at the temple of the Sun. The days on which a planet enters its own manson, and when it is in its zenith, are also feasts.

They do not hold it allowable to speak disrespectfully of any religion or institution, as they believe that a man may obtain acceptance with the Deity through any faith, and that no religion has ever been abrogated (by the command of Heaven). They say the reason for there having been so many prophets, is that they might show mankind the different ways of God; for, as the pilgrims know, there are innumerable roads to heaven. We also know that access to an earthly monarch is more easily obtained, from his having a multiplicity of ministers; so that if one of them is upon ill terms with another, or even should there be a total disagreement amongst themselves, yet they may undertake the cause of their inferiors. It is therefore not reasonable to suppose the Lord of universal existence can be found only by one road: but what prevents the progress in the road to God, is the killing of Zendbar, or those beasts who do no injury to man, nor destroy any animal, such as the ox, the sheep, the camel, and the horse: and those who slay the creatures, will suffer everlasting punishment, notwithstanding they may exercise upon themselves severities and mortifications. And they say, that although you should see miracles performed by a person who destroys harmless animals, you must not think he has obtained his pardon, since the wonders he exhibits are only the reward given in this world for a rigid and austere conduct: but being a tormenter he cannot be perfect in heavenly pursuits; and in the next life will experience nothing but trouble, without being ever liberated from the body. In the Book entitled *Shet Wasateer*, such an austere worker of miracles is compared to a vessel whose outside is covered with perfumes, but which contains nothing but filth. They say that no religion permits us to kill harmless animals, and that those who make a practice of it follow the letter and not the spirit of their doctrine. For example; to kill a horse or an ox, signifies that men should lay aside brutal actions, and not that they should slay and eat innocent creatures. They say, that modern historians are mistaken when they relate that Roostum Dustan, who was one of their greatest saints, killed innocent creatures; for that according to their traditions, he, the able-bodied, hunted only noxious animals; and what is written about hunting the *Gour* (or Onager),([61]) means that Roostum who was surnamed *Peeltun*, or elephant-bodied, gave the appellation of Gour to the lion, who, said he, when compared to me, is a wild-ass. And they say that many passages which make mention of Roostum and other Gilshahyan heroes having killed the Gour, and other innocent animals, are figurative of their brutal and sensual appetites. Sheikh Fereededdeen Athar has thus expressed it:

"Every individual has within him an hundred swine. You must either destroy the hog, or put on the pagan cord."

They assert, that not one of the great men amongst the Supassyan Parsees ever killed innocent animals of any kind; but that they held it an essential duty to abstain from slaying or molesting them; and punished any person who was guilty of these crimes. Although they entertain a high veneration for the prophets, imams and monarchs of the Gilshahyan age, yet they do not consider them as having equalled those of former times, from Mahahbad to Yeassan, in the uprightness of their words and actions. They say that the sufferings of some harmless animals in this life, such as an ox or a horse, is because in their former state, they through their ignorance seized men, and compelled them to labour, whilst themselves did nothing but eat and drink; therefore in this world they carry burthens, whereby they do not suffer an injury, but receive retribution, and rewarded of their former actions: nevertheless it is not allowable to kill them, because they were not murderers, nor shed blood, as is plainly indicated by their being themselves harmless animals. It is as sinful to kill one of these, as to murder an ignorant inoffensive man; and therefore if the person who slays them is not punished by the reigning monarch in this world, in the next life he will assume the form of a wild beast, and receive his punishment. A great man hath said:

"Think not that whatever evil thou doest, will be passed over unnoticed by the heavens and time:

([61]) In a subsequent part, it is said, that "the Yezdanians have such names for particular dishes, that men confound them with animals and flesh: thus, *Berah*, a goat, with them, is a dish made of mushrooms: *Gaur*, or the *Onager*, is a kind of food made of *cheese*; and there are many more such."

"Thy bad actions are a debt incurred to time; in whatever age it may be required, it must be discharged."

This sect say, that immortal paradise is the heavens; that the sun is monarch of the spheres, and the stars and planets are his servants. That the person who by abstinence and strict discipline attains to perfection in word and deed, unites with the sun, and becomes a mighty monarch of that region; and he whose actions are in conformity to any other planet, becomes an inhabitant of that mansion; but the perfect man passes on to the region of pure spirits,(62) to enjoy the beatific vision of the light of lights, and the cherubim of the Supreme Being. The monarch during whose reign no innocent animal was slain throughout his dominions, or, if any were killed, the murderers were punished, so that no one departed this life without punishment, is considered as a wise, active and temperate prince, and when he quits the elementary body, he unites with the sun, his soul being part of that great luminary, and he becomes a celestial monarch. Shet Syamek, the son of Kaiumers, saith, "I have seen all the Abadyan, Jyanian, Sha-eyan and Yeassanian monarchs, some of whom are cherubims to the king of excellence, and others are employed in deep contemplation of the light of lights, but I did not find one beneath the sphere of the sun, who is God's vicegerent. When I enquired by what means they attained to this high dignity, they answered the principal reason for our exaltation is our having preserved the lives of harmless animals, and because we punished evli deeds." DABISTAN.(63)

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(62) This is the region مینو where the amiable and forgiving SOOHRAB in his dying moments, expressed a hope to meet ROOSTUM. Canto Sixth, v. 3818.

(63) Considerable doubts have prevailed relative to the Author of the Dabistan' Regarding this book, Sir W. Jones has furnished us with the following passage, extracted from 1 vol. 78, of this illustrious Orientalist's works:

"The rare and interesting tract *on twelve different religions*, entitled the *Dabistàn* and composed by a *Mohammedan* traveller, a native of *Cashmìr*, named MOHSAN, but distinguished by the assumed surname of FA'NI' or *Perishable*, begins with a wonderfully curious chapter on the religion of HU'SHANG, which was long anterior to that of ZERA'TUSHT, but had continued to be secretly professed by many learned *Persians* even to the author's time; and several of the most eminent of them, dissenting in many points from the *Gabrs*, and persecuted by the ruling powers of their country, had retired to *India*; where they compiled a number of books, now extremely scarce, which MOHSAN had perused, and with the writers of which, or with many of them, he had contracted an intimate friendship: from them he learned, that a powerful monarchy had been established for ages in *Irân* before the accession of CAYU'MERS, that it was called the *Mahábádian* dynasty, for a reason which will soon be mentioned, and that many princes, of whom seven or eight only are named in the *Dabistàn*, and among them MAHBUL, or MAHA' BELI, had raised their empire to the zenith of human glory." But it has been proved, that Moohsun Fanee was not the Author of the Dabistan: "In the only MS. copy of the Dabistan, which I have seen" says Erskine, in his Essay on the Authenticity of the Desatir, "that of Mulla Firuz, towards the close of the fourteenth chapter, where the conversation of Dawer Huryar, the Lord of the Sekandergird, with the Author are detailed is the following marginal note; In the city of Daurse, a King of the Parsees, of the race of the imperial Anushirwan, the Shet Dawer Huryar conversed with Ameer Zulficar, Ali al Husaini (on whom be the grace of GOD!) whose poetical name was Mobed Shah." This Zulfikar Ali, whoever he was, the Moolla supposes to be the Author of the Dabistan. On so slight an authority I would not willingly set up an unknown author as the compiler of that work, but it is to be remarked, that many verses of Mobed's, are quoted in the Dabistan; and there is certainly reason to suspect, that the poetical Moobid whoever he may be, was the Author of that compilation." Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society, 2 vol. 376. And this intelligence has been confirmed by Sir Wm. Ouseley in his Travels: "Professor Haughton, of the East India College, at Haileybury, possesses a valuable MS. copy of the Dabistan which he obligingly shewed to me (in 1821), and from which it would appear, that the Author was Moobid Shah, (موبد شاہ) and that Moohsun Fanee was only a Poet, quoted in the beginning." Sir W. Ouseley's Travels, 3 vol. 564.

THE END

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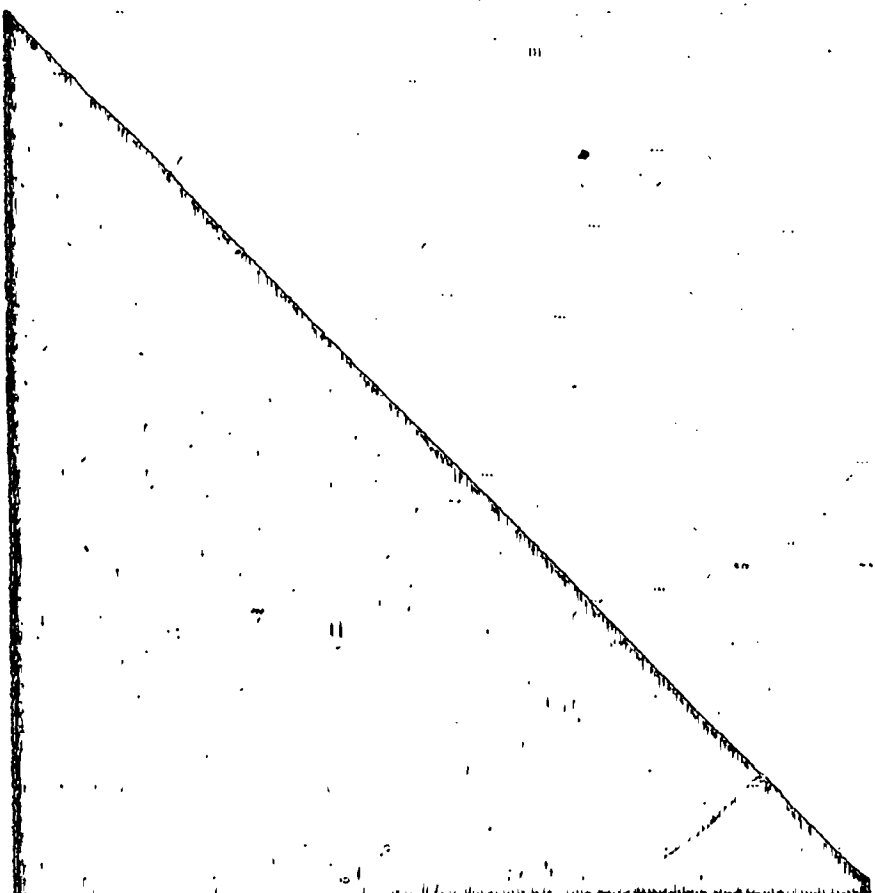

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